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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
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The Girls Next Door All Grown Up
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS TIM ROBBINS
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS ON FOUR CONTINENTS
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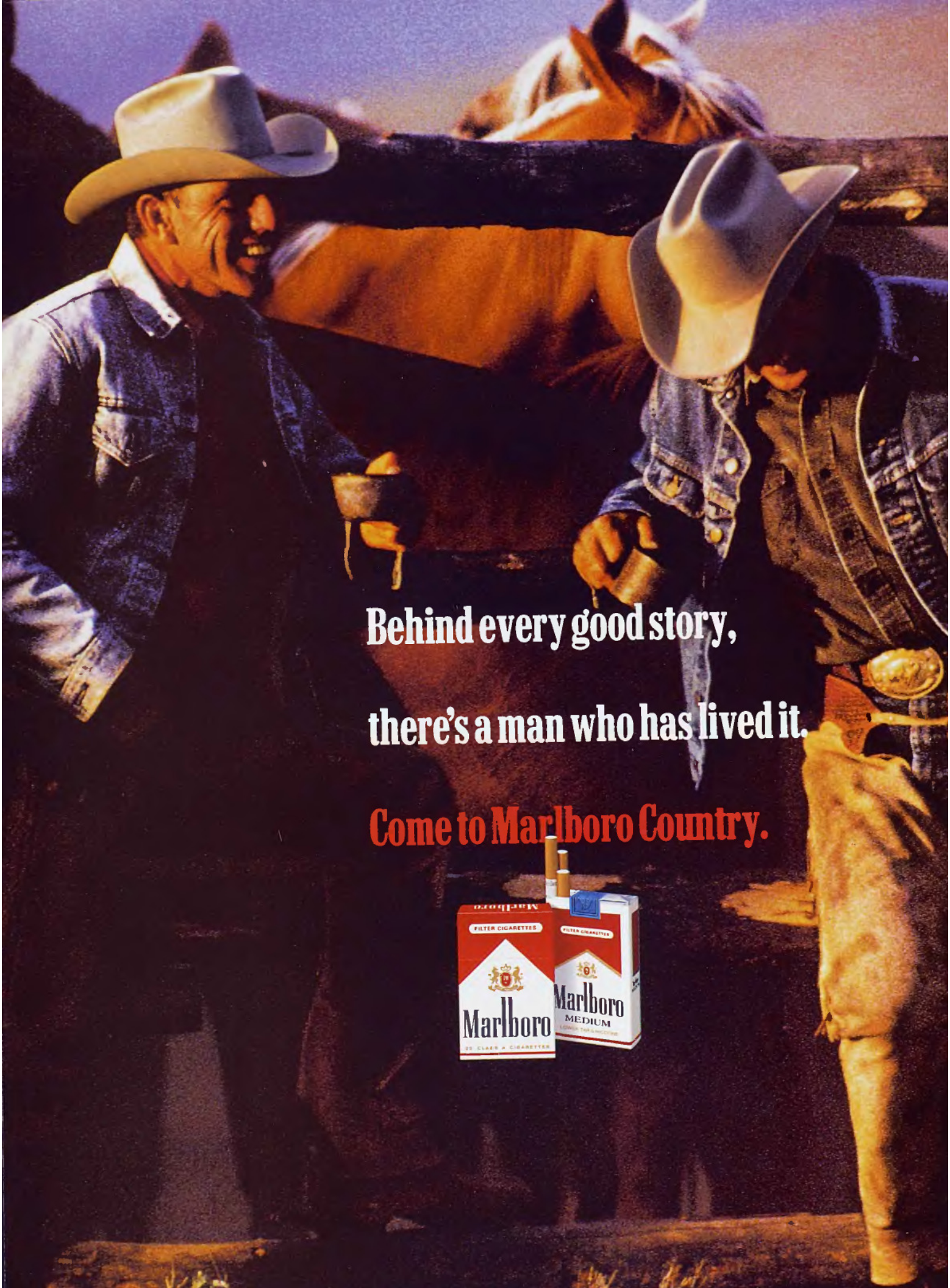
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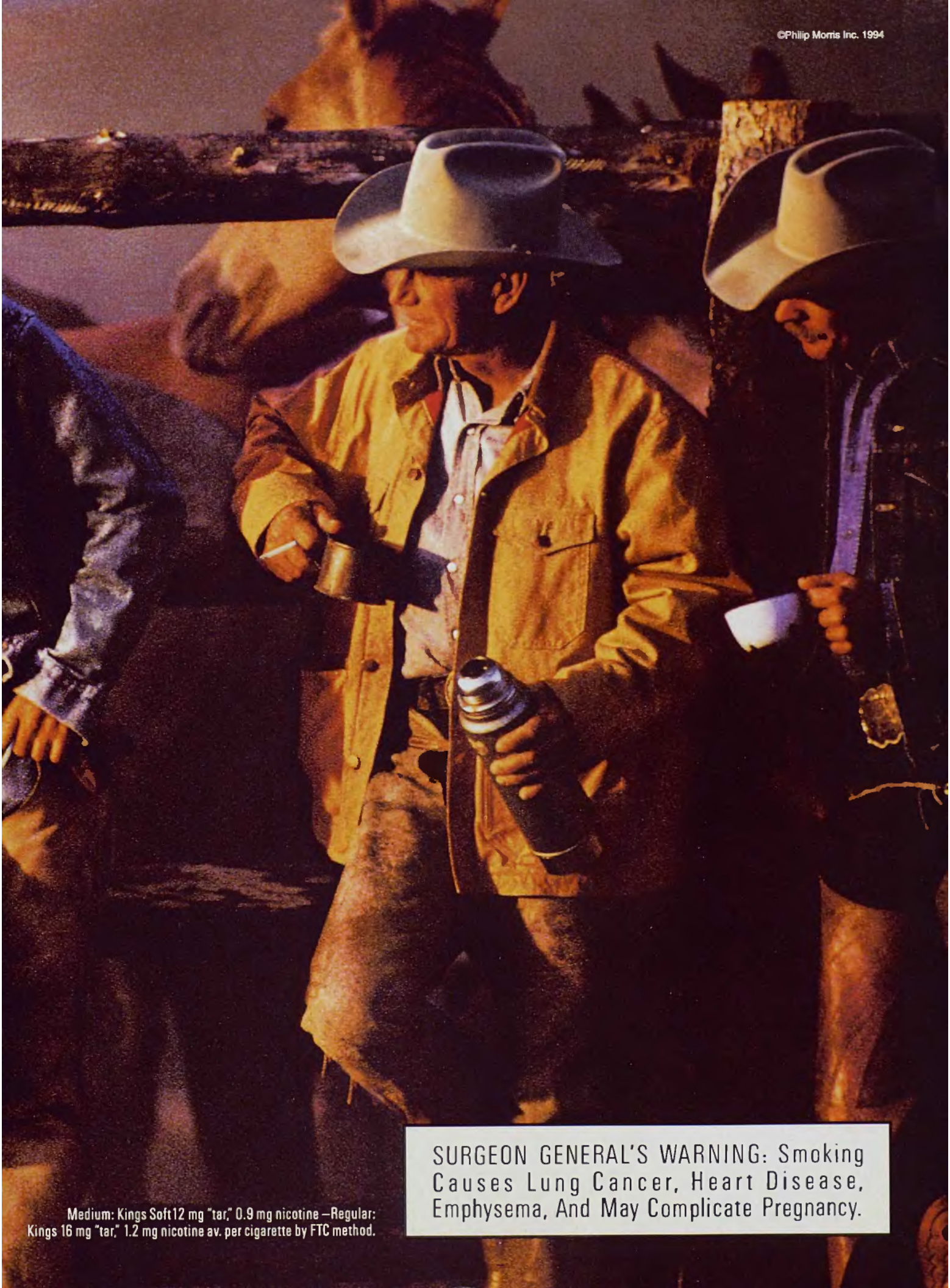
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ESCAPE

for men

PLAYBOY HAS POLLED its readers about sex nearly every decade since **Hugh Hefner** first covered the Kinsey Report in the 1963 *Playboy Philosophy*. Like most research, including the University of Chicago's recently published *Sex in America* study, our previous efforts focused on the U.S. But times have changed. In the Nineties, we think globally about business, politics, the environment. So why not sex? Tapping our worldwide resources, we asked the editors of PLAYBOY's foreign editions to publish a comprehensive questionnaire that we also used in a sampling of the U.S. edition. The result is *Playboy's International Sex Survey* (illustrated by **Dolores Fairman**), an unprecedented look at the sexuality of men around the world. While we were pulling the responses together, Hefner reminded us that "the nature of sex research is ongoing, never final. Surveys are about sexual communication." The communicants who brought you this one are writer **Kate Nolan,** Associate Editor **Barbara Nellis** and Foreign Editions Liaison **Mary Nastos.**

The fact that 97 percent of the men who responded to our survey report they've watched an X-rated movie doesn't disturb American Civil Liberties Union President **Nadine Strossen.** In a special *Playboy Forum* interview, Assistant Editor **Dorothy Atcheson** talks with the First Amendment advocate and author of *Defending Pornography* about feminism and erotica.

One topic not in our survey is the most sexually desirable age of women. For guys who love them in their 20s, like them in their 30s and think that over 40 is over the hill, here's a hot flash: Our pictorial *Life Begins at Forty* features more than a dozen women who've aged like great wine.

If anyone can sing the praises of women over 40, it's actor **Tim Robbins.** He shares a life, a career and three kids with actress Susan Sarandon. In this month's *Playboy Interview* (conducted by **Marshall Fine**), the star of such acclaimed films as *The Player* and *The Shawshank Redemption* waxes political about government policy, relationships, religion and the movie biz.

England may be in a royal twit with Charles and Di, but it has the entrepreneurial equivalent of a king in **Richard Branson.** Branson is the little guy who had the guts to take on British Airways and win. He also defies death—in planes, cars and hot-air balloons. Read **David Sheff's** *The Virgin Billionaire*.

Those wacky supermodels. They're beautiful. They're rich. And they have so many profound things to say. Well, make that worth repeating—as writers **A.J. Jacobs** and **Jack Boulware** have done in an irreverent piece of humor titled *Wit and Wisdom of the Supermodels*. Comedian **David Spade,** on the other hand, wouldn't think of ripping supermodel Christy Turlington—he refers to a photo of himself with the leggy beauty as a "trophy." But *Saturday Night Live*'s Hollywood Minuteman has sarcasm to spare in *20 Questions* with **Warren Kalbacker.**

Also in this issue, our panel of auto experts picks Playboy's Car of the Year. **Lawrence Block** brings back your favorite assassin in *Keller's Karma*, illustrated by **Kent Williams.** Photographer **Daniela Federici** catches *Picket Fences* star Costas Mandylor in leather jackets in *The New Skin Game*. For another skin game, check out the pictorial by **Stephen Wayda** of Miss February 1994 and new *Price Is Right* hostess **Julie Lynn Cialini.** Like Julie, February 1995 Playmate **Lisa Marie Scott** is accustomed to the spotlight. She's a 20-year-old ballerina.

And finally: She graced billboards and the noses of military aircraft. *Life* magazine called her "the feminine ideal of American men." She was artist George Petty's original pinup. **Reid Stewart Austin,** a former PLAYBOY art director, offers a seven-page Valentine tribute to the woman who paved the way for the Playmate in *The Petty Girl*.

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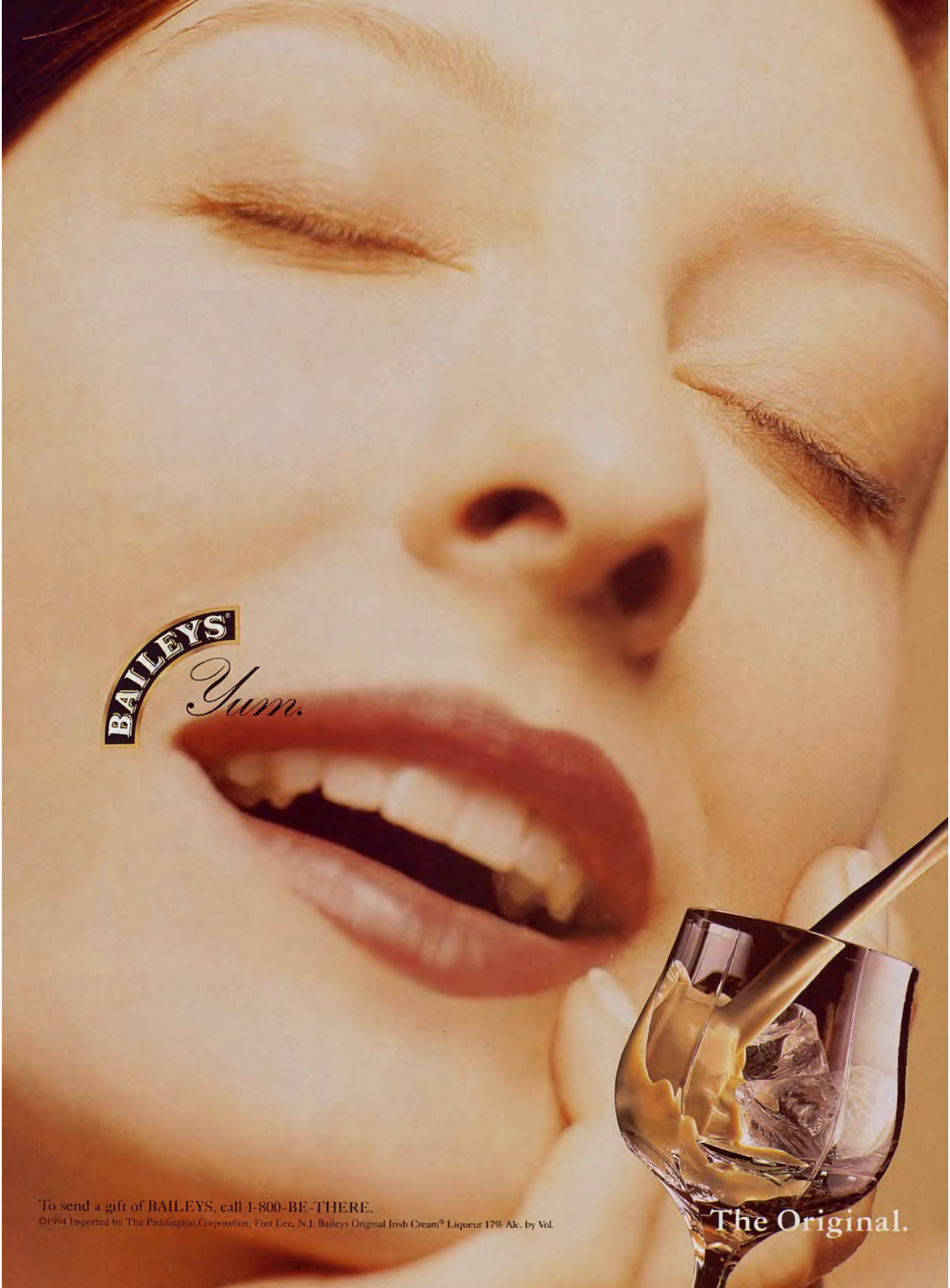
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PLAYBOY

vol. 42, no. 2—february 1995

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COVER STORY

PLAYBOY's fabulous forties: The girls next door are all grown up. For cover girl Victoria Jacobs, life has just begun at 40. She stays young by running, working out and "falling in love with love." Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Waydo. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for styling Vicky's hair and makeup. Our Rabbit is all laced up for Valentine's Day.

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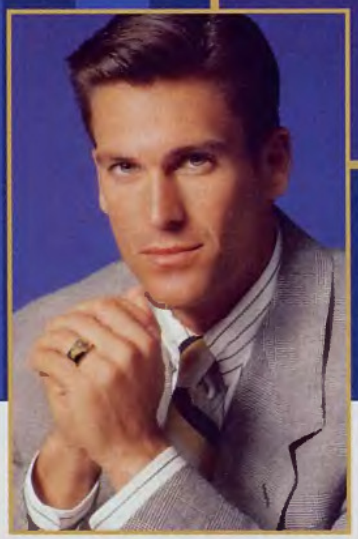

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RABBIT HUNT

The Rabbit on the cover is the first thing I look for when a new issue arrives. Concealing it in Pamela Anderson's hair was ingenious. Congratulations—you've topped all previous covers.

Gordon King
Laconia, New Hampshire

OH, DONNA

I am so pleased to see that at least one picture of Donna Perry (*Driving Miss Perry*, November) is more provocative than usual. She is luscious! Please, I want more.

Harold Moore
Bainbridge Island, Washington

Holy bogeys. I gave up golf ten years ago because I had come to the conclusion that it was a stupid game and a waste of time. After seeing Miss November, Donna Perry, I have retrieved my clubs from the back of the closet and I'm taking practice swings again. If knockouts like Donna are out on the links chasing par these days, I can't think of a better use of my leisure time.

Zoltan Gergely
Ithaca, New York

ROCK GIRLS

I just read *Rock Girls* (November). Associate Editor Christopher Napolitano tries to list the first great women in rock but fails to mention Janis Joplin or Grace Slick. No female rockers have yet matched Grace Slick's power or wit. Not to take anything away from the current batch of female recording artists—more power to them. Remember what Grace sang: "Feed your head."

Gary Apter
Boise, Idaho

Excuse me, but in the entire *Rock Girls* article, Napolitano never once mentions the woman who started this round of rock girls. It could be because she is so great we don't think of her in gender terms, but didn't Chrissie Hynde start the whole thing by singing, "But not me baby, I'm too precious, I had to fuck off"? Lest we forget.

Tom Ross
Las Vegas, Nevada

MALE-BASHING

Cynthia Heimel's November *Women* column, "The Shame of Male-Bashing," is right on the money. From ancient times until now, women have been the object of male prejudice. It was not until recently that women began to be accepted. So to all the men who get uptight about having our gender bashed, I say, "Live with it. This isn't even close to what our better half has had to endure."

Robert Kemp
Dallas, Texas

As the author of *Surviving the Feminization of America*, I'd like to say that the sentiments expressed by Cynthia Heimel are callous and offensive and her statistics are just plain wrong. "Virtually all" of domestic crimes are not committed against women. Half of domestic violence is perpetrated by women against men. Male-bashing contributes to the breakdown of healthy male culture. It's the reason behind young men's inability to perceive healthy male role models. Male-bashing is a disease that is rotting our social fabric.

Rich Zubaty
Tinley Park, Illinois

As a father who got "screwed," I am deeply offended by Cynthia Heimel's remarks in her November column. Because "a hundred women are abandoned," does that make it right for even one man to be "saddled with unfair alimony payments or screwed out of custody of his children"? The one good man can't help what 100 bad men do, yet most must suffer for it. Equal rights must apply to everything. Things will not improve for the good men until attitudes

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like hers change. Heimel owes all good men a sincere apology.

Bart Phillips
Atlanta, Georgia

PULP IT UP

I applaud your *20 Questions* with Quentin Tarantino (November), but I must also applaud Tarantino himself. Whether he's writing, directing or discussing the tension that occurs when a man walks behind a woman, he always proves to be unique, entertaining and insightful.

Michael McCarthy
Dracut, Massachusetts

20 Questions with Quentin Tarantino was really cool.

Hyung Kim
hjkim@CSUA.Berkeley.edu
Berkeley, California

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SLATER

I loved the November *Playboy Interview* with Christian Slater. He is smart and funny with James Dean style and Jack Nicholson features. There's no doubt this guy is one of a kind.

Kimberly Hinks
Mechanicsville, Virginia

Why would Christian Slater want to be a superhero? He has had a lifetime of adventure in his 25 years. A movie about his life would be fascinating. The trouble would be finding someone to play the talented actor. Unfortunately, Jack Nicholson would be too old.

Michael James Miller
Waunakee, Wisconsin

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

After reading Robert Scheer's November *Reporter's Notebook*, "Of Ghettos and Gladiators," my interpretation of what he is trying to say is that black athletes making big bucks should have money taken from their paychecks to subsidize the poor white coaches and office workers of NFL teams whose wages are meager by comparison. Scheer's logic reminds me of a dog chasing its tail.

J.E. Sneed Jr.
Ozark, Alabama

Robert Scheer proves statistically that there is a substantial racial inequity in the distribution of high-paying, desirable jobs in professional sports. It's an affront to all quota-promoting liberals that blacks, who comprise 12 percent of our population, hold 77 percent of the playing jobs in the NBA and 68 percent of those in the NFL. We should demand that the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission impose an affirmative action program which ensures that these jobs be divided proportionately among whites, blacks, Asians, Hispanics and Native Americans.

Paul Lonsdorf
Medford Lakes, New Jersey

When Scheer says that few blacks have risen from playing a sport to some of the peripherals such as network commentator, I would reply that few players of any color have assumed these roles. Eloquent speech and professional sports don't go together all that often. But any articulate athlete can do it regardless of his color. May the best man win.

Ed Shanks
af905@yfn.ysu.edu
Boardman, Ohio

PAMWATCH

When God created the perfect woman, he called her Pamela Anderson (*Pamwatch*, November).

Cpl. Brian Parsons
Cherry Point, North Carolina

I have four words about the November cover: crème de la crème. The issue

could have contained only the eight pages of Pamela and been worth the price.

Daniel Kile
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

I just received my November issue of PLAYBOY, and the cover astounds me. Pamela Anderson takes on a different look every time I see her. She reminds me of Brigitte Bardot. In fact, she could easily be considered the Bardot of the Nineties.

Bill Christy
Temple, Texas

Thanks for a most excellent issue, which includes the delightful assets of Pamela Anderson. If only we had lifeguards as stunning as her on Aberdeen beach. But it would be a bit too cold for her in her maillot. Cheers once again from all the boys.

Engineering Faculty
Aberdeen University, Scotland

Forget about baseball, forget about hockey. America's new spectator sport is Pamela Anderson. She shoots, she scores with me.

D. Kuboi
Pleasanton, California

Although I consider myself to be an adequate swimmer, Pamela Anderson is certainly a lifeguard worth drowning for.

Mark Feehan
Custar, Ohio

CONDOM MANIA

My husband and I have been avid PLAYBOY fans for several years. I have just finished Asa Baber's November *Men* column, "Hallowed Be Thy Condom," on the dangers of not using a condom. While I don't always agree with Baber, he is always concise and eloquent in presenting his views. If only we could convince all sexually active people that it's the only way to live.

K. Funk
Walla Walla, Washington

Asa Baber argues that heterosexuals should use condoms to prevent the spread of AIDS. He drives home the point by relating that he, Mr. Heterosexual, was diagnosed with AIDS. But lo! The doctor lied to him. Heterosexual AIDS cases remain a small percentage of new diagnoses, a figure that itself is finally declining. Until Baber does a column about male breast cancer or Caucasian sickle-cell anemia, he should use his talent to combat AIDS by emphasizing those at greatest risk.

Michael Fumento
St. Petersburg, Florida

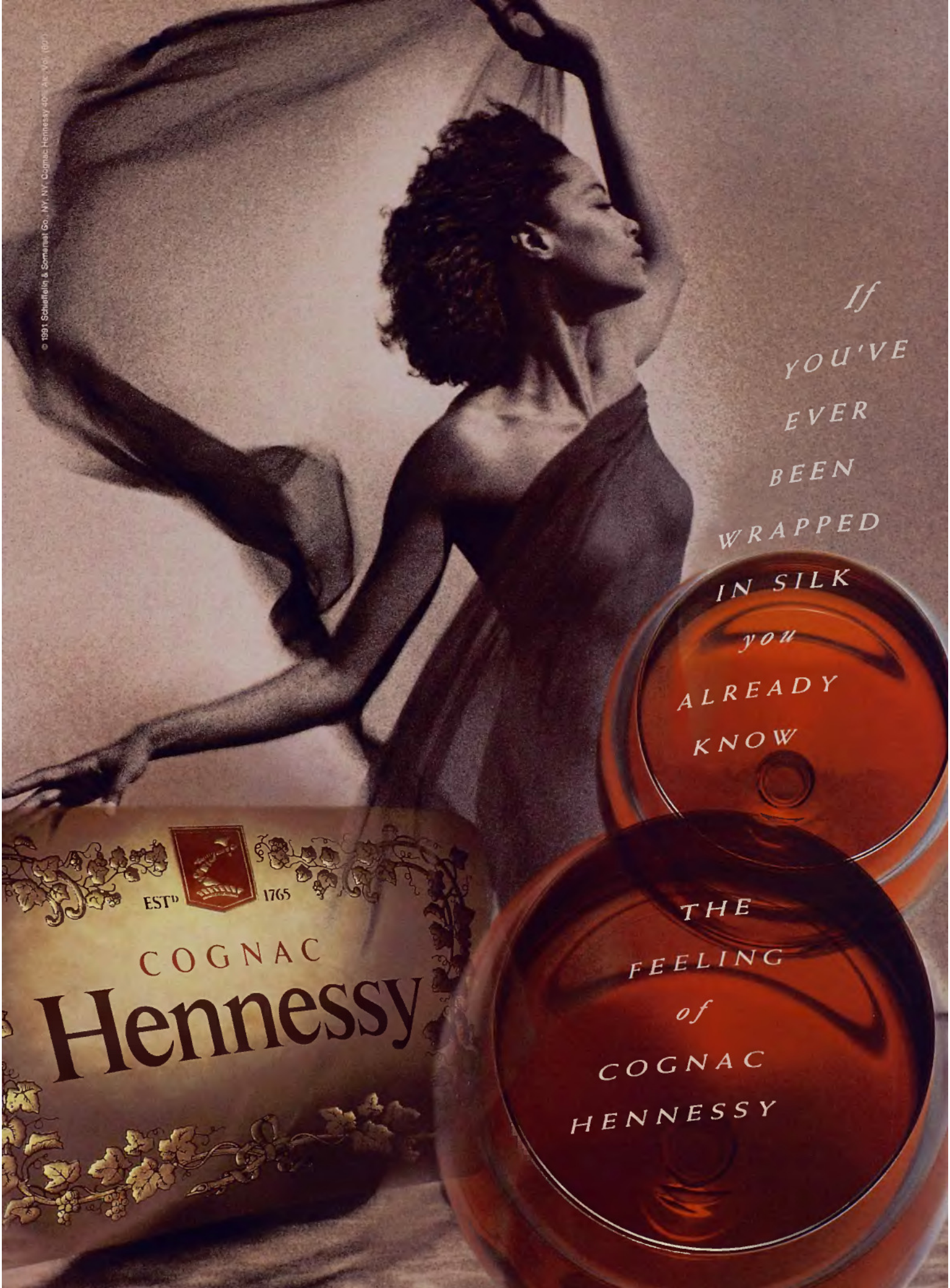
The November *Men* column scared the shit out of me. I am a 44-year-old pharmacist, twice divorced, living the single life and loving it. I, too, have been fairly cavalier about condom use, but I champion their use to others, both patients and friends. I've been hypocritical. I can sense the feeling Baber had when his ophthalmologist told him that he had AIDS. Just reading it made my stomach roll over. I hope Baber's column inspires a few more guys to start using condoms. I know I'm going to.

Michael Hefley
Blue Springs, Missouri

REMEMBER NOVEMBER

The November issue was a milestone in magazine history. The pictorials were some of the best ever and the articles all made for great reading. Keep up the good work.

Jaz
ee32jd@ee.surrey.ac.uk
Farnborough, England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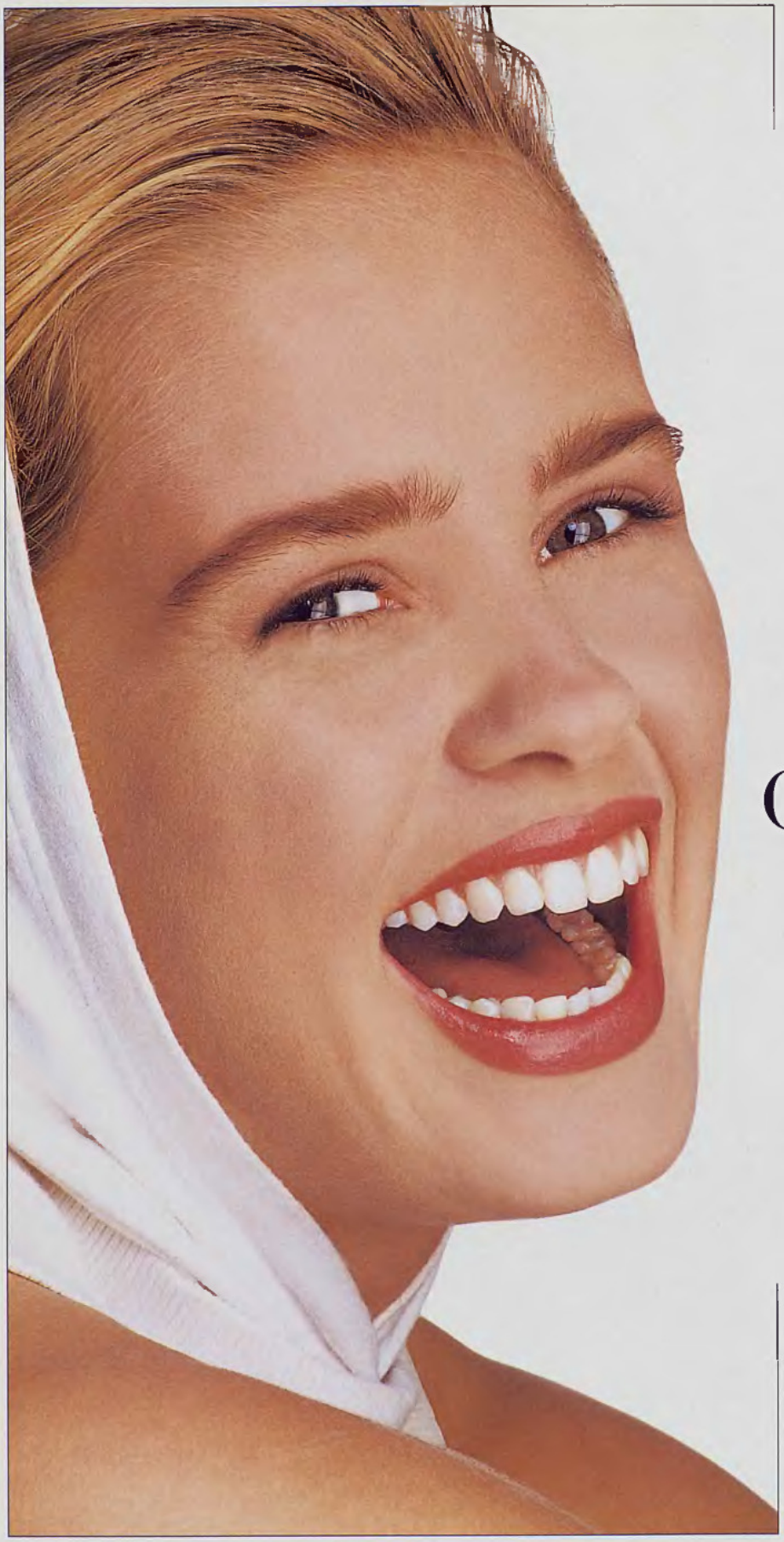

"PEARL DROPS... A BURST OF WHITE I CAN FEEL."

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ORIGINALLY INVENTED BY A DENTIST. PROVEN IN LAB TESTING.
GENTLE ENOUGH TO USE EVERY TIME YOU BRUSH.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THE END PAGE

As the big day approaches, prophets of doom are amplifying their messages about the millennium—and thank goodness Ted Daniels is monitoring these crackpots. Daniels, a folklore scholar in Philadelphia, tracks the predictions of 1100 apocalypse-oriented groups and publishes the *Millennial Prophecy Report*. Our favorite chiliastic flakes are the Hollow Earth people, who believe Nazis breeding in subterranean cities are preparing a final blitzkrieg with the help of an intergalactic Luftwaffe. Their warning can barely be heard above the din of Gordon-Michael Scallion's jeremiads about California falling into the Pacific and raising Atlantis, or the other Day-Glo visions of comet collisions, nuclear war and that old standby, the Second Coming. To our dismay, no one yet has ventured a guess on the return of Guy Lombardo.

(PETRIFIED) FOREST DUMP

From the outhouse at Jurassic Park: Draper International of Balboa, California is currently offering fossilized dinosaur dung for $9.95 plus shipping. These 130-million- to 205-million-year-old "natural sculptures" come, according to Draper, "direct to you from the tar pits of yesteryear and are made from all-natural ingredients." Because of the dung's fossilized state, the company assures us that there is no smell. Perhaps, but there is that lingering, queasy feeling that just because you find something doesn't mean you should pick it up.

POINTS TAKEN

Divorcing couples have discovered something new to haggle over: frequent-flier miles. According to *Mileage & Points International*, a newsletter that covers the award-mileage business, "Divorcing spouses who have gotten used to first-class travel whenever they want it are now demanding in court papers that this be considered as part of maintaining them in the lifestyle they have become accustomed to." Since airlines will not transfer mileage from one account to another, settlements have included a guarantee of yearly round-trip tickets for children of the marriage or a negotiated cash buyout of the value of the mileage.

CITRON FOR YOUR CITROËN

Betraying France's national schizophrenia in causing odors of the pleasant and unpleasant variety, Total, a French oil company, has introduced petrol cocktails with a twist: vanilla and lemon-scented fuel. Apparently, Total surveyed its customers and found that 41 percent of men and 74 percent of women dislike the smell of regular gasoline. So now the Gallic gas giant is promoting its New Age brands with scratch-and-sniff ads in several magazines, including *Elle*. It's only a matter of time, we suppose, before Italy retaliates with Giorgio—the Gas.

TIME BALM

There must have been a weird type of political correctness operating at the Crystal Lake *Northwest Herald* in Illinois when an editor, thinking the word gay was inappropriate, revised a headline about the plane that delivered the big one: ATOMIC BOMBERS CRITICIZE ENOLA HOMOSEXUAL EXHIBIT.

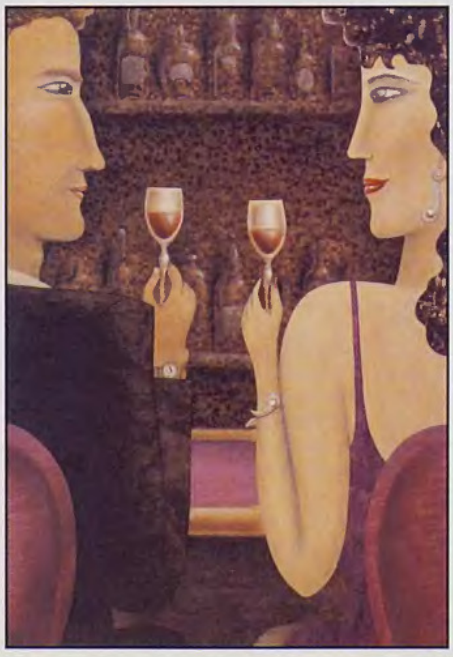


ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

TOOL ON THE HILL

Looks like England's Cerne Abbas Giant—a 2000-year-old chalk carving on a hillside in Dorset—may be recut to resemble the warrior he once was rather than the lover he grew to be. Researchers say that in his earliest form, the colossus had a cloak over his left arm and a severed head in his right fist. Also, the length of his penis was 19 feet—not the present 26.

THE DYEING GAME

Say hello to that most curious of hybrids: eco-hunting. In Zimbabwe, professional big-game hunter Adrian Read is testing the theory that the thrill of shooting game is in the chase, not in the kill. He takes hunters out on a 30,000-acre game preserve, where they stalk elephants and then shoot them with guns loaded with pellets of washable vegetable dye. The idea, presumably, is to humiliate the big guys—to make them into a kind of movable graffiti. One fellow safari guide told Read he thought it was "degrading for the elephant," to which Read replied, "Far more degrading to get a .458 bullet through the brain than to get a splat on the forehead, I would think." The safari costs $750 per day (about the same as a real hunt) and includes a video of the adventure. However, you need not put down a $6000 trophy fee, the amount required for a real kill. It's up to Read to pay the fee if he has to kill a beast that is so infuriated—and degraded—that it decides to charge.

BLIND JUSTICE

Confirming what the rest of the country already knew, a *Los Angeles Times* poll showed that 55 percent of Los Angeles County residents have "very little or only some" confidence in jury decisions, citing juror incompetence as the problem. The day the survey was printed, a

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the Consumer Product Safety Commission, 1455 people went to the hospital in 1992 with injuries from playing ping-pong.

QUOTE

"The one function that TV news performs very well is that when there is no news, we give it to you with the same emphasis as if there were."—DAVID BRINKLEY

DAN YACCARINO

WORK SPACE AGE

Since 1969, number of hours the average American has added to his or her annual working and commuting time: 158 (almost four additional 40-hour workweeks).

RETREAD THREADS

Cost of new pair of Levi's jeans in the U.S.: $35. Cost abroad: $90. Typical price abroad of a pair of pre-1983 Levi's (those hand-cut from a single piece of denim): $70. Cost in Japan of a pair of vintage Fifties- or Sixties-era Big E Levi's: $500 to $2000.

LET'S NOT MAKE A DEAL

In a survey of senior executives, percentage involved in extensive job hunts who ultimately decide to stay in their current positions: 74.

HILL BILLY

According to Nate Johnson of Cornell University, the number of times in the past eight years that U.S. senators and representatives have mentioned William Shakespeare during their arguments: 493. As for unattributed Shakespearean phrases, number of references to "slings and arrows": 40; number of speakers who used "protest too much": 34; number of calls to "kill all the lawyers": 15.

BRUSH AND STROKES

Number of gallons of toothpaste bought by Americans each year: 14 million, or less than a half pint per person. Number of miles of dental floss: 5900, or less than 12 inches per person.

BELL RINGER

According to New Networks Institute, percentage increase since 1980 of the charge to install a telephone: 956; percentage increase in the charge for directory assistance: 1326.

GOOD PARKING EVERY TIME

Number of visits in 1993 by consumers to the electronic shopping mall on Compuserve: 11 million. Number of merchants, such as JCPenney, that sell goods on Compuserve screens: 135. Amount of average order placed through the service: $71.

JAIL BREAKDOWNS

Number of people incarcerated per every 100,000 citizens in Russia: 558. Incarceration rate in the U.S.: 519; in South Africa: 368; in Singapore: 229; in Canada: 116; in Germany: 80; in Japan: 36; in India: 23.

NUMBERS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM

Percentage of women who say they would trust the advice of their hairdresser over that of their therapist: 84. Average number of minutes a woman spends each day on skin care in Russia: 24. In the U.S.: 19; in France: 15; in Japan: 12. Percentage of female foot-surgery patients whose problems doctors blame primarily on shoes that are too small: 80.

STUDENT BODY PARTS

Number of students who applied to the 126 U.S. medical schools in 1993: 42,808. Number accepted: 17,362. Number enrolled: 16,307. Percentage of first-year students who are women: 42. Percentage of Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders: 16. Percentage of all other minorities: 11.

—BETTY SCHAAL

murder trial in nearby Santa Ana was halted when a juror mistook fingernail adhesive for contact lens cleaner and glued her eye shut. She was back in the box the next day.

GAY INK

In a strange example of same-sex attraction, scientists in the research submarine Alvin videotaped two male octopuses of different species having sex 12,000 feet below the surface of the Pacific. Apparently, a 15-inch transparent octopus mounted a seven-footer in a rubbery, eight-armed embrace and inserted his sexual apparatus into the big sucker's mantle cavity. A witness to the intimate encounter said that the little guy was breathing vigorously during the last six minutes. Janet Voight of the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago said that since octopuses rarely meet in the deep and choosy females bear eggs only once, males are "less cautious in checking out potential mates."

TEMPEST IN A D-CUP

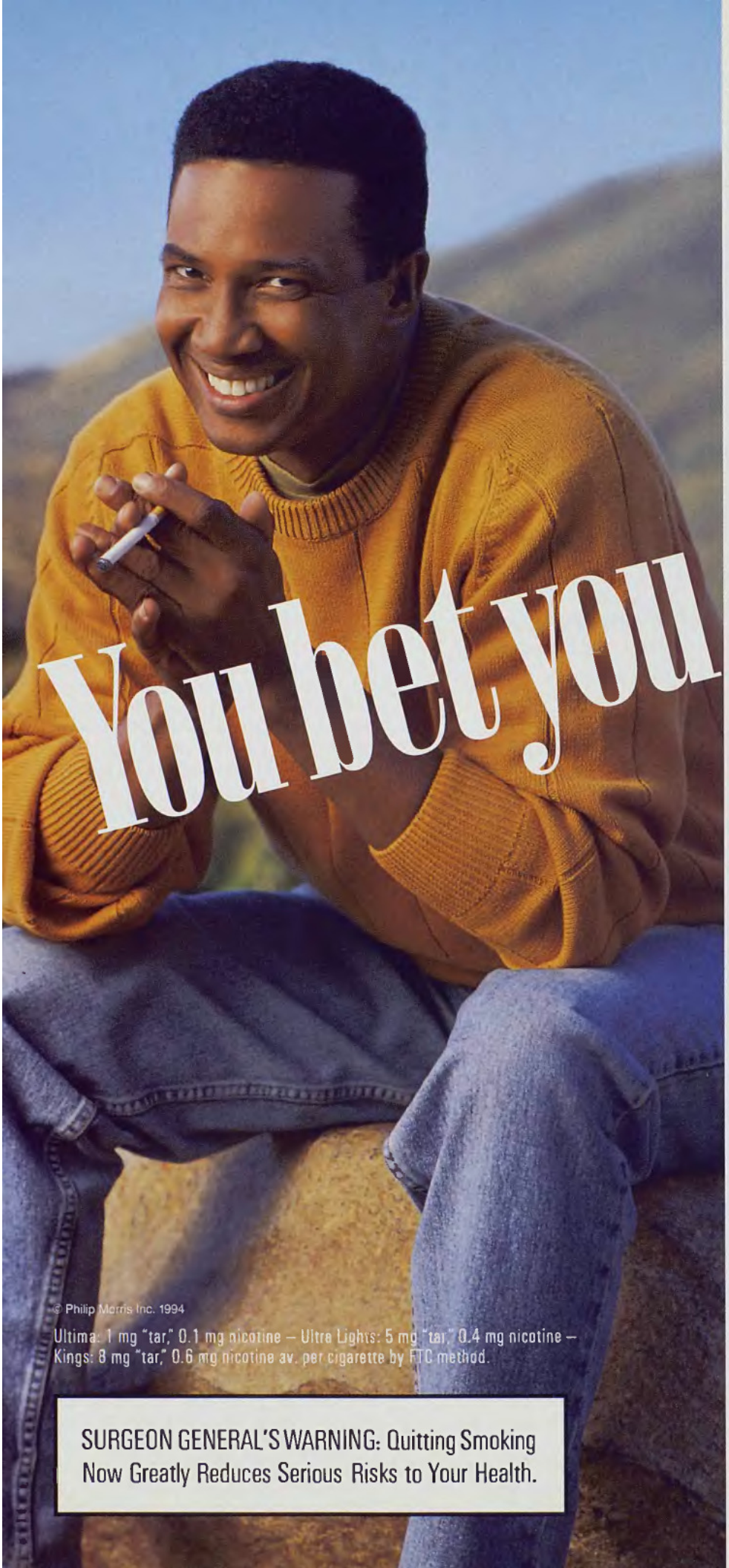
According to *The New England Journal of Medicine*, Dr. James Bachman has seen more than a dozen women at the Frisco Emergency Facility in Colorado who are unnerved by swishing noises coming from their surgically enhanced chests. Bachman explains that at the elevation of Frisco (9000 feet), air in the implants expands enough to allow implanted saline to slosh around. When the women return to sea level, they report that their breasts once again turn mum and that the whistling is left to others.

TREE SAP

In High Point, North Carolina a man who had taken LSD was stranded naked in a tree. Police officer Gordon Snaden, exhibiting excellent New Age understanding, summed up the situation: "He was able to actualize himself up the tree but was not able to actualize himself down the tree."

NO MORE MISSILE CRISIS

A little yellow tablet, produced as an anticholesterol medication, is threatening to put some steel into Cuba's flagging economy. The pill, PPG, is being snapped up by tourists in Cuba and other countries because the literature that accompanies it reads: "Preclinical investigations have revealed that the administration of PPG in male rats has produced an increased number of mounts and erections." The drug apparently works wonders because it speeds the flow of blood to the penis. It was developed from sugarcane at a secret government laboratory and is exported briskly but is not available in the U.S. Revenues from the drug are estimated at $20 million a year and are said to be on the rise.



You bet you can!

You can switch down to lower tar and still get satisfying taste.

Low Lower Lowest

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Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine – Ultra Lights: 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine – Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

You've got MERIT

MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

PEOPLE WITH rich or famous relatives often have a proclivity for weirdness. One minute they can feel like God by association, and the next minute they can feel like dirt by comparison. In the case of Roger Clinton, brother of the president, spending a year and a half in prison on drug charges seems to have filled him with gratitude that he's not dead. That gratitude and humility shine through on ***Nothing Good Comes Easy*** (Pyramid/Rhino), his first album after 22 years since starting in the music business. If God is just, Roger will sell more CDs than Billy Carter sold six-packs. Clinton's taste runs to that style of Los Angeles pop that usually wins the Academy Award for best song: heavy on the sensitive synthesizers, no snarl in the guitar and enough sap in the lyrics to pour it on your pancakes. "Brother, brother, do you understand?/There's so much trouble in the heart of man," he sings, with a lack of irony rivaled only by Michael Jackson. Who would be more aware of that than his brother Bill?

FAST CUTS: Slayer would be more aware of that, actually. America's foremost death-metal band appears confused about whether fascism or freedom is cooler. But until society slides in one direction or the other, Slayer celebrates serial killing and other signals of social decline on ***Divine Intervention*** (American). Now, if Roger Clinton only had these guys to back him.

If your lust for equipment runs more toward guitars than to cars, check out ***Gibson: 100 Years of an American Icon*** (General Publishing Group), by Walter Carter. Companies have personalities as much as individuals do, and this one has a classic story to complement its classic instruments. Essential when trading tech talk with musicians.

•

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

In 1993 Liz Phair—a 26-year-old Oberlin grad turned sketch artist who had rarely performed her music live—put out an unheralded album called *Exile in Guyville*. It figured to move 5000 copies in the alternative market, where her bedroom tapes had a rep. Instead it sold more than 200,000 and won every critic's poll in sight. One ode to a sex object was quoted constantly—male scribes just couldn't resist "I want to be your blow job queen" and "I'll fuck you till your dick is blue." But in fact Phair's sexually independent gestures merely fleshed out her more traditionally female gift for evoking and analyzing the interpersonal. All the sexual attention she received diverted praise from her offbeat structures and spare tunes.

Nothing Comes Easy for Roger Clinton.

Bill's brother sings sappy lyrics, Clapton sings the blues and we salute the year of the crow.

In 1994, naturally, no up-and-coming artist has gotten more ink, and ***Whip-Smart*** (Matador/Atlantic) will certainly outsell her debut. Because Phair is smart, honest, talented and a welcome relief in the gender-role department, let's hope she survives this success. *Whip-Smart* is a pretty good record that serves up enough fucks to keep aspiring boy toys happy. But, where the quietest entries on the first album eventually got under your skin, here songs you want to fall for end up slightly misfiring. The difference is so subtle that hype-primed consumers may not notice. But it will be enough to keep her off another *Rolling Stone* cover until she takes her music up a notch.

FAST CUTS: On ***Loose*** (Mammoth/Atlantic), Victoria Williams, the quirky singer-songwriter whose battle with multiple sclerosis inspired last year's *Sweet Relief* tribute, makes clear why so many good musicians want her to keep working. On ***No Need to Argue*** (Island), the Cranberries' Dolores O'Riordan makes clear that her dream-pop has substance.

•

NELSON GEORGE

There's a revivalist mood sweeping black pop. Stand-up vocal groups are back. So are girl groups. Old songs from every decade are being covered and rediscovered. Roberta Flack, one of the singular voices in black music, gets in the spirit with her finest album in years, ***Roberta*** (Atlantic).

All 15 cuts are standards from various periods and idioms. Al Green's *Let's Stay Together* shares space with *Cottage for Sale* and the blues classic *The Thrill Is Gone*. However, Flack doesn't offer slavish revivals, but real reinterpretations that make the songs hers. The Harlem Globetrotters' ancient theme, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, is given a syncopated, funky treatment. *In a Sentimental Mood*'s new samba rhythm lends itself to playful listening. The beautiful Stevie Wonder melody *Looking for Another Pure Love* is reignited by Flack's crystal-clean phrasing. But the collection's centerpiece is her cover of the adult contemporary staple *It Might Be You*. Overall, *Roberta* is easily Flack's best outing in many years, one that makes other recent cover albums seem conservative and ill-conceived.

FAST CUTS: Revival is also reflected in the number of tribute albums flooding record stores. Trashy heavy-metal bands, corny pop duos and obscure tunesmiths are being treated with undue respect. Thankfully, ***The Glory of Gershwin*** (Mercury) is a tribute you can properly respect. It's the brainchild of 80-year-old harmonica player Larry Adler, who's featured on the 16 selections accompanying an eclectic lineup that includes Sting, Elvis Costello, Jon Bon Jovi, Meat Loaf, Kate Bush and Cher. The intelligent production work of George Martin keeps artistic disasters to a minimum. Those seeking a camp thrill will gravitate to Cher's *It Ain't Necessarily So*, while weightier efforts include Oleta Adams on *Embraceable You* and a reverent version of *Summertime* by Peter Gabriel.

•

DAVE MARSH

I decided to test Eric Clapton's ***From the Cradle*** (Duck/Reprise) by listening to it right after the new gold-mastered CD of Robert Johnson's ***King of the Delta Blues Singers*** (Columbia). *Cradle* held up pretty well, if only because it's louder and livelier. Clapton wouldn't survive as well in similar comparisons with Muddy Waters or Elmore James. Clapton assembled *Cradle*—a guitarist's history of the blues—with a purist's ear. On Barbecue Bob's *Motherless Child* and the two Leroy Carr numbers, he's up to the task, which is to make traditional music personal. But Clapton can't sing as well as the great bluesmen, so you'd better be a six-string obsessive or this music will wear out sooner than it should.

To hear a blues-based singer with endurance, get ***The Essential George Jones***

(Legacy/Epic), 44 tracks by country's living king. Over the years, Jones has recorded way too much schlock, and there are five or six tracks here that will embarrass hard-core fans. But Jones finds glory in places no one else bothers to look. In the maudlin honky-tonk perfection of *She Still Thinks I Care, A Good Year for the Roses, He Stopped Loving Her Today* and *Wine Colored Roses*, George Jones embodies blues spirit.

FAST CUTS: Richard Pryor, ***Craps (After Hours), Who Me? I'm Not Him*** and ***Black Ben the Blacksmith*** (Loose Cannon/Polygram): These Seventies albums released on Laff Records show Pryor in transition from being a Lenny Bruce–type stand-up to becoming an inventor of his own idiom. Almost every joke on *In Living Color* and *Saturday Night Live* began here. If you're white and haven't cringed lately, I'd especially recommend *Black Ben*.

•

VIC GARBARINI

In China, it may have been the year of the dog, but on the pop charts it's been the year of the crow. The soundtrack to *The Crow*, plus albums by Sheryl Crow and by Counting Crows, have all scaled the charts, showing how alternative music has invigorated the mainstream. Sheryl Crow, a former backup singer for Michael Jackson and Don Henley, redeemed Los Angeles folk-rock with the feisty, rumbling and incredibly catchy *Leaving Las Vegas*, a declaration of female independence as legit as that of Liz Phair or Courtney Love. Her melodic, quirky songs of sexual tension, fulfillment and harassment on ***Tuesday Night Music Club*** (A&M) are both thoughtful and plain fun. Counting Crows' ***August and Everything After*** (DGC) appealed to both boomers and busters with the yearning *Mr. Jones* and *Round Here*. Finally, the soundtrack from Brandon Lee's last movie, ***The Crow*** (Interscope/Atlantic), proves that the edgy far side of alternative can help sell films and records. Songs range from Stone Temple Pilots' best new effort, *Big Empty*, to industrial pop giant Nine Inch Nails' searing cover of Joy Division's *Dead Souls*.

FAST CUTS: The Black Crowes have been lauded and lambasted for emulating *Exile on Main Street*–era Stones. But their third album, ***Amorica*** (American) proves that they're retooling and updating—not imitating—the R&B, gospel and rock sources that inspired their heroes. This time they throw Latin and funk elements into the pot, creating groove-driven, churning rock that's fiery and fluid. Singer Chris Robinson's vocals are even more confident than on 1992's excellent *Southern Harmony*. And *She Gave Good Sunflower* has to be the best song title of the year.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Eric Clapton *From the Cradle*	7	7	8	7	8
Roger Clinton *Nothing Good Comes Easy*	0	3	5	0	5
Roberta Flack *Roberto*	7	5	8	4	7
Liz Phair *Whip-Smart*	7	10	7	6	8
The Black Crowes *Amorica*	3	8	9	8	6

IN AN HOUR YOU'RE HUNGRY AGAIN DEPARTMENT: Whitney Houston has been offered $1 million to play Beijing.

REELING AND ROCKING: Cyndi Lauper will be the voice of one of the three gargoyles in Disney's animated version of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. She's also considering a pilot for a TV sitcom. . . . **Dwight Yoakam's** film *Half a Dog's Life* is the story of a rodeo clown. . . . **RuPaul** has completed his work in the *Brady Bunch* movie and in *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*. Now he is starring in his own short, *Electra Lite*. . . . **Michael Stipe** and New Line Cinema have a joint venture, Single Cell Pictures, to develop dramas and comedies. Stipe says he'll be looking for "unique and challenging projects" for the big screen.

NEWSBREAKS: Women in rock will have their own magazine any day now. *Rockrgrl* will do more than discuss fashion and relationships, says the publisher, **Carla De Santis**. . . . **Steve Perry's** tour—his first since **Journey** finished up in Alaska in 1987—will break for the holidays and start up again. . . . Just in case you wondered: *Thriller* has sold 24 million units, making it the best-selling album in history. . . . **Bob Dylan** has recorded one new song, *Dignity*, for *Greatest Hits Volume 3*. . . . **Gerald Levert** is set to produce some of the **New Edition's** reunion album. . . . **Sugar, the Posies, Material Issue, Steve Wynn** and the **Loud Family** have recorded songs for the **Hollies** tribute album due out any minute. . . . More news on the **Chieftains'** album—**Mick Jagger** cut *Long Black Veil* with them. Also look for **Bono, Van Morrison, Marianne Faithfull** and **Ry Cooder**, among others. . . . The **Little Feat** studio album, to be released in the spring, will have a female lead vocalist. **Shaun Murphy**, who has sung backup for **Eric Clapton, Phil Collins** and **Bob Seger**, will do the honors. . . . There's a credible rumor that the artist formerly known as **Prince** is in Minneapolis hard at work on his guitar licks in preparation for a possible world tour. . . . Look for a new **Salt-N-Pepa** album this year. . . . **David Bowie** may collaborate with **Brian Eno** on an interactive CD-ROM project and an album. . . . **Melissa Manchester's** album *If My Heart Had Wings* is set to be released in conjunction with the New York premiere of the musical she wrote, *I Sent a Letter to My Love*. . . . The new owners of the Surf Ballroom in Clear Lake, Iowa plan a **Buddy Holly** tribute starring the **Shirelles**. The Surf was the last place Holly played before he died. . . . There are too many tribute albums, even for the producer of the first one. **Jon Tivin**, who started the trend in 1977 with a tribute to **Phil Spector**, says his LPs have helped defray medical costs (for **Curtis Mayfield**) and brought the artists greater attention (**Otis Blackwell** and **Arthur Alexander**). Tivin says if the artist is underappreciated, then a tribute makes sense. Otherwise, enough already. . . . Look for new LPs from **Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons** and **Simple Minds**. . . . Finally, let's hear it for vinyl. Even when record companies tell some artists that they won't get record royalties (presumably because of the increased cost of retooling back from CDs), the resurgence hasn't stopped. All 17 **Beach Boys** albums were rereleased on vinyl, as were LPs by **R.E.M., Tom Petty** and **Big Head Todd and the Monsters. Mike Dirnt** of **Green Day** claims his band went with vinyl because "it's awesome." So where did we put our turntable?

—BARBARA NELLIS

WHAT'S THE FREQUENCY, KENNETH?

The Seattle Supersonics use mind machines to improve their free throws. Students at Arizona State University use them to overcome anxiety about tests. And California's 911 operators and members of the LAPD use them to combat job stress. These electronic light-and-sound devices are designed to stimulate brain-wave frequencies for enhanced relaxation and learning. Rayma Ditson-Sommer, a pioneer in light-and-sound mind research, explains that mind machines

KEVIN BAPP

(which typically combine a digital control box, headphones, light glasses and audio software) operate on waves, just like the brain. "At low frequencies—under 13 hertz—the devices have a calming effect," Ditson-Sommer says, "which allows individuals to tap the brain's potential more fully." To start tapping at home, try Microfirm's new Personal Learning Instrument, a $160 system that tops out at a mind-mellowing 13 hertz, or Synchrovision's $199 mind machine that patches into your CD player and pulses in time to music.

HOT FLASHES

January's Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas was powered by plenty of groundbreaking gear. On the interactive front, Nintendo previewed a hand-held, 32-bit, cartridge-based, color video-game system that is expected to sell for less than $160. Catapult Entertainment introduced the X Band modem and network video-game service. Priced at $70 for the hardware with an $8-per-month on-line fee, X Band will enable you to play Sega Genesis and Super Nintendo games against challengers across the country. Sony unveiled third-generation minidisc players with downsized circuitry (for improved performance and battery life). It also showed the first MD data drives for personal computers and Magic Link, a $1000 personal digital assistant (Sony calls it a personal communicator) that incorporates AT&T Personalink services software for sending and receiving faxes and e-mail. And Pioneer offered up the first consumer-oriented compact disc recorder. Although the PDR-09 initially will cost $4000, Pioneer assured us that more affordable prices are on the way.

DOWNLOADS OF FUN

Attention on-line junkies: If you're all chatted out, pick up a copy of Michael Wolff's *Netgames*. Besides being a thorough guide to what's playing in cyberspace, this $19 book includes phone numbers for game bulletin board systems nationwide, plus excellent tips on how to download entertainment from the Net and commercial on-line services, such as America Online, Compuserve and Prodigy. Here's a sample of some of the games voted "most addictive." Netrek (all platforms): Challenge Trekkers from around the world in a shoot-'em-up battle for galactic supremacy. Bolo (Mac): A tank-battle game with a fanatic collegiate following. The Internet

MITCH O'CONNELL

Chess Server (all platforms): A place to play real-time chess with up to 100 potential opponents. Doom (DOS): The hottest action game of the decade. Check out infant2.sphs.indiana.edu for game enhancements, including modules to add *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* characters—and even Barney—to your game.

WILD THINGS

Think of Bogen Communications' Cordless Friday (pictured below) as a home office receptionist that never calls in sick. In addition to featuring a ten-channel, 900-megahertz cordless telephone, the $600 Friday includes a digital answering machine with eight voice-mailboxes, plus functions such as call screening, routing and music-on-hold. Now, if they could only program it to get your coffee. • Forget about fumbling in the dark to turn off your alarm clock. Magnovox' AJ3930 Stereo CD Clock Radio ($180) lets you engage the snooze function simply by waving your hand in front of the unit. You can also program the alarm to shut off automatically at night after playing 10, 30 or 60 minutes of sleep-inducing tunes. • From the pages of PLAYBOY to CD-ROM: July 1985 Playmate Hope Marie Carlton is the star of Noctropolis, an IBM-compatible CD-ROM game by Electronic Arts ($60). Carlton plays Stiletto, a comic-book superheroine, and you're her partner in a gory battle to rid the city of evil. The R-rated title includes nudity, plus more than two hours of full-motion video and 50 hand-painted backgrounds.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TOMMY LEE JONES both chews the scenery and hits a grand-slam homer in ***Cobb*** (Warner Bros.). As baseball's Ty Cobb, who was "the greatest ballplayer, also the greatest bastard" in the history of the game, Jones invests his role with almost Shakespearean fury. Robert Wuhl ably plays second banana Al Stump, the sportswriter and biographer whose recollections of his harrowing encounters with Cobb inspired the movie. Unlike writer-director Ron Shelton's *Bull Durham* and *White Men Can't Jump*, this vitriolic piece is not a mellow sports pic. Cobb's feats on the diamond are legendary. Fans may be less aware that he became rich through investments and gave financial support to some less fortunate ballplayers. But he also earned a reputation as a racist and a violent, misogynistic bully. Shelton's story follows Cobb on his way to be honored at Cooperstown's Hall of Fame, accompanied by Stump, whom he frequently threatens to shoot. While *Cobb* is more a mesmerizing ego trip than entertainment, it's still a winner. ¥¥¥½

•

Few screen superstars manage the transition from romantic leading man to character actor as gracefully as Paul Newman does in ***Nobody's Fool*** (Paramount). Adapted from Richard Russo's novel and directed by Robert Benton, the film is a down-home human comedy in the minor key that comes naturally to Benton. Newman plays Sully, a shiftless 60-year-old construction worker in a nondescript New York town. Having long ago sloughed off his responsibilities as a husband and father, he begins to renew acquaintance with his grown-up son (Dylan Walsh) and a grandson he barely knows. Sully also flirts with a feisty young woman (Melanie Griffith) while taking her cocky businessman husband (Bruce Willis) to court over an on-the-job injury. In a movie dedicated to the late Jessica Tandy, all aglow as Sully's wry landlady, every cast member seems imbued with small-town quirks right out of a vintage Capra comedy. But Newman's easygoing charm makes the whole show look timeless. ¥¥¥

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The world of haute couture may split at the seams over director Robert Altman's wicked ***Prêt-à-Porter*** (Miramax). In French prêt-à-porter means ready to wear, and Altman exposes the annual Paris fashion show as chic, bitchy and brain-dead. Wringing laughs from a business that's already a huge joke isn't

Wuhl, Jones: Befriending a rough Cobb.

Hell-raisers on the go, family values under fire, and infidelity all in fun.

easy. A kind of *Nashville sur Seine*, this stylish high comedy spills tangled tales of sex, puffery, sudden death and cutthroat competition. Kim Basinger plays Kitty Potter, a fashion maven sharing the spotlight with Lauren Bacall, Stephen Rea, Sally Kellerman, Julia Roberts, Tim Robbins, Danny Aiello and Teri Garr, as well as veterans Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni—the latter two in a droll and affectionate reprise of their love scenes from their famous Sixties Italian comedies. Gorgeous models trod the runways oozing attitude, finally to emerge stark naked in a climactic tableau that leaves the rag trade in tatters. *Prêt-à-Porter* is frivolous and witty film froufrou. Just label it good, mean fun, made in Paris. ¥¥¥¥

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You have to be a sucker for Irish storytellers to truly appreciate ***The Secret of Roan Inish*** (First Look). That's the name of an island abandoned by the Coneelly clan—simple fisherfolk who reclaim their past when ten-year-old Fiona goes to live with her grandparents on the mainland nearby. Soon Fiona's baby brother, long believed dead, comes floating ashore naked in a shell-encrusted crib. Clearly enchanted by this tale, writer-director John Sayles has put *Roan Inish* together at a loving, leisurely pace while cinematographer Haskell Wexler gives it a mythic air. Sayles earns points for trying something a little different, but the magic never quite happens. ¥¥

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Simultaneously literate, stagy and stunning, director Louis Malle's ***Vanya on 42nd Street*** (Sony Classics) is an innately highbrow but hypnotic short version of the classic play by Anton Chekhov. The essence of it is brilliantly projected by a group of actors rehearsing under the direction of André Gregory in an abandoned New York theater. With Wallace Shawn giving a comic edge to his role as Uncle Vanya, the informality of the occasion somehow recalls Shawn's duo with Gregory in their 1981 cinematic talkathon, *My Dinner With André* (also directed by Malle). Among the aces backing Shawn are Julianne Moore, Larry Pine and Brooke Smith, the latter especially poignant as the forlorn, love-smitten young Sonya. The entire cast gives Chekhov his due with such intelligence and immediacy that the absence of period costumes and scenery is soon forgotten. If anything, *Vanya on 42nd Street* is Malle's valentine to the profession, vividly demonstrating that all it takes to create fine theater is compelling dialogue and performers who know what to do with it. ¥¥¥½

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Played by Sarah Jessica Parker with captivating insouciance, the heroine of ***Miami Rhapsody*** (Hollywood Pictures) is an ad copywriter pondering personal problems. In a world of rampant infidelity, she can't bring herself to marry her handsome roommate (Gil Bellows). Her newly wedded sister (Carla Gugino) is already fooling around, and her married brother (Kevin Pollak) is sleeping with his business partner's wife. Still worse, "when both your parents are committing adultery, it's not the norm—we're not from L.A." Mia Farrow drolly plays the mom who has taken up with her geriatric mother's Cuban male nurse (Antonio Banderas) while Dad (Paul Mazursky) bungles through a fatal attraction for his seductive travel agent. *Miami Rhapsody*'s modern, amoral outlook is marred by a jumpy first-person narrative, but writer-director David Frankel's debut feature keeps snapping back into shape. He saves this worldly comedy of manners with dry wit, attitude and a plum role for Parker, whose running social commentary quite often sounds worthy of Woody Allen. ¥¥¥

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Splendid production values make director Neil (*The Crying Game*) Jordan's ***Interview With the Vampire*** (Geffen) an

MARKE

1995 Playboy Playmate Calendars feature a dozen Playmates to enjoy for the year. Becky DelosSantos, Arlene Baxter, Shae Marks, Elan Carter, Jennifer Lavoie, Julianna Young, Elke Jeinsen, Anna-Marie Goddard, Neriah Davis, Julie Lynn Cialini, Anna Nicole Smith and Playmate of the Year Jenny McCarthy.
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Underwood: Pro-Lean and not mean.

OFF CAMERA

His new movie is *Speechless*. But director **Ron Underwood,** 40, speaks out against the idea that this romantic comedy starring Geena Davis and Michael Keaton was inspired by the Matalin-Carville duo of married political foes. Acknowledging similarities, Ron points out: "The script was written before that romance came to public attention. Maybe this proves that our premise has truth behind it—about love and competition. It could just as well be about two people in the textile or advertising industries."

A movie nut since his teens, Ron expected to become a doctor, like his dad and his brother. He tasted stronger medicine as a 16-year-old exchange student in Ceylon, where he made a movie about a Hindu religious site. "Then, in college, I was always making deals with my professors to do a movie instead of writing a paper." He graduated from the USC film school at 20, then churned out TV and educational features until *Tremors*, the 1990 horror classic about a desert infested with giant worms. "I had loved those movies of the Fifties, things like *Them*. I grew up on them. *Tremors*, of course, opened more doors. Until then I had been directing for 15 years, and couldn't get through the front gate of any major studio."

In the wake of *Tremors*, he was asked to direct the first *City Slickers*, and the rest is history. He calls David Lean "the director who made me fall in love with movies." But Underwood doesn't subscribe to the auteur theory. "A good director is a guy who brings out the best in everybody." Having turned down scripts that became big hits, Underwood has no regrets. "You have to go with your gut feelings, and I have an optimistic view of life. I mean, you wouldn't see me making *Cape Fear*."

eye-filling work, if not an especially involving one. On-screen, however faithful in outline, Anne Rice's novel feels diminished, often reduced from awesome to laughable. "The Paris Opera is in town—we can try some French cuisine," says Tom Cruise as Lestat, urging Brad Pitt's Louis to stop slurping rats' blood. The twosome looks Halloween-ready, a stylish pair of unnatural-born killers. There's excessive gore and vampirical deep-think but little suspense. Kirsten Dunst is the precocious child vampire—the odd-girl-out among subliminally gay ghouls who seem more high-salaried than horrifying. ¥¥

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In Dublin several decades ago, a bus conductor named Alfie (Albert Finney) was also a closet queen with a passion for Oscar Wilde. He read from the author's works to his bus passengers and recruited some of them to perform in an amateur production of Wilde's *Salomé*. That pretty well sums up ***A Man of No Importance*** (Sony Classics), a low-key but potent pitch for tolerance, boosted by Finney's touching stint as a dignified gay codger. Abetting him are Brenda Fricker as Alfie's anxious sister and Michael Gambon as a local butcher who sabotages *Salomé* on moral grounds. Here's a small showcase stuffed to the top with big talent. ¥¥

•

Portraying a monumental literary figure is a challenge, and Willem Dafoe gives it his best shot as T.S. Eliot in ***Tom and Viv*** (Miramax). Dafoe's uptight air as the American-born poet who wrote *The Waste Land*, became an English citizen and won a Nobel Prize is quite acceptable. Even so, his stint as the celebrated writer is eclipsed, as intended, by Miranda Richardson's star turn playing Eliot's tortured and eccentric first wife, Viv. Vivian Haigh-Wood was a bright but often irrational aristocrat whose life with Eliot became a mutual hell—from their honeymoon, when she pops pills and trashes their hotel suite, until she is ultimately certified "morally insane" and shipped off to an asylum. To his discredit, Eliot left her there. Still, the film, directed by Brian Gilbert and adapted from a stage piece, shows her as more a victim of medical misdiagnosis than the she-devil she was often thought to be. Small wonder her behavior stirs alarm, though, when she brandishes a knife at Eliot's admirers or pours melted chocolate through the mail slot of his publisher's front door. Rosemary Harris bears intolerable anguish with perfect decorum as Viv's stoic mother, and Tim Dutton fleshes out a first-class company as her caring but befuddled brother. The compulsively fascinating *Tom and Viv* is less a bookish biography than the dissection of a disastrous marriage. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bullets Over Broadway (Reviewed 11/94) Woody spoofs vintage showbiz. ¥¥¥

Clerks (12/94) Hilarious low jinks in a New Jersey convenience store. ¥¥½

Cobb (See review) Jones hits a baseball bio out of the park. ¥¥¥½

Colonel Chabert (1/95) Back from the dead, Depardieu is a live wire. ¥¥½

Ed Wood (1/95) Johnny Depp as Wood, Martin Landau as Bela Lugosi in Tim Burton's Tinseltown valentine. ¥¥¥¥

Federal Hill (12/94) Rhode Island bad boys in the hood. ¥¥¥

Floundering (12/94) After the Los Angeles riots, more hell to pay. ¥¥¥

Heavenly Creatures (1/95) Matricide as a chilling game for teenagers. ¥¥¥½

Hoop Dreams (12/94) Two Chicago kids on the slam-dunk road to roundball success. ¥¥¥¥

Interview With the Vampire (See review) Looks great but sucks. ¥¥

Love and a .45 (12/94) Showcasing Gil Bellows as a fugitive. ¥¥

A Man of No Importance (See review) Finney in a walk on the Wilde side. ¥¥

Miami Rhapsody (See review) Lots of extramarital monkeyshines. ¥¥¥

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle (1/95) That famous lunch bunch. ¥¥½

Nobody's Fool (See review) Another taste treat from Paul Newman. ¥¥¥

Oleanna (1/95) Sexual politics in David Mamet's lopsided duel. ¥¥¥

Prêt-à-Porter (See review) Robert Altman makes a fashion statement. ¥¥¥¥

The Professional (12/94) Teenybopper takes refuge with a hit man. ¥¥¥

Pulp Fiction (9/94) An instant classic, courtesy of Tarantino. ¥¥¥¥

Quiz Show (10/94) Redford's astute take on television cheats is prime time all the way. ¥¥¥¥

Red (1/95) A tantalizing French trilogy at its colorful best. ¥¥¥

The Road to Wellville (1/95) Rude and crude, but laughter is potent medicine at this health spa. ¥¥¥½

Safe Passage (Listed only) A missing Marine's dysfunctional family. ¥½

The Secret of Roan Inish (See review) Sayles away to an Irish legend. ¥¥

S.F.W. (11/94) TV coverage of violence turns teen hostages into stars. ¥¥¥

Stargate (1/95) Other worlds beckon but prove to be not much fun. ¥¥

Tom and Viv (See review) Tumultuous homelife of a poet. ¥¥¥

Vanya on 42nd Street (See review) Chekhovian and compelling. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

So what makes **Jonathan Winters,** the master of improvisation, laugh? Laurel and Hardy. "They're still the funniest guys around," says Maude Frickert's alter ego, "and I never tire of watching the Marx Brothers, either." Winters is likewise partial to the decidedly unfunny *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Ship of Fools* and *The Ox-Bow Incident,* as well as to the films of Alec Guinness, such as *Kind Hearts and Coronets* and *The Lavender Hill Mob.* But whatever you do, don't get him started on Gene Autry flicks. "Cowboys just shouldn't sing," he insists. "They should either shoot the Indians or join them—not sing to them. That'll only make them mad." —DONNA COE

VIDEO FLASHBACK

Hard to believe, but time was when TV dramas were more than just disease-of-the-week weepers or spins on the Tonya–Nancy saga. Check out how today's stars got their breaks in TV's golden age. (All tapes from Rhino Video, 800-432-0020.)

The Defender (1957): Taut courtroom drama features William Shatner as an idealistic young lawyer whose unconventional tactics are a last legal shot at keeping Steve McQueen from the chair.

Marty (1953): Two years before Ernest Borgnine's Oscar turn at it, Rod Steiger was the lonely Bronx butcher searching for love. Written for *Goodyear Playhouse* by Paddy Chayefsky.

No Time for Sergeants (1955): The Army is no match for pre-Mayberry Andy Griffith, who stars as (what else?) a country boy with backwoods charm and hillbilly wisdom. Fast-paced, though live broadcast cramped the slapstick.

The Comedian (1957): There's nothing funny about Mickey Rooney as a driven TV entertainer with the charm of Attila the Hun. Mel Tormé is his whipped brother, Lester. Script by Rod Serling.

Days of Wine and Roses (1958): Whiskey—and life—on the rocks. Piper Laurie and Cliff Robertson are boozers in love and denial. Tough depiction of bad bottle habit may have you sticking to lemonade. Still, sterling. —REED KIRK RAHLMANN

THE WOMEN OF ELVIS

Put on your blue suede orthopedic shoes: Elvis Presley would have turned 60 this month. To celebrate—and with a nod to February 14—here's a video valentine to the King's many queens.

ANN-MARGRET: He sings, she squeals—and tight sweaters rule in classic casino caper *Viva Las Vegas* (1964).

NANCY SINATRA: She's an IRS agent who gives the racetrack curves a run for their money in *Speedway* (1968).

SHELLEY FABARES: She's a deb playing eenie-meenie between Elvis and Bill Bixby in *Clambake* (1967). Bet on Bill.

MARY TYLER MOORE: In *Change of Habit* (1970), she's a nun forced to choose between Elvis and God. Guess who wins.

DODIE MARSHAL: She's a go-go-dancing yoga teacher who gets wet with frogman Elvis in *Easy Come, Easy Go* (1967).

DONNA DOUGLAS: In her Elly May prime, she gambols with Elvis the riverboat gambler in *Frankie and Johnny* (1966).

BARBARA EDEN: Half-breed Elvis dreams of television's future Jeannie in the Western *Flaming Star* (1960), but Dolores Del Rio runs interference.

STELLA STEVENS: Just one of those *Girls! Girls! Girls!* (1962) swimming after slippery tuna-boat skipper Elvis.

TUESDAY WELD: Gets *Wild in the Country* (1961), competing with Hope Lange for hotheaded hillbilly Elvis.

URSULA ANDRESS: He's a trapeze artist-bouncer-singer, she's a coy beauty looking for *Fun in Acapulco* (1963).

BARBARA STANWYCK: She's boss to Elvis, the carnival *Roustabout* (1964), while Raquel Welch (in a debut bit) and Teri Garr (as a dancing girl) round out the three-ring circus. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Winner of the Peabody Award and the Sundance Festival's 1993 Grand Jury Prize, ***Silverlake Life: The View From Here*** (New Video Group) tracks the final days of co-director Tom Joslin as he and his companion, Mark Massi, succumb to AIDS. Disturbing and compelling, a landmark documentary. Call 800-314-8822.

LASER FARE

Everybody must get Stoned. On the heels of Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers* comes a Pioneer Special Editions release of his Oscar-winning Vietnam saga, *Platoon*, which includes commentary by Stone and military advisor Dale Dye. Also from Pioneer and Stone: a wide-screen edition of *The Doors*. . . . Two 1944 flicks from Preston Sturges arrive on disc this month, paired as a double feature from MCA/Universal. Fans eager to own *Hail the Conquering Hero*, Sturges' biting take on World War Two heroism, now get the lesser *The Great Moment* (a seriocomic tale of a 19th century dentist) in the bargain. To a Sturges archivist, the package means savings. But some of us prefer to pick our own double bills, thanks. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD MELTER

MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	***The Mask*** (detachable green face turns yutz bank clerk Carrey into silly stud; no-brainer with astonishing F/X), ***It Could Happen to You*** (cop tips waitress half his lottery ticket—you know the rest; Cage and Fonda are a winning duo).
ACTION	***True Lies*** (Schwarzenegger does Bond, Jamie Lee does striptease—but the pyrotechnics steal the show; Tom Arnold's a decent second banana), ***Blown Away*** (mad bomber Tommy Lee Jones stalks old IRA buddy Jeff Bridges; edge-of-seat stuff).
FOREIGN	***Passione D'Amore*** (1981 Cannes-winning love triangle that inspired Sondheim's 1994 Tony-winning musical; Laura Antanelli enchants), ***Betty*** (sexy, dawn-and-out mystery woman leaves wreckage in her wake; New Wave portrait by Chabrol).
DRAMA	***The Client*** (Tommy Lee again, as feisty fed tangling with lawyer Sarandon over 11-year-old testifier; well-polished Grisham), ***White Mile*** (adman Alda pays when macho white-water bonding trip turns tragic; decent HBO entry).
X-RATED	***Immortal Desire*** (kinky voodoo dreams keep Sarah Jane Hamilton tossing in her sheets; exotic and erotic), Paul Thomas' ***Masseuse 2*** (Ashlyn Gere rubs everyone the right way in surprising hands-on sequel to a Howard Stern favorite).

LOVE THAT NYLON

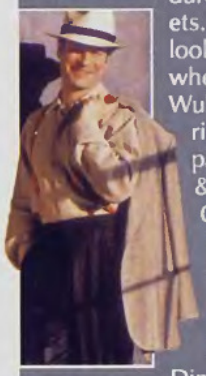
Heavy-duty nylon has always been a favorite material for industrial uniforms and backpacks. But now designers are using this tough-yet-glossy fabric to give sporty outerwear a futuristic spin. One of the hottest looks is the reflective nylon paramedic's jacket in Laura Whitcomb's Label line ($325, shown here). A new active-fabric collection by Diesel Jeans and Workwear called 55 DSL features a black nylon car coat with white topstitching ($225). Also in black, Donna Karan's DKNY two-ply nylon three-quarter-length trench coat has a zipper front ($425). Frank et Gertie's pea green waterproof nylon parka with a heavy aluminum-colored nylon zipper offers something extra: The jacket comes with a detachable down-filled liner that can turn it into an all-weather style ($343). British designer Katharine Hamnett's Denim Line includes a navy blue nylon peacoat ($430), and U2 Wear Me Out makes the Tech Trekker, a hooded parka with a detachable fleece liner that comes in gold or black waterproof oxford nylon ($180). Verso USA's nylon vest has a reflective stripe and plenty of utility pockets for all your tools ($72).

HOT SHOPPING: QUEBEC

Night parades, snow sculptures, an auto race on ice and swimsuit rolls-in-the-snow are just a few of the carnival pleasures that this 400-year-old walled city has planned for February 2 through 12. For a break from the cold, check out the following. Louis Laflamme Boutique (1192 Rue St.-Jean): Stylish menswear from Europe and Japan. • Mercerie Alexandre (Place Laurier, 2700 Boulevard Laurier, Ste.-Foy): Great collection of sportswear and warm shearling and cashmere coats. • Le Capitaine D'Abord (63 Rue Petit Champlain): Fashions for the great outdoors, including sporty zippered jackets, plus wool hats and berets. • Aux Multiples Collections (69 Rue Ste.-Anne): Impressive Arctic sculptures made by the Inuit. • L'Emprise (57 Rue Ste.-Anne): An art deco club featuring jazz seven nights a week and some of the best cocktails in town.

CLOTHES LINE

Currently appearing in the Warner Bros. film *Cobb*, actor-comedian **Robert Wuhl** loves solid-color corduroy pants and jackets. ("I don't want to look like Pinky Lee when I'm onstage.") Wuhl also likes the herringbone and tweed pants from Clacton & Frinton on La Cienega Boulevard. For formal affairs, such as when he's attending the Academy Awards, he shops at Sami Dinar in Beverly Hills. "The last tux I bought was cut tight at the waist with a white vest." And for just hanging out he wears black Reeboks, a generic blue work shirt and black jeans. "I also love hats," Wuhl says. "Barneys in L.A. is a good place to shop for them."



THE SKINNY ON BELTS

With retro-inspired plain-front pants and slimmer suits now in style, thin belts will be making a comeback this spring and fall. Versace offers one of the narrowest styles—a 3/4-inch black calfskin belt with a signature gold Medusa-head buckle from the Gianni Versace collection (about $350). For classic styling, Torino Belts has a one-inch calfskin style in black or cordovan with a curved brass buckle ($65), and designer Al Beres offers one-inch streamlined alligator belts in black, brown or peanut with sterling-silver or nickel-silver buckles ($300 to $800). Hamilton Hodge, the designer for De Vecchi, has created one-inch belts in a range of skins, from napa leather to crocodile ($93 to $335). And Swank makes a one-inch split-leather braided belt in black or brown with an antique-finish oval buckle ($20).

GET MUFFLED

To give your winter coat some added style, pick up a chenille muffler. Made from thick velvet yarn that's loosely woven into a warm, plush fabric, chenille is showing up this season in vibrant jewel-tone colors. The company 525 Made in America, for example, offers garnet and green chenille scarves with fringed edges ($90). Saldarini's fringed-chenille mufflers come in a multicolor chevron weave ($65) and a two-tone microtweed herringbone weave ($55). Blending chenille with wool, Chelsey Imports combines off-white and black as well as taupe and black in its geometric zigzag- and triangle-pattern scarves ($85 to $95). And for a traditional look, try Burberrys check, 80-inch muffler in camel or navy chenille ($297).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

HATS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Woven newsboy caps; woolen baseball styles; cuffed, knitted watch caps; hunting caps	Court jester or Dr. Seuss stocking caps; Woody Allen rain hats
COLORS AND FABRICS	Browns and neutrals; tweeds; color-flecked wool; corduroy and suede	Loud brights; multicolored hats; faux- or real-fur cossack looks; studded black leather
DETAILS	Medium-size brims; suede accents; plaid flannel linings	Stiff brims; feathers or bow trims; caps with mechanical moving parts

Where & How to Buy on page 152.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

PETE DEXTER'S new novel, ***The Paperboy*** (Random House), is a dark meditation on the responsibilities of the news media. It is also a tale about the powerful relationships between a father and his two sons. But most of all, this riveting novel is about the burden of guilty knowledge, the way a lie insidiously devours the place where it is embedded.

Dexter's story begins with a pair of investigative reporters from the *Miami Times* who go to a small town in Moat County, Florida in 1969 to reexamine the case against Hillary Van Wetter, a man who had been condemned to die for the murder of the county sheriff four years earlier. Ward James is the meticulous, fact-checking digger driven to pursue the truth. Yardley Acheman is the flamboyant, hard-drinking stylist who loves the drama of newspaper storytelling. They are drawn to this story by letters from Charlotte Bless, a sexy young clerk in the New Orleans post office who has become fixated on the case of the convicted murderer.

James and Acheman must verify Van Wetter's claim that he was busy stealing sod from a golf course with his uncle near Daytona Beach on the night of the murder. Acheman, along with Charlotte, goes to Daytona where, amazingly, he locates a contractor who confirms Van Wetter's alibi and claims to have purchased the stolen sod. The journalist also amuses himself with Charlotte.

But of course, there's a catch: Acheman says he is sworn to keep the contractor's identity a secret. James is unable to find a trace of the mystery witness in Daytona. Acheman writes an article, promoting an appeal based on his perhaps fictitious Deep Throat. The article is a sensation, the "newsboys" win the Pulitzer Prize and Van Wetter is released from prison.

Dexter is a master of colloquial poetry, of moods revealed through gestures and settings. Somber scenes unraveling in slow motion make this a haunting book.

Within the first eight pages of ***Self-Defense*** (Bantam) Jonathan Kellerman lays the groundwork for a satisfying, suspenseful read. It's his tenth novel in ten years featuring child psychologist Dr. Alex Delaware. Kellerman deftly establishes the premise of a young woman who has a recurring dream of a murder. With his pal, Detective Milo Sturgis, Dr. Delaware searches Lucy Lowell's past for clues to the meaning of the dream. Meanwhile, someone is stalking Lucy.

As Delaware explores memory repression and false-memory syndrome with Lucy, he introduces us to aspects of hypnotic technique, age regression and memory stimulation. He connects the dream with the disappearance of a young woman who catered a party at Lucy's father's home 20 years earlier.

GLENN ARVIDSON

Pete Dexter's *Paperboy*.

Dexter meditates on the news media, Kellerman navigates a mystery.

Kellerman's invention of Lucy's father is so engrossing and original that the character deserves his own novel. The father, now 70, was an important literary figure in his youth and presided over an artist's colony called Sanctum. But his talent dried up and his sycophants abandoned him. He sits in a wheelchair, an embittered old monster whose cruelty poisons the air around him. Delaware ruminates about the nature of creativity: "There's no shortage of artistically brilliant people who had low moral IQs: Degas, Wagner, Ezra Pound, Philip Larkin." Delaware explores whether or not the father's moral IQ is low enough for murder.

Jasen Emmons' first book, ***Cowboy Angst*** (Soho), is about Dennis McCance, a young guy who drops out of law school in Washington, D.C. to play drums in a country music band in his hometown in Montana. Dennis tries to hold the future at arm's length because none of his choices looks appealing. Dressed up in Stetsons and cowboy boots, his Montana friends and neighbors are committed to an exaggerated version of manhood. His ex-girlfriend is getting married. The lead singer in his band, a spirited woman named Janey who calls herself Montana Wildhack (after Kurt Vonnegut's literary porno star) wants him to run away to Austin to pursue a life of music. His parents alternately threaten and fret. His brother is a macho deputy sheriff who tosses him in jail. His life is a mess, and some days he loves it. This is *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* and *The Graduate* in Big Sky country.

Emmons captures the humor and the poignancy of a classic identity crisis. He also describes the joy of playing in a band. Most impressively, he conveys the confused mixture of emotions a young man feels about sex, family, responsibility and the future. *Cowboy Angst* is an outstanding debut by a young writer.

Another young novelist, Lionel Newton, takes his readers on a frightening tour through the collapse of an upper-middle-class black family on Long Island. Only the ironic, unflappable tone of the narrator, 12-year-old Randall Roberts, keeps ***Things to Be Lost*** (Dutton) from becoming unbearably depressing. As the novel opens, Randall kills his father, who was a successful psychiatrist. Randall's sister has turned to street life, and his mother, a high school principal, has turned her back on all of them. Tough material to embrace, this is a formidable follow-up to Newton's first novel, *Getting Right With God*.

BOOK BAG

Sweet Swing Blues on the Road: A Year With Wynton Marsalis and His Septet (W.W. Norton), by Wynton Marsalis and Frank Stewart: If you've ever had thoughts of traveling with a band, the journey you'll want to take is with these acclaimed jazz musicians.

Good Days and Mad: A Hysterical Tour Behind the Scenes at Mad Magazine (Thunder's Mouth), by Dick DeBartolo: Three decades of high-jinks at the irreverent satiric magazine are recalled by the man known as *Mad*'s Maddest Writer. Alfred E. Neuman would be proud.

Chambre Close (Gina Kehayoff), by Bettina Rheims and Serge Bramly: This erotic blend of words and images conjures up *The Story of O*.

Vanishing Act (Random House), by Thomas Perry: Don't wait for the movie of this mesmerizing thriller about a lady who helps people disappear.

The Man With My Name (St. Martin's), by Paul Engleman: A strange phone call in the middle of the night starts out as a lark and quickly becomes dangerous in this case of mistaken identity. An engaging mystery, with Chicago politics as a backdrop.

Neil Young: The Rolling Stone Files (Hyperion), by Holly George-Warren and the editors of *Rolling Stone*: A collection of interviews, articles, reviews and trivia about Young, the godfather of grunge.

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FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

High on the overhanging cliff, a willowy young woman in a sports bra and purple tights clings to the rock by her fingertips. She has been gracefully inching up for the past 20 minutes and is now only a few feet from the top, but it is obvious that her biceps are starting to flame out. Hanging by one exhausted arm, she gropes blindly for the next handhold, locates it and clamps three fingers around a bump no wider than a doorjamb. Her body trembles from the strain of holding on. She glances down at the void beneath her, fixes her gaze resolutely upward, then lunges for the final hold. At the apogee of her leap she is still two inches short. Her hand claws at the smooth rock, but there is nothing to grab. She is falling.

"Fuck!" the woman screams, swinging in space from the end of a bright green nylon rope. "Two more inches and I would have had it!" A companion, feeding the rope through a metal braking device, lowers her 30 feet to the ground. Lunch hour is almost over. They'll both catch hell if they're not back at the office in 15 minutes.

This cliff, of course, isn't in Yosemite or the Tetons—it's near downtown Seattle, across the street from Taco Time. The women have been ascending an ersatz alp inside an old soft-drink-bottling plant. It's called the Vertical Club, and when it opened in 1987, it was America's first indoor climbing gym. Since then more than 400 climbing walls have been erected at schools and athletic clubs across the country. Indoor mountaineering has become a trendy way to break a sweat.

The earliest climbing gyms were built to serve city-dwelling alpinists who wanted a place to train between trips to genuine crags. Almost immediately, however, the new facilities began to attract neophytes drawn to indoor climbing for its own sake. "These days many, if not most, gym climbers have had no previous experience with the sport," says Rich Johnston, the president of the Indoor Climbing Gym Association and founder of the Vertical Club. "They're ordinary folks looking for an alternative form of urban exercise, something that gives them a killer workout with a taste of adventure to keep things interesting. A lot of them will never bother venturing outside to climb real rock."

DAVE CALVER

CLIMBING THE WALL

When Johnston refers to a killer workout, he's not speaking literally. Though calculated risk has always been an unavoidable, even desirable, component of traditional mountaineering, most of the danger has been removed from indoor climbing. Gyms are carefully designed to minimize the hazards, if not the thrills. Falling is commonplace (if you don't fall occasionally, then you're not pushing yourself enough), but indoor climbers are protected by a simple, nearly foolproof system of ropes and hardware that can be mastered in minutes. There has never been a fatality at an indoor climbing wall.

Nevertheless, Johnston cautions that "no climbing gym is totally safe. Indoors or not, you can climb a long way above the deck. There has to be an element of personal responsibility. If you pay close attention and follow proper procedures you'll be fine."

Actually, most injuries at climbing gyms aren't caused by falls. They more commonly result from too much pressure on fragile finger joints. Climbing tends to be an obsessive activity, and enthusiastic beginners who spend hours on the walls will get very strong very fast. Ligaments and tendons are slower to develop than muscle fiber, however. Attempting extreme climbs before your connective tissue is up to the task is a sure way to induce excruciating tendinitis in fingers, forearms, elbows or shoulders. Warming up and stretching before each climbing workout is also important to avoid pulled muscles and chronic tendon injuries.

Most gyms will outfit you with a harness, a tiny pouch of gymnast's chalk and special shoes resembling ballet slippers soled in sticky rubber. The best gyms feature an interesting variety of climbable architecture, from gently pitched slabs to cavelike, severely angled overhangs. The handholds and footholds on most indoor walls are bolted on, which thus permits them to be rearranged into fiendishly difficult new routes and prevents climbs from becoming boring or predictable. And any wall can be made more challenging by making the easiest holds hard to reach. To increase stamina and derive a greater aerobic benefit from your workout, do "laps" by climbing up and down or back and forth repeatedly, seeing how long you can hang on without falling or coming down for a rest.

The appeal of ascent, whether outdoor or indoor, lies in its seductive mix of mental and physical challenge. Which is why indoor climbing is the only exercise regimen I've managed to stick with. When it comes to fitness, I've always been a slacker with good intentions but zero discipline. I've tried running, cycling, weight lifting, rowing machines and treadmills, but I always got bored and quit after a month or two. Six years ago, however, I bought a membership in a climbing gym, and I've been exercising faithfully, two or three times a week, ever since. Consequently, at the age of 40 I'm in the best shape of my life.

Climbing works for me as exercise because it doesn't feel like exercise—it feels more like play. The sport makes tremendous demands on virtually every muscle group in the body, from toes to fingertips, but it also engages the intellect, which is what makes it so absorbing and sets it apart from crasser forms of thrill-seeking. Technique is more important than raw power. Creative movement and cunning will get you to the top of many a precipice where a brutish, damn-the-torpedoes approach would leave you dangling from the rope.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

On Veterans Day a few years ago I was invited by the local chapter of the Sigma Phi fraternity to speak at Cornell University. I took the gig happily because I enjoy talking with students, but I also wanted to see the place where one of my good friends, a Cornell graduate, had lived during his college years.

His name was Michael Deuel. Mike and I served in the Marines together, but he was killed in the secret war in Laos during the Vietnam war. He left behind—in addition to his aggrieved parents and older brother and scores of loyal friends—his pregnant wife, who soon gave birth to a daughter named Suzanne.

I arrived at Cornell's Sigma Phi house and eventually asked to take a look at Mike's old room. It was good to see where he had lived for some of the happiest years of his life, but I felt some sadness, too, as I listened to the chapel bells tolling outside the windows as they had tolled in his day. Mostly, I felt proud to have known Mike—and to have the chance to meet the men of Sigma Phi.

In recent decades, university life has been dominated by the chilling forces of the politically correct, so it did not surprise me to find some members of Sigma Phi defensive about their status on campus. They were under siege from several quarters, as are most fraternities in the U.S. today.

The men of Sigma Phi are repeatedly labeled by their nonfraternal counterparts as sexist and immature. Why, they are often asked, do they need to belong to a fraternity? What is all this garbage about male bonding? Isn't the fraternity structure inherently harmful, an actualization of the movie *Animal House* that adds no value to a college education?

Later, at dinner, I understood the discomfort some of the men felt at my presence. There I was, a frequent target of radical feminists, and Sigma Phi was sponsoring my visit. I never asked them about it, but most of the men of Sigma Phi did not attend my talk that night. As a matter of fact, the hall was sparsely populated, and my lecture, dedicated to Mike and all American veterans, went unheard by most of the campus.

I accepted the dynamics of that evening, but I also found myself wondering about the strange nature of college life in the Nineties. A climate of fear—especially the fear of openly honoring the finer attributes of masculinity and allowing men their chance to bond—permeates higher education in America today. It is a destructive mind-set, and if we are to survive as a culture that produces healthy men and women, it must be changed.

SCULPTURE BY LARRY NOBLE

A NEW KIND OF RUSH

Is it possible, I wondered as I left Cornell, for college fraternities to engineer that change and to confront the fear of masculinity? It is possible, I later decided, but it will take courage and work.

Fraternities do not have a history of articulating their best purposes and motives to the public. Instead, they have a habit of opening themselves to charges of excessive behavior, exclusionary attitudes and foolish initiation rites. These same fraternities, when not simply censored and banned from campus, usually hunker down, turn inward and become isolated islands of irrelevancy. But fraternities can, if they choose, represent the best interests of honorable manhood. They can serve a vital function in the university by helping young men find a sense of identity and self-worth (which, supposedly, is what education is all about). Here are three suggestions to improve the role of fraternities:

(1) *Turn fraternity initiation rites into a more mature and productive process that welcomes young men to manhood and helps them determine their goals as men.* No process is more contentious or more open to abuse than the infamous fraternity initiation. Most of us have heard true stories of initiatory excess, including occasional injuries and fatalities. Fraternity initiations too often get out of control. The public reports of hazing and harassment convince many people that fraternities are not worth the trouble they sometimes cause.

But initiation can be a good thing if it is conducted creatively and with dignity. An argument can be made that young men need some kind of initiation into manhood and that American culture today ignores that basic need. Fraternities should examine what initiation can contribute to young men as they separate from their parents and begin life on their own in college. It is time for fraternities to grow up.

(2) *Become the unofficial Men's Studies program.* In addition to the usual social activities that most fraternities enjoy, exploit the obvious vacuum that exists in every college curriculum these days. Hold fraternity discussion groups about gender issues, debate definitions of sexual harassment, compile reading lists of works by people who support a positive view of masculinity, study the rhetoric of radical feminists and other activists who do not wish you well. In other words, do your homework.

(3) *Expand fraternity membership to include all interested men.* This will require admitting more men than can live in the frat house. It also will require new financial arrangements, associate memberships, etc. And yes, your fraternity colleagues will be more varied in terms of interests and cultural backgrounds than they might be now. But grow up and face a powerful truth: Manhood is not conferred on some men and denied to other men. With increased tolerance, energy and imagination, a fraternity system can be devised that helps young men become better men.

Michael Deuel represented all that is best in manhood. I can think of no better memorial to him than this: that the nation's fraternities pledge to redefine their mission, restructure their initiatory proceedings and truly serve their communities. It is time to make so-called higher education relevant to our lives.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I am so lonely I could die. I wake up, realize I don't have a boyfriend and put my head in the oven. I go to the supermarket, fill my cart with Lean Cuisine entrees for one, then am too demoralized to let the cashier see the pathetic contents of my cart, so I slink away. I go to parties, night classes, museums, various clubs and mixers with my eyelashes curled hopefully and am wracked with disappointment to find only more hopeful women with curled eyelashes. I go to dinner parties and my throat seizes up with envy watching the happy couples who are my friends. My nights are long with longing.

Also, I have a very large bridge in New York to sell you. Ho ho ho.

I am so goddamned sick of the myth and stereotype of the unattached woman. Like none of us have anything better to do than pine away. Right now I have to go feed and play with a 15-year-old dog named Mabel, whose human has been in the hospital for months. Mabel, with her streaming eyes and her stiff walk, used to be the life and soul of Montana, traveling miles to romp with friends at designated farms. But now she's stuck in an apartment in Santa Monica, staring into space, waiting, solo.

Solo—the new word of the moment. I pick up *TV Guide* or *People* and my eye doesn't have to stray more than a millimeter to read this dread word. Some young starlet is again solo and whimpering wistfully about why she can never get it right (because you're a wimp with cotton-candy expectations, airhead). Some older starlet, bravely facing down an alcoholic, abusive marriage, is grimly but hopefully solo (tell it to Betty Ford, doll).

"Solo" is worse than its predecessor, "single." Single means sweaty, tawdry, reeking with halitosis, on the make. Solo is gloom, anxiety and alienation.

And so far, in all my perusals of tabloid journalism, I have never seen the word solo applied to a man. I'm sure you are shocked by this. No, I'm not either.

I do not blame men for this. I blame a warped society that needs to have women in thrall to men to keep its precarious status quo. We are hierarchical, we need a servant class. Women, African Americans and Hispanics keep the wheels greased and the beds made.

Solo is a scare tactic. It virtually shouts to women, "Be afraid! Be very afraid!

ORTIS MARLY

SOLO CONTENDERE

You must be part of a couple or you'll be miserable. You must stop this independence nonsense and eccentricity. Join the gang. Don't make trouble. Quick, throw on some high heels and a G-string before you're too old and solo forever!"

This is not to say there wasn't a brief period in my life—maybe from 1978 to 1983—when I was a jangled, groveling, beseeching, desperate little lump of a girl with big needs. *Big* needs. My whole life paled before the fact that I didn't have a guy. There was no taste in my mouth, no reflection in my mirror. Having a boyfriend would make me whole, I thought. Hell, having a boyfriend would make me exist. This is what propaganda ingrained since birth will do to the tender female psyche. I am sick to death of the propaganda and of the word solo.

I have just returned from visiting Mabel. She's perking up. She no longer walks to the gate, sees that it's closed, walks away four steps, forgets that the gate is closed, walks back, sees that it's closed, turns around, forgets, turns, forgets. Maybe it's all the cuddles I'm giving her, or maybe it's the Prozac.

"Aren't we just the nicest?" I said to Lynn Ann, who's sharing Mabel duties.

"Somebody has to do it," she said. And she's right. You can't let a sweet old girl like Mabel pace frantically in a kennel. She has devoted her life to being devoted. What I've done with my life, since I got over my own self-imposed frantic pacing and waiting for the thunderbolt of romance, is to open it up. Love my friends, rescue old dogs. I'll never match Mabel for devotion, but still. . . .

Lynn Ann went with me to the dentist yesterday, held my hand and joked around while he pulled out a tooth that was impacted up to my nose. This, I figure, is the point of life—to have friends like Lynn Ann. Or Ed, or Eileen, Steven, Merrill, Maggie. I have an embarrassment of riches. When the phone rings and it's Lynn Ann, I'm happy.

Being solo means if the phone rings and it's not a guy, then whoever it is is of diminished importance. Being solo means that your friends, all the people who give form and function to your life, are just a way station until that perfect mate comes along.

You know those people who disappear whenever they meet a new prospect? How we resent them for making us feel disposable? Those people also give me the heebie-jeebies—they emit a scary, metallic vibe of isolation. They live in a tiny kennel in their heads. Even during their disappearing act when they think they've met somebody, they're still alone, because the potential mate is too symbolic. A mate means security, status. A mate is a commodity.

Mabel's human called me yesterday, a very depressed hospital patient.

"Before I went into the hospital I thought everything was OK," she said. "But now I feel so totally alone. Nobody visits me. The fact that I'm in the hospital makes absolutely no difference in anyone's life. Nobody's upset or inconvenienced. Not that I want anyone upset or inconvenienced, but you know what I mean. I want to be loved and needed."

"People love you. You're just depressed because you've been in the hospital so long," I said. But my heart went out to her.

No human (or dog) is an island. We need each other desperately, we need to be needed desperately. But to listen to the propaganda, to pin all our hopes and needs on husbands and wives and nuclear families, is self-defeating.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For months I've tried unsuccessfully to break up with my girlfriend. My brother told me he once ended an unwanted relationship by throwing the woman on his bed, ravishing her, then callously tossing her out. Trying my brother's technique, I invited my girlfriend over. I've never been so rough with a woman or so mean to her afterward. The scheme failed miserably. Early the next morning she was on the phone telling me what a wonderful time she'd had the night before. When I'm nice to her she phones less frequently, but when I'm curt, rude or just plain nasty she calls me constantly. What do you suggest?—N.A., Virginia Beach, Virginia.

One approach would be to go back to being nice—super nice. Send her chocolate, flowers, Hallmark cards, poems in calligraphy, her romantic horoscope—maybe she'll run screaming into the hills. We wouldn't have recommended your brother's brush-off. (Why save assertive sex for the end?) A simple "This isn't working for me. I don't want to see you anymore" should suffice. Then get an unlisted phone number.

I've been building a home-theater system piece by piece. I'm now ready to make my final investment in speakers. I was considering buying three additional speakers to go with the pair I already own, but a friend said I should buy a completely new set—all by the same manufacturer. Is this really necessary?—B.T., Rockford, Illinois.

Necessary? No. Preferable? Yes. To create movie theater–like audio in your living room, sound must remain consistent in tonal character as it moves from speaker to speaker. Dialogue, music and sound effects will then seem natural, not jarring. Because there is no guarantee that you'll find speakers to match the ones you have, the best way to maximize your investment in home-theater gear is to spend the extra bucks on an all-new speaker setup. Some manufacturers now offer speakers in bundled sets. Check out one of the five- to seven-speaker packages from companies such as Technics, Cerwin-Vega, Bose and RCA. Prices start at $520 and installation is a breeze.

During a recent conversation on the phone with my girlfriend (she lives out of state), she asked me if I ever masturbate. I told her yes. Then she asked me to do it over the phone for her. I thought she was joking, but she wasn't. She even wanted me to go all the way to orgasm for her. I did—experiencing one of the best orgasms I've ever had. Now she wants to watch the next time we're together. I asked her to return the favor, but she said she never touches herself.

How can I help her open up and explore herself? I think it would be a great turn-on to have her masturbate for me. Do you have any suggestions?—W.J., Atlanta, Georgia.

Sure—let her watch. Raise the temperature in the room and you'll be amazed at what can happen. Suggest that you teach her how to masturbate. Better yet, coach her while you touch yourself. You can ask her to let her hands do what she'd want your hands to do (you may learn something). A lot of people grow up with a script that says masturbation is what you do when you don't have a partner. We disagree—it is also a way to unlock fantasy, to explore, to wind up the motor.

Here's the problem: I have a couple of great sweaters that died after a few washings—their surfaces are covered with little knots of wool. What can I do to prevent this?—L.D., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Turn your sweaters inside out before washing to reduce pilling (that's what the little knots are called). You can remove the old pills with a razor and a calm hand or buy a fabric comb such as the Fuzz Eater.

I can always tell when my wife has an orgasm from oral sex—her hips churn and then she writhes marvelously. But after eight years together, I still can't always tell when she comes during intercourse. We'll be going at it, and then suddenly she'll whisper, "You can stop now. I'm done," after which she'll finish me orally. She doesn't seem to mind that I can't always tell when she comes, but I find it embarrassing.—E.R., Dallas, Texas.

During oral sex all your attention naturally focuses on her arousal, and her hips are free to thrash. Not surprisingly, you have no trouble discerning her orgasm. But when you are locked in erotic coupling, your attention is understandably divided, focused on your own arousal and pleasure as well as hers. If you must know when she comes, arrange for her to give you a nonverbal signal—for example, a pinch on your earlobe—as long as that doesn't distract her from the pleasure of her own climax.

My wife gets very turned on when I stick my tongue deep into her. The sex books say the inner vagina isn't all that sensitive, but hers sure seems to be. Can you explain this?—M.R., Skokie, Illinois.

Unless you have an impossibly long tongue, yours doesn't reach that far into her vagina. Tongue-teasing provides extra stimulation for the inner vaginal lips and the area directly adjacent to them, both of which are in the outer third of the vagina. That's where most of the nerve endings are. Or should we say nerve beginnings?

The sex guides list up to a dozen ways to overcome premature ejaculation, but most of them require letting your partner in on the problem (she has to squeeze this or pinch that). Is there anything I can do on my own?—C.D., Stanford, California.

Deep breathing provides the quickest, best boost to ejaculatory control. Many men try to stifle the body's natural tendency to breathe deeply (and sigh and moan) during sex in a misguided effort to show that they're in control or coolly detached. But holding your breath makes it harder to control ejaculatory timing. Breathe deeply the next time you have sex, and you'll probably notice that you last longer. You may also notice a more turned-on lover. Deep breathing shows that you're aroused, and arousal is contagious.

After only a few trips the zippers on my soft luggage feel like they've rusted out. Did I get ripped off, or does this happen to the high-priced stuff, too?—R.G., New Orleans, Louisiana.

It can happen to the best luggage, especially if you've vacationed on a tropical island or cruise ship (or live in Louisiana). Run a candle or other piece of paraffin along the zipper when you put the luggage up for storage. In a pinch, you can use a bar of soap. The same trick works for jacket zippers.

Last summer my boyfriend and I went hiking in the Catskill Mountains. The weather was extremely hot and humid. When we got back to our room, we were very horny. I performed oral sex on him. When he came in my mouth, I was surprised by the heat of his semen. It almost scorched my throat. He had to run

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

to get me something cool to drink. We would like to find out why this happened.—R.E., New York, New York.

Our guess is tight underwear. The testicles normally hang away from the body for cooling—in fact, a high body temperature slows sperm production. Exertion may have raised your boyfriend's body temperature, heated those precious bodily fluids—and presto.

All suit jackets seem to come in one of three styles—with a single vent in the back, with no vents or with a vent on each side. What's the function of the vent, and is any one style superior?—O.S., Los Angeles, California.

It depends on what you do with your hands while you're wearing a suit. If you like to talk with your hands, you'll favor the non-vented jacket. It tends to hold its silhouette even when you don't. If you are someone who likes to nonchalantly thrust a hand into his pocket to rattle car keys or check the family jewels, you'll opt for the vented models—they don't bunch up and have a bit more give.

Sex the first time with someone new is always the best. But unless I start to fall in love with the woman (which is pretty rare), the sex gets worse each time. I care about the women I date, but I feel like the hapless victim of the thrill-of-the-hunt mentality. Is there a way to enjoy sex with women I care about but don't love?—F.B., Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

You're not getting off on the sex; you're getting off on the conquest, friction and a few flashy moves. Real sex doesn't start to happen until around the tenth encounter. You can't get everything moist until then. If you want to feel more involved, you can try three things: You can lose yourself in the moment, concentrating on the subtle cues of arousal to create a powerful sexual trance. You can alter the basic script or fantasy—going for novelty, drama, lustiness or hilarity (and not just going through the motions or faking it). Or you can focus on the relationship with your partner—it doesn't have to be love. You can be romantic, affectionate, teasing or intense (try unbroken eye contact for the duration of sex).

When my new lover confessed that she was taking the antidepressant Prozac, I didn't care. We were having a great time together. Then she went off it and became more moody and less fun. I don't want to push her back on the drug, but I liked her more when she was taking it. What do you advise?—C.O., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Your situation is a sign of the times. Prozac and similar mood-altering medications are rapidly changing the way doctors treat depression. More women than men take these drugs, and as a result, more men than women wind up asking: Is this love? Or is it Prozac? The situation can make it harder to get to know a new lover. In addition to asking about her sexual history and where she squeezes the toothpaste tube, now you have to quiz her about pharmaceuticals. But newly involved lovers usually discover that the person who seemed perfect after a few dates seems less so after several months. Prozac is just one of many issues that contribute to the ultimate relationship question: Can I deal with this person's complexities or can't I? That's your call, not ours.

I can't believe this, but lately I've been coming without ejaculating. I have these intense orgasms, but then nothing—or very little—winds up in the condom. My juiceless orgasms seem linked to my girlfriend pressing on the area between my scrotum and my ass. Have you ever heard of this?—A.W., Orlando, Florida.

Yes. We've read accounts of an acupressure point—located exactly where your girlfriend presses—reputed to stop the flow of semen into the urethra. No fluid means a dry orgasm. This trick comes in handy when you want to minimize sexual messiness—for example, when you're enjoying a quickie in the office or doing it out in the wild on a down-filled sleeping bag.

My girlfriend squirms when I rub or lick her clit. I thought she was enjoying it, but she just told me she doesn't like it. Isn't that where women are most sensitive? Is she weird or am I doing something wrong?—H.K., Valley Stream, New York.

Most likely the latter, friend. You're correct about the clitoris being the most erogenous part of a woman's body. But it's so sensitive that many women find direct pressure uncomfortable. Instead of bearing down on the little organ, try stroking around it. As you experiment, keep checking in with your girlfriend about the kind of clitoral stimulation she likes best.

I've been told that today's automobile engines don't require a break-in period. You can get into a new car and drive it any way you like. True?—D.G., Kansas City, Kansas.

Proper break-in procedures are still necessary for long engine life. The first 1000 to 2000 miles of your engine's life are the most critical. Don't take a long trip at 55 mph. Vary speeds initially, spending some time at each speed. That allows mechanical components such as pistons, rings and bearings to wear in evenly. If most break-in mileage is done at a steady speed, cylinders will wear unevenly, rings won't seal as well and the result could be premature oil consumption and poor mileage. Bob Sikorsky, author of "From Bumper to Bumper," also recommends pressure-sealing: "Every 25 miles or so, with the car moving at a moderate speed (20–30 mph), quickly press the accelerator to the floor and hold it there until the car reaches the legal limit (from five to eight seconds), then gradually ease off. Pick a safe driving area to practice this, and do it only while the car is moving. Do not attempt it from a standing start." The sudden increase in internal engine pressure forces pistons against cylinder walls and helps seal the combustion chamber. Change the oil and the oil filter and consider changing the transmission fluid after the first 1000 to 1500 miles, which is a car's most intensive wear period. Minuscule particles of metal are shaved off during this time. Flushing away this material with an oil change ensures that new engine and transmission components will not suffer from abrasion and premature wear. Don't expect great fuel mileage initially. The fuel mileage of a car built to tight specifications may not be optimal until 5000 to 6000 miles have passed, surfaces have worn slightly and the tires have developed less rolling resistance. No matter what the manual says, experts agree that oil should still be changed every 3000 to 3500 miles.

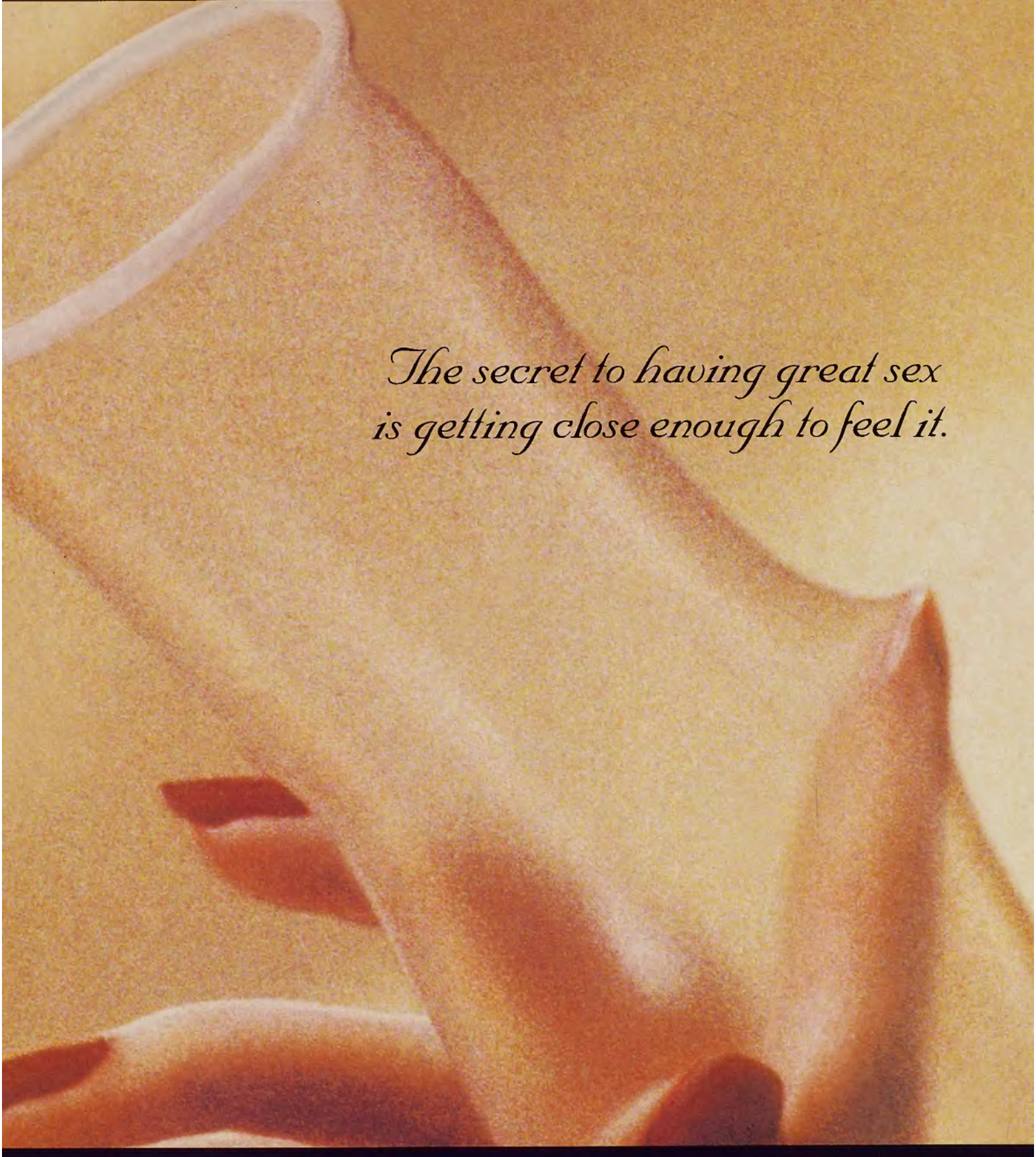
Some years ago, my older brother had a gadget that helped him enjoy the long hours he spent driving country roads for his job. It was called an acujack, and it was an artificial vibrating vagina that plugged into his car's cigarette lighter. I now drive long distances and want an acujack for myself, but no sex store I've visited carries them. Do you know where I can get one?—B.B., Billings, Montana.

So that's what the asshole in the 18-wheeler was doing when he almost ran us off the road. Acujacks pretty much disappeared about ten years ago, gone to that great auto wrecking yard in the sky. Not hard to see why. Our advice: Buy some erotic books on tape. Let your imagination simmer. Save the autoerotism for a motel room or scenic turnoff.

I have been given the task of arranging a bachelor party for my best friend. A night of drinking, strippers and tawdry behavior doesn't seem quite right for the Nineties. Any suggestions?—E.A., Los Angeles, California.

Have you considered the three-day expedition-strength bachelor party? The latest fad seems to be weekend-long male bonding rites—coupled with the sport of choice. Call your buddies and check into a ski resort or fishing camp. Challenge one another to a marathon golf outing at Boulder or Pebble Beach. There's nothing like guilt-free golf to set the stage for a life of chores and social obligations.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (E-mail: advisor@playboy.com.) The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*



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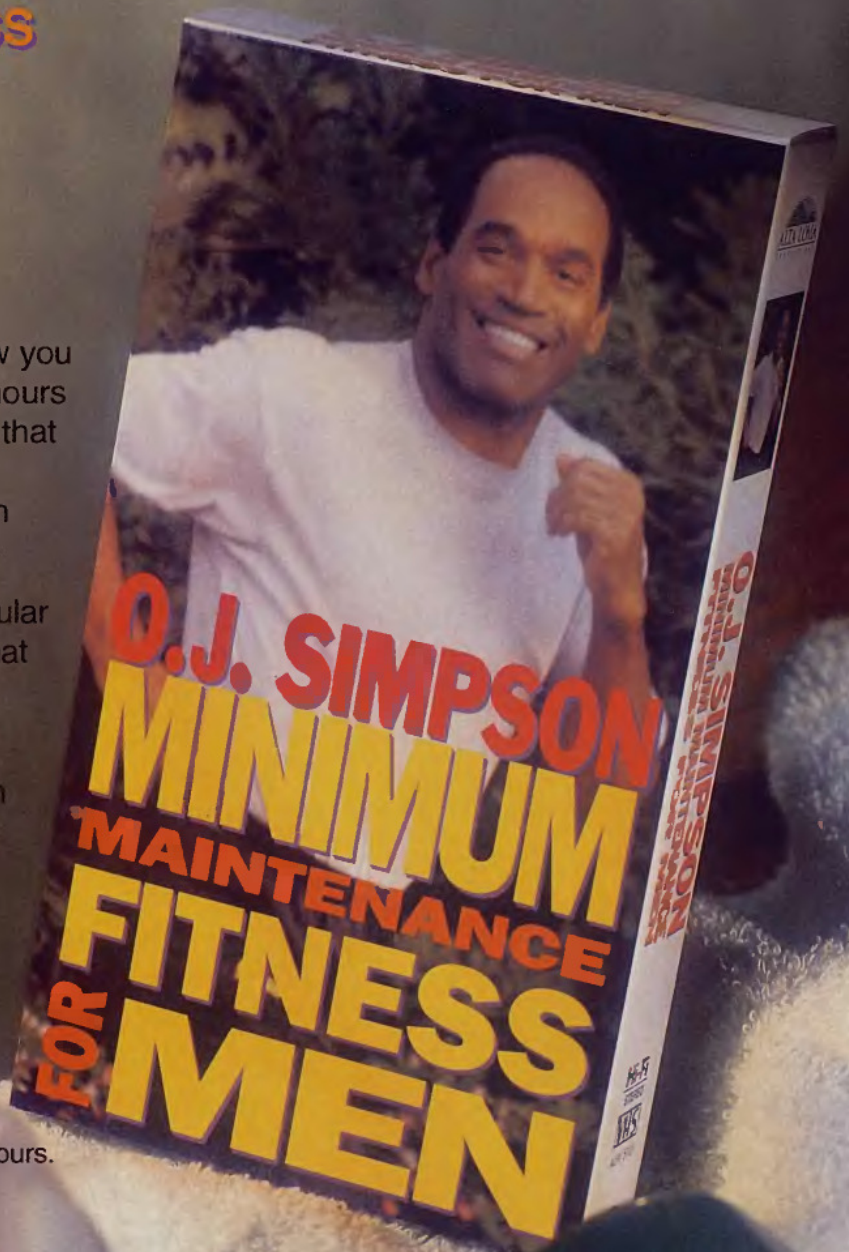

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Defending PORNOGRAPHY

face-to-face with the president of the ACLU

By DOROTHY ATCHESON

At 44, Nadine Strossen is the youngest-ever president of the American Civil Liberties Union and its first female leader. At the helm of the ACLU for four years now, Strossen, a Harvard Law School graduate, is also a professor of constitutional law at New York Law School. She is one of the most articulate and visible defenders of the First Amendment. During any given week you might hear her on Pat Buchanan's radio show arguing against prayer in public schools, debating "The Washington Times" conservative columnist Bruce Fein on the Pornography Victims Compensation Act or opposing antifeminist Phyllis Schlafly on a panel at Yale University. Despite that schedule, she has found time to write her first book: "Defending Pornography: Free Speech, Sex and the Fight for Women's Rights." In it, Strossen exposes the strategies of antipornography feminists such as Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon—whom she often refers to collectively as MacDworkin—as well as their far-right fundamentalist Christian sympathizers. It is a powerful bit of scholarship—and quite alarming.

Assistant Editor Dorothy Atcheson conducted this interview in Strossen's New York Law School office, the windows of which allowed great streams of sunlight to pour over her stacks of law books and journals. These were juxtaposed with several miniatures of the Statue of Liberty, her personal icon.

Strossen's passion for her subject is palpable. Throughout the interview, she brimmed with enthusiasm—and, not infrequently, fury.

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the title of your book. Defend pornography from the point of view of a feminist.

STROSSEN: Pornography is rebellious. It seems as a genre to revel in breaking taboos, in challenging conventional barriers of age and race and sexual orientation. It makes us appreciate the humanity of every other person, regardless of their backgrounds.

PLAYBOY: But look at the vocabulary of the antiporn movement: "Pornography treats women as sex objects. It degrades. It exploits." How do such words affect the debate?

STROSSEN: The problem is, these words take on a life of their own. The common understanding of pornography differs from its dictionary or legal definition. It has come to be just an epithet—essentially the way the word Communist was used in the McCarthy period. These are buzzwords that end the debate rather than start it.

Of course, women should not be seen only as sex objects. But I would disagree with the statement that women should never be seen as sex objects. I want to be a sex object in some contexts, and among many other things.

PLAYBOY: We were surprised to learn from your book that censors on both the left and right had called exercise videos pornographic. Can you say more about that?

STROSSEN: In some rural towns in Ohio a right-wing antipornography group had handed out lists of videotapes that it considered "dirty" and had written letters to video store owners saying, "You better not have these titles." Apparently they had selected the videos by title only, because one of the verboten tapes was *Doing It Debbie's Way*. It turned out to be an exercise video featuring Debbie Reynolds, aimed at the over-40 set—hardly your stereotype of pornography.

I then found out about Margaret Morse, a woman who taught at the University of Southern California. She criticized the whole genre of exercise videotapes for being pornographic. She compares them to pornography because the women are scantily clad and engaged in physical activities. She also claims that the breathing and camera angles simulate humping. She views the women who are in these tapes as being in degrading positions.

One example she gives is the photo of Jane Fonda on the cover of her first workout video, where she has a gorgeous body, her legs are in a V and she's smiling. I think that she looks very triumphant, as though she were celebrating her strength, her sexuality and her leadership. But what Morse reads into it is that by spreading her legs in a V, Fonda makes herself available to men and makes

herself submissive.

This gets back to the question of subjectivity. If a woman says to a man, "Fuck me," you could see her as being in control, authoritative and empowering. But if you have a MacDworkinesque view, you would say that's degrading because she is actually "inviting penetration," a definition of "degrading" pornography under their proposed law.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a harmful erotic image?

STROSSEN: No image can be harmful in itself, but any image can be used in a harmful way. If a fellow employee intentionally uses an erotic picture to make your life miserable, the image can be an instrument of harassment, but no more so than anything else.

PLAYBOY: Back to the subjective nature of pornography. What are the politics of the come shot as you describe them in your book?

STROSSEN: No two people can look at the same image and have the same reaction. In my book, I use two examples of what one might think of as archetypal degrading images. One is a rape scene and one is a come shot. A man ejaculates on a woman, and then she might smear it over her face or her body or lick it. A lot of women would say that is a degrading image. And yet there are a lot of other ways to interpret it. A commonsense explanation is curiosity—including women's curiosity. When a woman is having sex with a man, it's usually the man coming inside her body. She wants to see what his orgasm looks like. I have seen feminist descriptions of come shots as being almost romantic, a glimpse of an intimate aspect of your lover.

PLAYBOY: How about rape?

STROSSEN: With rape there's an absolute distinction between fantasy and reality. Nobody's here to defend real rape, which means forced sex. I'm defending an image, a simulation of a rape that can serve positive purposes. The simulation of a gang rape in the movie *The Accused* served the wonderful educational purpose of mobilizing anger.

PLAYBOY: What if some people were turned on by that?

STROSSEN: So what? I'm not against people getting turned on. I'm against people committing violence or coercion. There's no evidence that sexual arousal leads to violence.

Nancy Friday publishes collections of women's sexual fantasies. In her latest one, *Women on Top*, she says that one of the most pervasive fantasies is the rape fantasy. Her theory, which I've seen other people posit as well, is that in a society in which there's still so much sexual repression, one of the ways that women think it is permissible for them to be sexually adventurous is if they can't be blamed for initiating sex. They fantasize that they are not in control and are therefore free to be fully sexual and to enjoy and revel in the sex.

But in fact they are in control. They are controlling the fantasy. That's the critical distinction.

It's embarrassing to have to point that out. But according to the MacDworkinites, there is no distinction. In their view, pornography not only *causes* sex discrimination, it *is* sex discrimination. A picture of a rape is a rape.

PLAYBOY: The antiporn movement seems to have shifted gears recently. It is using sexual harassment law to ban images and speech in the workplace. What do you make of this?

STROSSEN: We no longer distinguish between sexism and sex. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission's definition of harassment as sex discrimination, which I take to mean gender-based discrimination, is written completely in terms of sexual expression or conduct, not sexist expression or conduct. The idea that sex itself is demeaning and degrading to women underlies that concept of sexual harassment. In fact, the rules that are being adopted by universities and employers around the country talk about conduct or expression with a sexual connotation. Any sexual reference, suggestion or even hint in the presence of a woman has been taken to be sexual harassment.

I want to make it clear that the opposite problem also exists, that there are instances of gender discrimination that make it impossible for many women to have a truly equal opportunity at work. I'm certainly not writing off all harassment claims as being unjustified complaints about sexual expression.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example of some of the most egregious, unjustified harassment complaints.

STROSSEN: We got a complaint from a male teaching assistant at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln who shared an office with two women. The women said that a photo, on the TA's desk and facing him, of his wife in a bathing suit created a hostile environment for them and the female students who came into the office. The general counsel's office at the university agreed with them.

PLAYBOY: Are women the only ones making such bizarre accusations?

STROSSEN: On that same campus, a female graduate instructor was teaching a course on human sexuality. She put a condom on a banana to show students how to use a condom. She said, to explain when you should put on the condom, "Remember: Men, like basketball players, dribble before they shoot." A male student filed a sexual harassment complaint stating that her use of the banana was demeaning to the penis. She decided, and her advisor agreed, that in order to avoid such problems she should no longer teach the safer-sex unit.

PLAYBOY: When does sexual expression

become a tool of discrimination?

STROSSEN: At one extreme it's clearly protected speech when an employee brings something to work to keep in his or her locker, read on his or her own time or look at on his or her coffee break. At the other end of the spectrum are some incidents at the Jacksonville Shipyards, where a female welder complained about pinup calendars in the workplace. Male co-workers directly taunted her with increasingly graphic images and sexual remarks. After a fellow employee has made it clear that he or she does not like whatever you're shoving under his or her nose or taping on top of his or her toolbox or putting in his or her locker—that is targeted harassment. What I'm getting at is the intentionality, which to me is a critical element. Did they intentionally try to upset her? Did they do it so that she couldn't avoid it?

PLAYBOY: Does it make any difference whether the instruments of harassment are images from, say, *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit calendars or from a painting by Goya? What makes an image "offensive" or "degrading"?

STROSSEN: There is no objective definition. We know that a female faculty member at Penn State found Goya degrading in a particular context and asked that a print of *The Naked Maja* be removed from her classroom. But do you know that she then became the subject of a sexual harassment complaint? To her credit, she had tried to reach out to both female and male faculty members by distributing excerpts from a book titled *Ways of Seeing*, which includes photos of female nudes and in which the author describes his concept of the male gaze, with the women as the objects. A male faculty member and a male staff member filed a complaint against her, saying that she was harassing them by making them look at female nudes. And they apparently didn't do it as a joke.

PLAYBOY: Some courts have held that sexual harassment charges should be viewed from the standard of a "reasonable" woman. Do you agree?

STROSSEN: There's no such thing as a reasonable-woman standard. A couple of weeks ago, I did a panel discussion on *Court TV* with a female gender discrimination lawyer. We talked about the case known as *Ellison vs. Brady*, involving unrequited love between IRS employees: A male employee asked a female employee out for drinks and dinner. When she didn't respond, he pursued her with letters. The other female lawyer on the panel described her own reaction as: "This man wrote notes that were so threatening and so intimidating that I know if I had gotten them, I'd have been really frightened." I said, "I can't believe it. I thought those notes were so pathetic. I felt sorry for the man." And Arthur Miller, who was the moderator, said: "Well, which one of you is the reasonable woman?"

PLAYBOY: Would a reasonable-person standard be more effective?

STROSSEN: To allow anybody's words to be suppressed because a "reasonable" person finds them offensive is completely inconsistent with free speech. But even more insidious is the suggestion that there's a reasonable woman who sees things differently. That gets us back to the notion that Catharine MacKinnon purports to speak for all women. Our subjective reaction should be a factor, but it needs an objective overlay. That's exactly what the Supreme Court has said: The particular employee has to see the harassment as being sufficiently severe and pervasive to interfere with his or her work, but a reasonable person should also have to see it that way. So it's subjective and objective.

One of the things I reject in the MacDworkinites' position is that to them every woman is always a victim and every man is always a harasser. One has to consider the hierarchical relationship. For example, I don't think I can be intimidated by a man who is my student. He doesn't have any power over me. But the definition being adopted on campuses and in workplaces around the country is that any woman is always subject to harassment by any man.

PLAYBOY: Who ultimately should decide what is or isn't sexual harassment?

STROSSEN: Whether you use legal terminology such as patently offensive or the term subordinating to women, which is in the model antiporn law drafted by MacDworkin, or whether you use the Canadian Supreme Court's "dehumanizing and degrading" standard, they all depend on one thing: Does the jury agree?

I don't think that we should allow our fellow citizens to make those decisions unless we can show that we are protecting people from some kind of imminent, tangible danger.

PLAYBOY: Can women work efficiently in the presence of sexual images?

STROSSEN: Well, look at my office. I have the Statue of Liberty posing as the Naked Maja, the Venus de Milo, a painting of a naked man. One of my ex-students brought me this from Mexico [two figures having sex while seated]. I work quite effectively in this atmosphere. [*Laughs*]

The question should be: Can I imagine a situation in which a woman cannot work? And the answer is yes. I've already described one such situation in the Jacksonville case.

PLAYBOY: So women don't have to choose between equality and free expression in the workplace?

STROSSEN: We can't choose. We can't take one away without destroying the other. If my *(concluded on page 108)*

READER

PROFILES

Kudos to PLAYBOY for James Bovard's piece exposing police use of race-based drug-courier profiles to skirt the Fourth Amendment ("Drug-Courier Profiles," *The Playboy Forum*, November). As an ACLU attorney representing several "clean-living" African American motorists targeted and hassled by police solely because of their race, I am outraged at police use of profiles and other official abuses perpetrated under the auspices of the war on drugs. The assumption underlying drug profiles—that skin color is an accurate predictor of one's propensity to commit a crime—is antithetical to the Constitution and to laws police are trusted to enforce. Far from being a "tool that works," as officials contend, these profiles can prove to be an expensive mistake for the government. And as minority citizens stand up and challenge this repugnant practice, police find that no matter how you dress it up, there's a steep price to pay for racism.

Deborah Jeon
American Civil Liberties Union Foundation of Maryland, Eastern Shore
Baltimore, Maryland

James Bovard correctly identifies the unconscionable tactics used by law enforcement officers against black and Hispanic travelers. The government-sanctioned use of racist drug-courier profiles constitutes, in my opinion, a state action and a denial of basic constitutional rights that the Fourth Amendment was designed to protect. Since 1909, the NAACP has fought oppressive and unfair police conduct against blacks and others. It is a sad commentary when suspending the use of the so-called "tool that works" depends on whether the travelers are clean-living, God-fearing, Volvo-driving white Americans.

Furmin Sessoms
Deputy Executive Director
NAACP
Chicago, Illinois

FOR THE RECORD

SAINT BARBIE

"I owned more than 20 Barbie dolls in my youth and grew up, nevertheless, to attend Yale Law School and work as a litigator on Wall Street. I strongly disagree that Barbie warped my sense of self. Among other things, Barbie taught compassion to my friends and me. When our dolls' bendable knee joints gave out, they were not thrown away but treated as physically challenged, whereupon we made makeshift wheelchairs for them. When Ken's arm was chewed off by the dog, we tried to convince our Barbies that they should see beyond his disability. Barbie gave us no messages; it was we who gave Barbie meaning."

—A LETTER TO THE EDITORS OF *The New York Times* IN RESPONSE TO AN ESSAY ON THE 35TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MATTEL TOYS MOTHER LODE

Thanks for printing the article by James Bovard. The activity he describes has been ongoing, though it's not singular in nature. The illegal activities of warrantless search and seizure are not limited to the DEA or Volusia County, Florida, nor are they limited to African Americans and Hispanics. I am sure many of your readers have been exposed, in one way or another, to the laws against driving under the influence. In Florida and other states, a driver can be arrested without warrant if a law enforcement officer determines that he or she is impaired by alcohol. Florida courts in Seminole and Orange counties have recently determined that the tests being used were not approved. Some of these tests have been found to be inaccurate and misleading. Yet law enforcement agencies have certified their accuracy in criminal court proceedings. On that basis, I can only surmise that people have been fined or imprisoned because of the false evidence used in their trials. State employees and law enforcement officers maintain the public trust and through that trust are bound by the laws of the land. When those laws are flouted by someone on a government payroll, a more odious crime exists. That crime is fascism.

Angelo Albenzi
Winter Springs, Florida

Although James Bovard doesn't mention Illinois in his article, our state police have improperly stopped and searched thousands of African American and Hispanic motorists. The ACLU has filed a class-action suit in federal court challenging this practice on behalf of a Latino private investigator who was detained on the roadside for 90 minutes while a half-dozen state troopers with a dog futilely searched his car and possessions for drugs.

Jay Miller
Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union of Illinois
Chicago, Illinois

CHEAP THRILLS

An excellent article by Dave Marsh ("Ticket To Ride?" *The Playboy Forum*, November). I applaud Pearl Jam's integrity and willingness to press this issue. It seems ridiculous that the Nine Inch Nails tickets I purchased ended up costing me nearly $60 when their face value was only $45. I hope something can be done to correct this unfortunate situation.

David Tilley
Davis, California

I would like to thank Pearl Jam, Dave Marsh and all the others who are going after Ticketmaster and its service

RESPONSE

charges. If they succeed, I can take the five to ten dollars I might save and apply it toward the hundreds of dollars I have to shell out to ticket brokers to get a decent seat.

Kevin Juhasz
Aurora, Colorado

I agree with Dave Marsh. It's a darn shame that those of us who are economically challenged just can't pull down a precious Ticketmaster chit. Are we forever denied the blessings of the state-approved, homogenized rock culture? Let's hope Papa Congress can kiss it better. Until then we languish at the wellspring of rock in local clubs and bars. Well, hey, for the price of a cover charge, we don't get the big names and laser lights, but we get music. We get it just as loud and we get it with attitude.

D.T. King
Leominster, Massachusetts

Dave Marsh does PLAYBOY readers a great service by hipping everyone to the pricey effects of Ticketmaster's virtual monopoly over American arena rock. Unfortunately, when Marsh asserts that there is somehow a constitutional issue raised when a big company wields an amount of power offensive to Pearl Jam or its fans, he makes more of a joke of the First Amendment than any private ticket seller could ever do. While Ticketmaster might effectively (and unfortunately) control our big-concert culture, they aren't the government and couldn't possibly violate anyone's First Amendment rights, even if they were to set out to do so. When Marsh cries wolf by alleging a nonexistent Bill of Rights violation, he allows Ticketmaster and the Justice Department to marginalize many of the valid criticisms of how Ticketmaster conducts its business.

Michael Schneider Jr.
Houston, Texas

HOME RULE

This past September, Hugh Hefner appeared at a Manhattan bookstore to sign copies of *The Playboy Book: Forty Years*. Outside, a dozen people protested. They held signs that read PLAYBOY MONEY IS BLOOD MONEY and REAL MEN DON'T NEED PORNOGRAPHY as well as cardboard tombstones bearing the names of Dorothy Stratten and Nicole Brown Simpson, the latter of whom was "beaten by a Bunny chaser." Not only were these self-righteous, narrow-minded people trying to dictate what should be read in a free society, they were also erroneously trying to link one's choice of reading material and the viewing of erotic images with the issue of domestic violence. This fallacy ignores the complex reasons why some men (and women) commit domestic violence, and it contributes nothing positive to this serious issue.

David Casciello
The Bronx,
New York

DRAWN BLINDS

In Chuck Shepherd's article on Michael Diana, the cartoonist imprisoned for his drawings ("Loony Toons," *The Playboy Forum*, August), he made no mention of the macabre connection with the Gainesville student murders. Diana's preoccupation with and illustrations of serial killers and dismembered or mutilated bodies made him a suspect (to the point of taking samples of blood) when the murders were discovered in August 1990. Danny Rolling has since confessed to those murders. If Diana's drawings are considered the same as photographs, and if Assistant State's Attorney Stuart Baggish is to be taken seriously when he says that "this is the kind of stuff Danny Rolling started with," then Gainesville is now more at risk than Pinellas County. The state that won't allow the public to see Diana's drawings of brutal murders, multiple stab wounds, decapitations, eviscerations and cut-off nipples will allow it to see such carnage in the actual crime-scene photographs of the five murdered students. Is viewing this sort of stuff dangerous or not? Maybe the judges should get their acts together.

Rob Boyte
Gainesville, Florida

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

Nun Sense

Two days after her *Spiritual, Sensual, Sexual* show opened, Houston artist Donell received a baptism by fire when the religious order that runs the gallery shut down the exhibit. Although the nuns supported the "sexuality as a tremendous gift from God" theme depicted in the *Initiation* piece above, hundreds of irate calls and an archdiocesan slap on the wrist moved the sisters to close the show. In a burst of spiritual expression, the censored artist filed suit for specific performance.

THE GREAT SEX SURVEY HOOPLA

making sense of the numbers

The New York Times read the survey and decided that the important news was fidelity: SEX IN AMERICA: FAITHFULNESS IN MARRIAGE THRIVES AFTER ALL.

The Washington Post read the survey and celebrated the downturn in the frequency of sex: SURVEY FINDS MOST ADULTS SEXUALLY STAID; AMERICANS' AVERAGE IS ONCE PER WEEK.

The *Chicago Tribune* read the survey and found safety in the average: WHAT IS NORMAL? SEX STUDY SHATTERS KINKY ASSUMPTIONS.

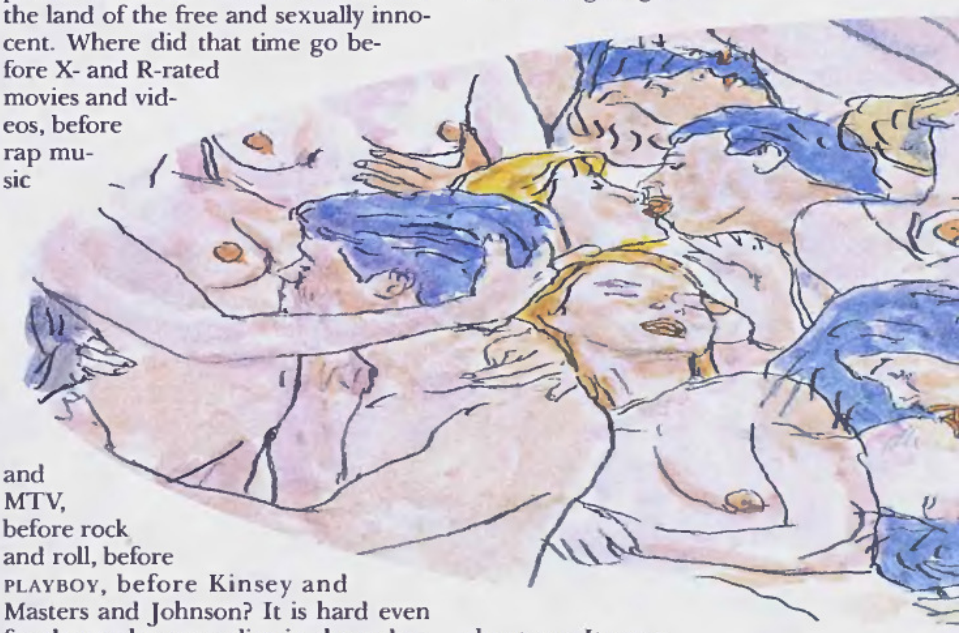
Time magazine celebrated the survey with a cover story explaining how, at last, you don't have to worry about keeping up with the Joneses, because they are having the same boring sex life as you. Garrison Keillor contributed an overview from Lake Woebegon, where all the children are above average and "couples still manage to encounter each other regularly in a lustful, inquisitive way and throw their clothes in the corner and do thrilling things in the dark and cry out and breathe hard and afterward lie sweaty together feeling extreme pleasure." Once a week.

They missed the point. The *Sex in America* survey was the first headline-grabbing story about sex in more than a decade that did not dwell on disease, rape, abortion, harassment, violence, death or Madonna's latest video. It was simply a neutral window on the world of sex as it actually happens to most Americans. It started conversations about everyday sexual behavior, the role of sex in marriage and the role of masturbation as a route to better sex. For a moment, it made Americans admit that they are sexual creatures, and isn't that nice. Look at it this way: A survey is as close to group sex as most Americans ever get.

Almost without fail, the media used the survey to reflect whatever conservative views they cherished. The *Sex in America* survey became the moral equivalent of the Dow Jones industrial average. Intercourse down to once a week? Sell the vibrator, Martha. They seemed relieved that the sexual revolution was just a speculator's market, a trading frenzy, that America had corrected itself. The papers heaved a collective sigh of relief that we had caught ourselves just in the nick of time.

The media celebrate the monotony of monogamy with zeal. The powers that be yearn for a single culture of sex. They embrace conformity, the average. They run screaming from excess, from experimentation—checking their withered organs for signs of performance anxiety.

And they are supported by the understated, objective authors of the study. In the first chapter of *Sex in America*, we encounter a telling description of America before the fall: "It is hard to imagine now what ever happened to the old version of America, the land of the free and sexually innocent. Where did that time go before X- and R-rated movies and videos, before rap music and MTV, before rock and roll, before PLAYBOY, before Kinsey and Masters and Johnson? It is hard even for those who were alive in those days before 1948, when Kinsey's first book on sexual practices was published, to recall how empty was the erotic landscape in American society."



We recall what it was like—and unlike the Dan Quayles and Donald Wildmons, we have no desire to return to those days.

First, let's deal with the history of the study. Four researchers—the dean of the social science division of the University of Chicago, the dean of the Harris Graduate School of Public Policy Studies, a sociologist from the State University of New York at Stony Brook and a numbers cruncher wanted to do a state-of-the-art probability sample of 20,000 Americans to investigate behavior that might contribute to the spread of AIDS. Starting with a computer-generated list, the researchers planned to select random addresses and then randomly select people living in those households. The researchers then (after answering a barrage of questions such as "Who gave you our name?") would send specially trained investigators to interrogate people about their most private behavior. If the address turned out to be a vacant lot, that was all part of the design. These were scientists, who could say with straight faces: "Our philosophy was that there was nothing magical about sex. It was a behavior that could be understood in the same way that social scientists have come to understand other behaviors, such as how people vote."

Jesse Helms, the antisex senator from North Carolina, killed the funding for the original project. He has a thing about private parts and doesn't want to know what other people do with theirs. Helms requires sexual ignorance, the better to formulate policies based on prejudice and bigotry.

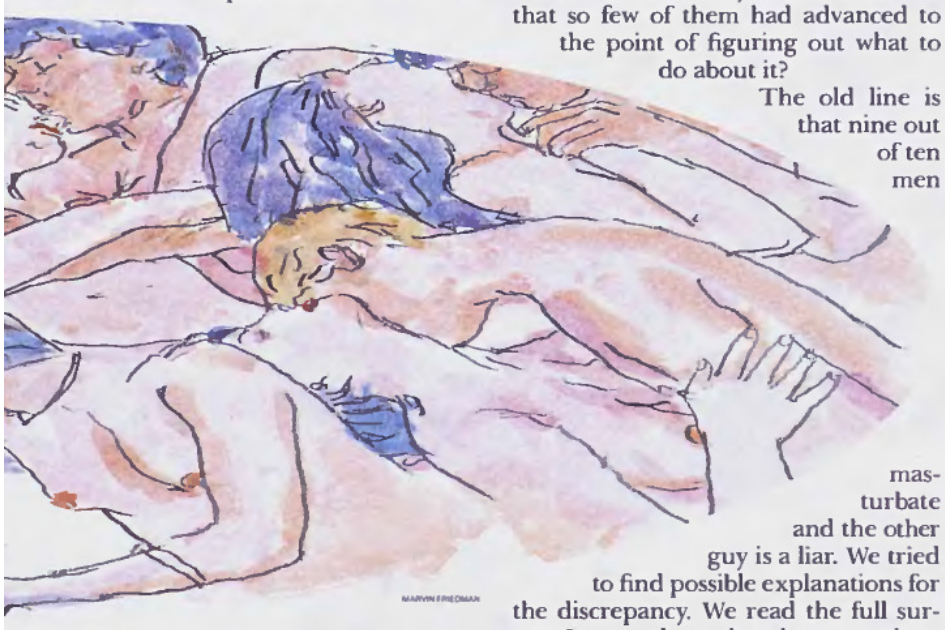
The researchers persevered. With private funding they conducted a smaller survey of 3432 Americans.

What they discovered was not the

ultimate truth about sex, nor was it new. More than two decades ago, at the height of the sexual revolution, researchers—working by means of a grant from PLAYBOY—found that most Americans favored marriage, that we were taking the wealth of wisdom we had discovered in premarital sex and youthful experimentation and using it to enrich fairly conventional relationships.

The *Sex in America* survey is not without its flaws. What you did not read in the newspapers was the exact polling process, which was that white, middle-aged women would come to your house and ask—within earshot of your spouse and, in some cases, the entire family—such questions as "Have you been faithful for the past year?"

Surprise. A resounding 94 percent said they had—and would you bring in some more coffee, dear. The survey shows that discretion is alive and well. The researchers made much of the fact that they also offered subjects a written questionnaire with the item: How many partners have you had in the past year? Anyone clever enough to keep an affair secret would be clever enough to avoid that trap.



MARVIN FREEMAN

Other surveys place the infidelity stats at anywhere from 50 percent to 75 percent. You be the judge. Columnists celebrated the apparent return to faithfulness, especially faithfulness to marriages in which partners have sex only once a week or less, but that still produce high satisfaction ratings, even without oral sex. No one bothered to comment that half of these wonderful marriages end in divorce.

The *Sex in America* survey teams tailored their questions for the face-to-face sections of their interviews. When discussing sexual techniques, for instance, the prim and proper lady would ask something like, "Do you find oral sex appealing?"

"Yes, it goes quite well with the drapes, don't you think?"

And their idea of a little kinkiness (or perhaps it was as close as they could come to the magic of attraction) was asking, "Is watching your partner undress appealing?"

Yep, but not as much fun as ripping off her bodice ourselves, thank you.

Probably the most controversial findings concerned masturbation. There are still plenty of people in America who think that masturbation is a disease, a sign of mental illness or an outright sin. Only 60 percent of men and 40 percent of women said they touched themselves in the past year.

Despite the fact that 56 percent of the men surveyed said they think about sex at least once daily, are we to believe that so few of them had advanced to the point of figuring out what to do about it?

The old line is that nine out of ten men masturbate and the other guy is a liar. We tried to find possible explanations for the discrepancy. We read the full survey: It turned out that the researchers excluded all men and women living in dormitories, military barracks or prisons. Seems to us that we recall a lot of self-discovery in college dorms. It was always a great way to get the heart started in the morning, build eye–hand coordination, shed anxiety before a big exam or fantasize a better future. But we never discussed the practice with, say, the librarian.

Perhaps the low figures reflect a return of shame. We've been so inundated with propaganda that we are afraid to admit to treating ourselves as sex objects. There are some things we simply don't talk about.

As for informing us about AIDS, the news was mostly good. Out of 3200 people, they found six who were HIV-positive. Three were bisexual men; three were women, two of whom used drugs or had lots of partners. None were gay. If you were to take this survey as gospel, you would conclude that gays do not have AIDS. (You might also conclude that gays are a rarity—only 2.8 percent of the men surveyed labeled themselves homosexual. Kinsey put the figure at 4 percent.) A rate of 1.5 HIV infections per 1000 is a far cry from the 1 in 200 estimates we've lived with for the past decade. The authors conclude that AIDS does not pose a great risk to heterosexuals because we socialize within tight social networks—without even encountering the high-risk behavior of a bathhouse or shooting gallery. This is something PLAYBOY has counseled since the beginning of the epidemic. It was satisfying to find support for a position that flies in the face of hysteria.

Still, one AIDS statistic jumped off the page: As many as 37 percent of the people surveyed—depending on age—have had an HIV test. That figure shows how deeply the fear of AIDS has penetrated the general population. And, despite that fear, we are still a sexual nation.

Here's what the media missed: Statistical averages have no meaning in real life. They do not exist. They do not fall in love. Look beyond the average and you discover just how rich and diverse sex is.

The best news is that the average is not mandatory. We are not the same. Approximately a third of us have sex at least two or three times a week, a third of us a few times a month, and a third of us a few times a year, or not at all.

That 20 percent of us have had only one partner is fine; that 31 percent of us have had ten or more, equally fine.

The survey found that some Americans are sex negative and some sex positive. For every person who doesn't think about sex much, who doesn't masturbate, who hasn't had intercourse in a year with the only partner they've ever had, there's a person who has thought about sex every day, masturbated, watched X-rated videos, read tons of erotica, had sex with a lot of great people and "found appealing" all sorts of acts not seen in the pages of a family newspaper.

Unlike the men who designed this study or the reporters who covered it, we do believe that sex is magical.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FREUDIAN CLIPS

WALNUT CREEK, CALIFORNIA—*A Bay Area psychiatrist has come up with a novel way to reduce violence: Turn in your gun at a participating police station and get a*

voucher for about $300 worth of psychotherapy. David O'Grady, president of the Contra Costa Psychological Association, enlisted some three dozen therapists for the program. Conceding that not all gun owners are mental cases, O'Grady reasons that many people who own guns "are afraid and need better skills in coping with that fear" or "know they have a problem with anger and need help." The National Rifle Association is neutral on gun swaps but doubts they reduce crime. It is also concerned that these swaps will facilitate the disposal of weapons that might have evidentiary value. Police in the program favor getting guns off the streets but say the ones they usually get from such programs are the "guns that don't work."

CITY OF ANGELS?

LOS ANGELES—*In a bold move, Mayor Richard Riordan told police to stop enforcing a law that restricts use of drug paraphernalia. Access to sterile needles cuts down the transmission of the AIDS virus among addicts, but several neighborhood groups complained that free-needle programs attract too many derelicts. Ignoring the mayoral edict, a group of neighbors placed three members of a local needle exchange under citizen's arrest. Police were then forced to book the three for possession of drug paraphernalia.*

BODY OF EVIDENCE

TRAVERSE CITY, MICHIGAN—*The Michigan Supreme Court has held that private counseling records of alleged rape victims can be used in court if a judge finds they include evidence that might prevent the conviction of an innocent defendant. Critics of the decision believe it erodes doctor-patient confidentiality and could discourage rape victims from seeking therapy.*

Meanwhile, New York has passed a law prohibiting a rape suspect's attorneys from describing the clothing worn by the alleged victim as part of their client's defense. Attacking the idea that appearance can provoke an offender, state senator Michael Tully, sponsor of the bill, called it "an embarrassment to the legal system that this law is not already in effect."

WHAT? NO PARTY JOKES?

LOS ANGELES—*After two years of litigation, the federal judge who overturned a Los Angeles County ban on men's magazines in fire stations came up with this little gem: The magazines, including* PLAYBOY, *can now occupy those areas of firehouses not open to the public and can be read by firefighters if they are careful not to display or discuss the racy parts.*

PC TEES

AMES, IOWA—*Ames Middle School officials did not object to young pigs of the male chauvinist variety wearing Hooters T-shirts with the unsubtle slogan* MORE THAN A MOUTHFUL, *but they squawked when some girls retaliated. The female students were suspended for wearing their own T-shirt creation featuring a rooster's head and the caption* COCKS. NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT. *The dispute brought ACLU executive director Ira Glasser to town for a school-sponsored forum. "Ours was a political statement, theirs was just sexism," the girls protested, and the administration, its consciousness finally raised, apologized.*

INFIDEL BARBIE

KUWAIT CITY—*Sheikh Khalid al Mathkor, chief of the Higher Islamic Consultation Committee in Kuwait, has issued a "fatwa" that prohibits Muslims from buying human-like dolls, especially Barbie dolls. The religious edict specifically bans Barbies because they resemble an adult woman and have no relation to childhood, thereby qualifying them as idols under Islamic law.*

RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT

ROME—*Italy is embroiled in a battle over whether to continue its war against streetwalkers who are moving onto main boulevards or to drop the country's longtime ban on brothels in favor of a regulated red-light district. Advocates of legal prostitution claim this would help control the spread of AIDS, put pimps out of business and end a source of revenue for organized crime. Some civic officials have personal or public qualms but see legal bordellos as rich sources of tax revenue. The women in question are all for taking their business indoors.*

PEST CONTROL

FINDLAY, OHIO—*Hancock County prosecutors dropped a wiretapping charge against a mother accused of bugging her*

16-year-old daughter's telephone. Illegal wiretapping is a third-degree felony punishable by up to two years in prison and a $5000 fine, but the local judge liked the idea of parents concerning themselves with their children.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

ALIEN LOGIC

illegal immigrants are the invisible workforce. that's why they make perfect scapegoats

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Last year crime was the hot-button issue for politicians. This year it will be illegal immigration. For a while it seemed the issue would be welfare reform, but because 70 percent of the people on welfare are children, that topic is of limited use to vote-seekers. Besides, the parents of those children may not be rich, but they can vote. The nice thing about using illegal immigration as a political bludgeon is that the people who stand to suffer most can't vote. Be tough without pissing off any voters? It's a politician's wet dream.

To much of the country, illegal immigrants aren't even visible, concentrated as they are in states such as California, Texas, Florida and New York. Of course, most of the food we eat has been harvested by these "aliens," and the clothing proudly tagged MADE IN THE USA has probably been sewn by some of the 3 million undocumented workers who keep the U.S. textile industry alive. But that doesn't mean we have to think about them as people. In last November's elections, Proposition 187, which virtually eliminates the use of services and resources by illegal immigrants, passed by a wide margin.

Actually, they don't use that many resources, but who's counting? In California, far and away the most affected state, immigrant-bashing governor Pete Wilson's statistics show the tax burden of illegal immigrants to represent a minuscule 0.4 percent of the state's gross domestic product. That means illegals pay slightly less in taxes then they receive in benefits (benefits that, incidentally, do not include welfare, since they are ineligible).

But that figure doesn't take into account the industries that thrive because of illegal labor. Agriculture, for example, a major source of profits and tax revenues in California, is more than 50 percent dependent on this labor force. The Los Angeles garment industry, the largest in the nation, wouldn't exist if not for the Chinese, Korean and Hispanic women sewing away like mad in sweatshops, hidden out of sight and mind not far from the theater district.

Then there are the taxes paid by all the women and men who can go to work because an undocumented nanny is at home raising their kids.

The problem is that the pay scale for jobs held by illegal immigrants is so low that the only people who will take these jobs are the ones who are truly desperate, i.e., those who have no other means of support. Should we eliminate welfare and thereby force legal workers out into the fields and sweatshops too?

That radical social surgery is not a viable solution because Congress would never pass such a law. The reason is simple: If a welfare mother takes a job at the minimum wage of $4.25 an hour—which is what most illegals work for—it would sink her and her children deeper into poverty. She would lose her medical benefits and would have to pay for child care and transportation to and from her place of work.

That is why welfare reform, which seems so great as a tax-saving sound bite, always turns out to be an enormously expensive proposition. Any welfare-reform proposal that has a chance of getting through Congress would contain provisions for free medical care, earned-income tax credit, child care, job training and all sorts of boondoggles that end up making consultants wealthy but do nothing to balance the budget.

Why should taxpayers supplement industries that don't pay enough to their workers? Why should we subsidize the agribiz giants? Let them pay their workers wages high enough to live on without government help.

Which brings us to the only serious plan for immigration reform: confronting the employers of illegal workers. As long as the jobs here pay better than those available in Mexico or China, people will come here illegally in droves. We can't afford to put enough cops at our extensive borders to stop them. Nor can we round up the illegal workers already here without violating the civil liberties of the rest of us by requiring internal passports.

What we can do is enforce the existing labor laws and punish with jail time and fines those employers who don't comply. There are plenty of federal and state statutes that require employers to meet occupational and health standards, to contribute to workers' compensation funds, to keep accurate records on who they employ, to pay extra for overtime, to deduct social security and other taxes and to require workers to supply proof of legal status.

When this approach has been tried, as it has in the past few years in California, it has been extremely successful, despite limited funding. The result has been to level the playing field between those industries that hire illegals and those that don't.

If we enforce the labor laws and if legal workers don't take the jobs, then we have two options. We can admit that we need the illegal labor force in order for our agriculture and manufacturing to remain competitive—and therefore document the workers. Or we can hire only those workers who are legally qualified, increase the minimum wage and require the employer or the government to provide health insurance.

The latter is my proposal for both immigration and welfare reform. The minimum wage was originally designed to guarantee that anyone who works can earn enough for food and shelter. It has, over the decades, lagged so far behind increases in the cost of living that it is now a joke.

Right now there are 40 million Americans living below the poverty level, many of whom work. That's up 7 million from just five years ago. Yes, the poor will always be with us. What's new is the disappearance of the middle-class worker. Mostly gone are the well-paid truck drivers, autoworkers, machinists and other often unionized workers who could make a living sufficient to get a home in a safe neighborhood and send their kids to college.

No wonder the public is willing to support politicians who strike out at illegal immigrants. The hunt for a scapegoat always accompanies economic disarray. That was true in the Germany that brought Hitler to power, and it is true to a disturbing degree in America today. The challenge is to figure out how this economy can generate decent jobs rather than to blame immigrants for filling all those miserable jobs that no one else wants. We should thank them for the favor.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

TIM ROBBINS

a candid conversation with hollywood's laid-back superstar about having it all: the looks, the brains, the roles, the clout—and susan sarandon

Long-legged and lean, clad in mechanic's coveralls, his hair slicked back, eyes hidden behind Wayfarer shades, Tim Robbins is a figure of both solitude and magnetism, a vision of cool as he stands outside the Hopewell, New Jersey service station that doubles this day as a movie location.

"The giant Elvis," remarks an assistant director, and Robbins cracks a smile. "That was for a skit we had for 'Saturday Night Live,' he says, "but it never ran." Pause. "It was too funny," he adds, not without a note of irony.

The shrug. The cool. The I'm-smarter-than-you-but-who-cares demeanor. It all adds up to the very tall, very talented and, these days, very visible Tim Robbins—a movie star poised to capture the title of America's hardest-working box-office attraction. In the past six months alone he has appeared in three major films: as a man who is wrongly convicted of murder and sent to prison in "The Shawshank Redemption," as a Fifties garage mechanic posing as a physicist in order to woo Albert Einstein's niece (Meg Ryan) in "I.Q.," directed by Fred Schepisi, and romancing Julia Roberts in Robert Altman's high-fashion mystery-comedy, "Prêt-à-Porter."

At 36, Robbins is a unique blend of baby boomer and slacker—a Sixties-style social activist with a soft spot for the loud, hard, in-your-face attitude of Generation X. As an intelligent and outspoken social critic, he is capable of ruffling establishment feathers—whether with the biting political satire "Bob Roberts" or with his public denunciation of the Clinton administration's Haiti policy. He made the Haitian plea while presenting an Oscar at the 1993 Academy Awards ceremony; he was also one of the few in Hollywood to speak out against the Persian Gulf war. And through it all, Robbins manages to remain a committed father of two and stepfather of one in his relationship with actress Susan Sarandon, with whom he has lived since shortly after they finished filming "Bull Durham" in 1988.

Robbins was born on October 16, 1958 in West Covina, California and moved with his parents and three older siblings from California to New York's Greenwich Village when he was just two. His father, Gil, was an actor and a member of the folk music group the Highwaymen ("Michael [Row the Boat Ashore]"). Gil Robbins also co-managed the Gaslight café, where young Tim would do odd jobs while watching new careers blossom—including Tom Paxton's, Dave Van Ronk's and Cat Stevens'.

He discovered theater when he was 12, tagging along with his sisters to New York's Theater for the New City. For the next seven years he worked there in any job that needed filling, from actor to lighting technician. He followed that with performing street theater throughout the city's neighborhoods, a rugged experience that gave Robbins the gumption to begin directing plays in high school and later at the State University of New York at Plattsburgh. After two years at SUNY, he moved to California and enrolled at UCLA.

In Los Angeles Robbins and several classmates formed the Actors' Gang, an offbeat, iconoclastic troupe that debuted with a critically acclaimed midnight run of Alfred Jarry's "Ubu the King." Even as he was developing the Gang's repertoire (he is still its artistic director), Hollywood tapped his acting skills—first for guest spots on such TV dramas as "St. Elsewhere" and "Hill Street Blues," then for a variety of film roles, including a stint in a lowbrow comedy called "Fraternity Vacation" and a bit part in "Top Gun."

A wonderfully comic—if small—turn in

"People decry sexuality on TV, but they're making shows like 'Hard Copy'—I don't even want to mention the name of that show, you can cut that out. These shows are so disrespectful. And people love that stuff."

"There are times when you're in a performance and you get in a zone: The lines are flowing perfectly off your tongue, you're completely there and, if something happens, you roll right with it. You discover true magic."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

"I was 12 and I was hooked. I ran spotlight. Swept up. Did box office. Ran the lighting board. But acting was the most fun. Plus, it got the attention of the girls. Not many girls fall in love with spotlight operators."

Rob Reiner's "The Sure Thing" (opposite friend John Cusack) led to choicer assignments: as the socially conscious Bronx tough in the underrated "Five Corners" and as a goofy scientist in the box-office bomb "Howard the Duck." But it was his performance as the flaky pitcher Ebby "Nuke" LaLoosh in Ron Shelton's 1988 hit, "Bull Durham," that lit the fuse on Robbins' career. Holding his own opposite the likes of newcomer Kevin Costner and Sarandon, Robbins was a comic marvel: mangling the song "Try a Little Tenderness," heaving wild pitches and, most memorably, stepping up to the mound wearing a woman's garter belt for luck.

Still, it would take four years of strong roles in lesser films ("Jacob's Ladder," "Miss Firecracker," "Cadillac Man") before Robbins' big breakthrough in 1992. That year, he received the best actor award at the Cannes Film Festival for his performance as the morally ambivalent movie executive Griffin Mill in Altman's "The Player," a corruscating look at Hollywood in which the harassed exec murders a writer and gets away with it. Robbins followed that by writing and starring in "Bob Roberts" (also his directorial debut), a prescient documentary send-up about a political campaign that seems to have predicted everything from the rise of Ross Perot to Bill Clinton's sax-tootling on late-night TV.

In the wake of "Bob Roberts," Robbins promptly scored twice more—as a hilariously duplicitous highway patrolman in Altman's "Short Cuts" and as the good-hearted but dumb mailroom boy turned executive patsy in Joel and Ethan Coen's screwball comedy "The Hudsucker Proxy."

"Robbins has the gift of looking just right for each of his roles, and he has a puckish, commanding presence," remarked Pauline Kael after seeing "Jacob's Ladder." "He makes you feel that behind his sneaky, demon eyes, he's thinking thoughts no character in a movie has ever thought before."

We sent journalist **Marshall Fine,** *whose previous "Playboy Interview" was with Howard Stern, to talk with Robbins. Here's Fine's report:*

"I caught up with Robbins on the set of 'I.Q.,' where we spoke at length over the course of two days. He seemed eager to talk and cleared all free moments to do so: through his lunch hours and for 10- and 20-minute clips between scenes. He is a deliberate talker. Bright, wary and intent to not say anything he doesn't mean, he often paused thoughtfully before answering a question. Listening to the tapes, I clocked one such pause at 15 seconds.

"And that's when he's talking about something he's interested in discussing. Ask him a question about his personal life—specifically about Sarandon—and he instantly shuts up, smiling enigmatically, then dropping a noncommittal response or a coy one-liner.

"I waited until the end of the interview to try my own hand at the personal questions. As you'll see, his reaction was pure Robbins. But first, we began with his brain."

PLAYBOY: When people talk about you, they always seem to mention your intelligence. Because your recent film is called *I.Q.*, we'd like to know: What's yours?

ROBBINS: I don't know. I've never had it tested.

PLAYBOY: You've never gone back to look for it in your school records?

ROBBINS: No, no, I would never do that. I've never been administered an IQ test. But in high school I was a B student. College, I was a little bit better.

PLAYBOY: Does the fact that your intelligence is even worth commenting on imply that most actors aren't very smart?

ROBBINS: I wouldn't know. Most of the good actors have a huge intelligence about the human condition and a real open heart to different kinds of people and behavior. There are dumb actors. But there are dumb politicians and dumb bakers. I suppose the broad generalization about actors has to do with the need on the actors' part—and also on the part of people who write articles about actors—to place appearance and glamour above intelligence.

If you're a magician, you don't want the audience looking certain places. So you divert their attention.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about politics.

ROBBINS: Oh, cutting right to the chase.

PLAYBOY: Sure, why not?

ROBBINS: Why don't I just talk about my personal life? [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: We'll get to that. Why are politically active actors often portrayed as dilettantes?

ROBBINS: Well, it depends on who we're talking about. Some are that way. Certainly some of the people who get involved in politics or social causes could be better informed for the good of the cause.

PLAYBOY: Care to mention any names?

ROBBINS: No. But, personally, I view it as my responsibility to continue to be what I've always been. I've always been involved with the society at large. When someone who has access to those outlets chooses to talk about it, they're jumped on. You know, "What right have actors to talk about things?" But what is that saying—that we should listen just to economists and lawyers and people who are paid by special interest groups to have opinions? Scientists who are on the payroll of the cigarette companies?

There aren't a whole lot of actors and celebrities who speak out anymore. When someone is publicly castigated, it has an effect. You think, Should I do this? Should I buck this trend? Or should I just shut up and not worry about this stuff? Because it's going to cost me professionally. I think most people opt for the latter.

PLAYBOY: Your most political film, *Bob Roberts*, was criticized as having an ax to grind and for preaching to the converted.

ROBBINS: I disagree, because it also got attacked from the left—or what the media characterize as the left, which would be your standard-issue, liberal, middle-of-the-road moderates, as far as I'm concerned. That's actually what I took the most delight in: the response from those moderates. We also got a positive response from Republicans who saw the movie and loved it. I asked them why and they said, "Because we don't want Bob Roberts in our party." There are a great number of Republicans who are economically conservative but have hearts and a consciousness about their country.

PLAYBOY: Realistically, where do you think most of Hollywood sits on the political spectrum?

ROBBINS: Moderate to right wing.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROBBINS: Because I don't really see a lot of progressive work being done there. It's certainly a lot more difficult to get a project made if you're talking about something progressive. That's just the nature of the industry, I suppose. There have been people who have had progressive minds and hearts, who have had the courage to step outside the mainstream and make a statement. But they are not the majority.

PLAYBOY: Then why do Republicans continue to harp on Hollywood as a haven of left-wing liberals?

ROBBINS: They also portray the media as very left wing, which is a huge lie. But if you're a magician, you don't want the audience looking certain places during a magic trick. So you divert their attention elsewhere. A noise, a light, a sound. Republicans do that, too.

If the news organizations would give [other matters] a fraction of the time they've given to the O.J. Simpson case, we would be an incredibly informed, aware society. Can you imagine if they spent that kind of time telling us where our tax dollars go?

The American people are not evil. Given information, they will do the right thing. But they're not given the information. Haiti is a good example. When Susan [Sarandon] and I spoke out about Haiti at the Oscars, that had been going on for three years, but there was simply

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no information—certainly not on any network news program.

PLAYBOY: Gilbert Cates, the producer of the Oscar telecast, was very public last year in saying that he had not invited you and Susan back.

ROBBINS: He was?

PLAYBOY: He said that people who had been politically outspoken the year before—he mentioned you two and Richard Gere—had specifically not been invited back.

ROBBINS: Well, he would have been very comfortable in a fascist society. They would have loved him. It's that kind of person who is a real detriment to a democracy. When you have a person in power who punishes people for speaking their mind, it's truly dangerous to this society. Someone should call him to task for it. It can't be me because I've got a personal involvement. Although I couldn't care less about being a presenter at the Oscars.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think there was such an outcry?

ROBBINS: Maybe the answer is in the result. People shut up. People don't speak their mind after something like that happens. We were talking about a disgrace. We were talking about the U.S. government in effect running a concentration camp in Guantánamo Bay for people who had tested positive for HIV. Maybe people just didn't want to hear that. But I thought it was the height of hypocrisy that, in a room filled with red ribbons, which were supposed to signify an awareness of and compassion for people with HIV and AIDS, there could be this kind of reaction.

When people talk about inappropriate, I would love to know when the appropriate time is to talk about a concentration camp in Guantánamo Bay. Should there be a day for this, a national protest day when everyone gets to speak their mind in public? It's ridiculous, the concept of whether something is appropriate or not.

PLAYBOY: What has your activism cost you personally?

ROBBINS: I don't think it has cost me anything. I think it's given me strength and satisfaction. If you're in the position to help someone and you do it, it's very rewarding.

PLAYBOY: Who is more political, you or Susan?

ROBBINS: Well, I don't know about that word—political.

PLAYBOY: Who's more conscious on a daily basis?

ROBBINS: Susan is.

PLAYBOY: How?

ROBBINS: She's more involved on a day-to-day basis. I tend to take that energy and try to write. She'll work actively with organizations more than I will.

PLAYBOY: If you were in charge of a TV network, how would you cover the next presidential election?

ROBBINS: I would give everyone equal access. I mean everyone—even the lunatics. Because when you make the judgment as a network that there are only three candidates, you are censoring points of view. I mean, what are they scared of? Who's going to vote for anyone from the Communist Party, for God's sake? You know? People don't want that.

PLAYBOY: Has President Clinton been a disappointment to you?

ROBBINS: In some ways, yes. He was never my guy. But I'm glad he's in rather than Bush or Perot. I think he's been subject to relentless attacks—since before he was inaugurated—by the Republican Party, by certain factions of the Democratic Party, by doctors, by the military and by people in the press who are beholden to those interests.

I don't care about his haircuts or his affairs or any of that stuff. But there are a lot of powerful people who have a lot to lose, and that's a large part of the reason he's been attacked so relentlessly from the beginning.

PLAYBOY: If you had an hour with Clinton, what would you say to him?

When I did "The Shawshank Redemption," every guard I talked with had this opinion: Legalize marijuana.

ROBBINS: I'd want to know who he is, because I'm not sure he's who people think he is. The problem with talking with politicians is that they know how to read people. They say what needs to be said and don't say what they might really feel. They need your vote. They need your support or your money.

So I don't know if I'd get an honest answer. I'd say, "Bill, what are you going to do?" And he'd say, "I'm trying this and that. I'm doing everything I can." And that's a bunch of horseshit. That would be a waste of an hour.

PLAYBOY: If they put you in charge of the war on drugs, what would you do?

ROBBINS: Legalize marijuana.

PLAYBOY: And then?

ROBBINS: And then we would save an enormous amount of taxpayer money, specifically on the penal system, which is overloaded with marijuana abusers. It's unbelievable. When I did *The Shawshank Redemption*, every guard I talked with who had worked in a prison had this opinion: Legalize marijuana. There's no reason these kids should be here. They haven't committed a crime against anyone. And when they leave, they'll find they have learned the skills of different trades: armed robbery, burglary, assault.

Marijuana is just like any other thing that might not be good for you. If you do too much of it, it can screw up your life. But it can't screw up your life like cocaine or heroin or downs or ups or LSD.

PLAYBOY: Is this an admission that you still smoke pot—or was that just a phase you went through as a kid?

ROBBINS: I take the Fifth. [*Laughs*] Considering the fact that it's still illegal, I don't see how it would be wise to—let's put it this way: Considering the fact that I've used it in the past, and know what it is, and seen the results of it, I don't view it as a dangerous drug. I've also used other drugs that I do consider to be dangerous, drugs that are potentially detrimental to kids and society at large.

But I don't want to advocate anything like [smoking pot] in print, because it's a different thing for different people. Some people can handle it, some can't. Some people get really dumb and stupid and embarrassing on pot and some people are funny and creative. But for me to just blanketly say that I use it and, therefore, other people should, would be, I think, irresponsible.

PLAYBOY: So what would you say if your kids came to you one day and said: "Dad, did you ever take drugs in the Sixties and Seventies?"

ROBBINS: I would say, "No, it was the Eighties." [*Laughs*] Yeah, I would be honest with them. And I'd tell them exactly what each drug does to you.

PLAYBOY: You realize that, having admitted these things now, you've just disqualified yourself from being a Supreme Court justice or the attorney general.

ROBBINS: Well, I didn't say I inhaled.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to political buzzwords. What does "family values" mean to you?

ROBBINS: I resent that the attempt was made to appropriate that term for one political way of thinking. The problem at the time was that people were using the term as an idea of what a family is.

But there are so many different kinds of families other than the male-female, son-daughter family. There are all kinds of setups: grandmothers and grandfathers taking care of their kids' kids, aunts and uncles, stepfathers and stepmothers. Brothers and sisters raising children. Homosexual couples and people with no blood relation raising children. What's important is that the children receive love and nurturing and caring, not that they have their biological mother and father, though it would be wonderful if that were the case.

PLAYBOY: How about "cultural elite"?

ROBBINS: I'm honored to be a member of it, according to *Newsweek*. My acting company, Actors' Gang, was the only

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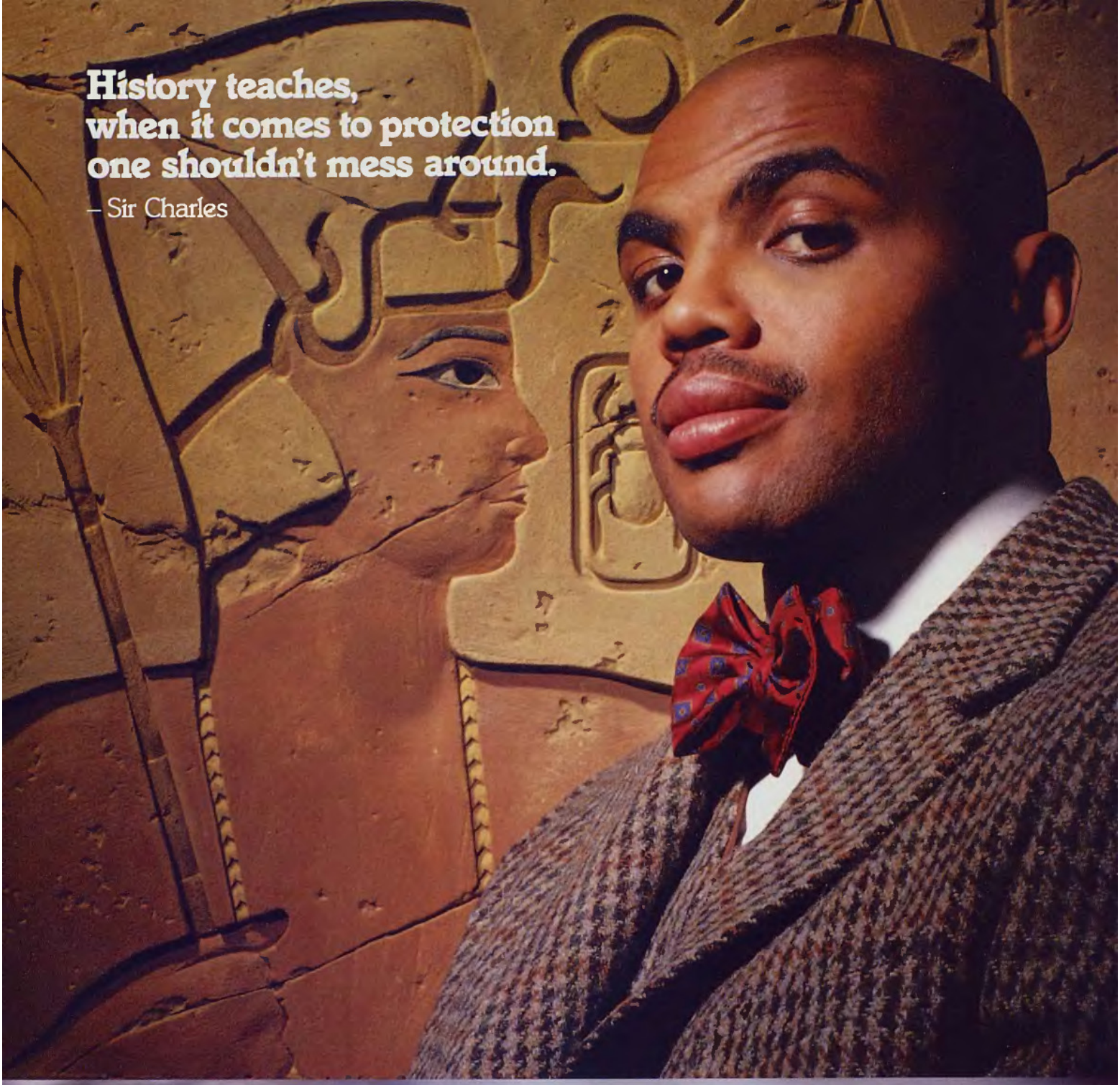

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theater company mentioned in the cultural-elite article, so we were very proud. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: What does that phrase say to people?

ROBBINS: It's just another way of trying to take people's attention away from the real issues. In the Fifties, I believe, the word used was "intellectual." It was condescending to use the word intellectual; an intellectual could not possibly have any feeling or knowledge of the life of the American worker or housewife. The intellectual is the enemy. You know, a bunch of horseshit.

PLAYBOY: What about "character issues"? This term came up during the 1992 election in regard to Clinton's draft record and his alleged philandering. What does it mean to you?

ROBBINS: Let he who has not sinned cast the first stone.

PLAYBOY: "Political correctness"?

ROBBINS: For me, using the term politically correct is a way of dismissing people who are concerned. It's a way of dismissing compassion, a way of dismissing people who feel for humanity. It's being used in a very cynical way.

PLAYBOY: If you were going to run for office, how would you do it?

ROBBINS: I wouldn't.

PLAYBOY: But say that you were. Say that something compelled you to run and you couldn't stop yourself.

ROBBINS: I would stop myself. There is absolutely no way that I would enter that world.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROBBINS: Because of the compromise.

PLAYBOY: You don't think you can do it without compromise?

ROBBINS: No. You can't. Do you realize that senators have to raise $10,000 every week to stay in office? You've got to be on the phone making compromises to someone to get that kind of cash.

PLAYBOY: But if you were running for office, how would you deal with character issues when they came up? How should Clinton and other politicians handle this?

ROBBINS: "Mind your own fucking business." That's what I would say. And I wouldn't even get elected. And I'd probably deck a couple of people, too—which would not play very well with the national media.

PLAYBOY: *Bob Roberts* was the first feature film you directed. How did you feel when Robert Altman compared you to Orson Welles?

ROBBINS: At first I was incredibly flattered. Then I started thinking about the ramifications. What does that mean? That Hollywood is going to torture me for the rest of my life? [*Laughs*] The guy couldn't get a film made after *The Magnificent Ambersons*—and they recut that. So, you know, I was flattered but wary.

PLAYBOY: After *Bob Roberts* came out, you got offers to direct studio pictures. Does that interest you?

ROBBINS: It would depend on the script. I definitely will not direct a film just for the job or for the money. It's too much of a pain and too much of a heartache to do something you don't truly believe in. It's just so torturous.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between what you get out of acting and what you get out of directing?

ROBBINS: You get money out of acting. You get gray hair out of directing. Actually, I get more of a rush from directing.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROBBINS: Because directing is creating a whole. You're able to combine different elements and create a film or a piece of theater that is unique and true to your vision.

PLAYBOY: You've worked for a lot of the top directors of your time. Give us thumbnail sketches of a few of them, if you would. Start with Rob Reiner [*The Real Thing*].

ROBBINS: Incredibly talented. Loves actors. Fun to be around. I would work with him again in a second.

PLAYBOY: Tony Scott [*Top Gun*].

ROBBINS: He's a wild man. He loves his motorcycles and he's got a kind of great, arrogant attitude toward life. I didn't work with him that much on that film—just a couple of weeks.

PLAYBOY: Robert Altman [*The Player*, *Short Cuts*, *Prêt-à-Porter*].

ROBBINS: I feel real fortunate to have had the opportunity to work with him. He has taught me a lot about filmmaking and about survival, about how to keep your soul and how to know your priorities and how to live up to them.

PLAYBOY: Spike Lee [*Jungle Fever*].

ROBBINS: I like Spike a lot. He's incredibly gifted and I don't think he gets the credit he deserves as a filmmaker.

PLAYBOY: Ron Shelton [*Bull Durham*].

ROBBINS: I had a lot of fun working with Ron. He's a good friend and the godfather of my son Jack Henry. He taught me a great lesson about writing women's roles, which is: Write the character as a man, then switch the gender later.

PLAYBOY: How about Adrian Lyne [*Jacob's Ladder*]?

ROBBINS: Very visual.

PLAYBOY: That's diplomatic. The Coen brothers [*Hudsucker Proxy*]?

ROBBINS: I think their films are going to be appreciated by more people later. They're visionaries, but I don't know if they'll ever do a commercial film. And for all their bizarreness, they're two of the most normal guys I know.

PLAYBOY: Tim Robbins [*Bob Roberts*]?

ROBBINS: What a bastard. I would never work for him again.

PLAYBOY: Fred Schepisi [*I.Q.*]?

ROBBINS: Fred has extraordinary patience and grace with the people he works with. And since there were a lot of discussions about the script, I have to say in retrospect that I admire him for keeping his patience and working with all of us in a positive way.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about that. There were problems with the *I.Q.* script, and it was actually being rewritten while you were filming. What does that do to the mood on the set?

ROBBINS: You just have to have faith that the words that are being written at the last minute are going to work. In this case it was Schepsi's movie, and it was up to him and his collaborators—myself included—to pull it off. His instincts are ultimately the ones that will wind up on the screen.

PLAYBOY: Given your scholastic record in math and science, do you see any irony in playing a guy who pals around with Einstein?

ROBBINS: [*Laughs*] Yes, I do. I think, though, that the character I play is a little more interested in science than I was.

PLAYBOY: You play a mechanic in the film. Are you mechanical at all?

ROBBINS: No. I can fix things around the house and work a computer, but I could never invent a computer or fix a car.

PLAYBOY: Why is it so hard to make a good romantic comedy like *I.Q.*?

ROBBINS: Any time you're trying to do a movie with a happy ending, it's very difficult because it's been done before and you don't want to be manipulative.

PLAYBOY: Aren't all movies manipulative?

ROBBINS: In their structure, yes, but you should arrive at the ending out of true behavior, real behavior. You don't want to arrive there artificially. For example, *Shawshank* has an ending that's uplifting, but it's done in a way that's real and truly moving.

PLAYBOY: In researching your character for *The Player*, you followed two studio executives around, David Hoberman from Touchstone and Bill Gerber from Warner Bros. What did you learn in the time you spent with them?

ROBBINS: Phone etiquette. I listened in on some of their phone calls. There's an awful lot of politics in the job, and 80 percent of that is staying in touch with people who may, at some point, have something you want. So these guys make 100, 200 phone calls a day to different people around the town. Writers, directors, actors, other studio heads, competitors, restaurateurs, club owners. They see a new movie, they call all the creative people in it. They want to touch base with them.

PLAYBOY: Did you pick up anything else?

ROBBINS: From those two guys? Yeah. Billy dresses well. And neither one of them is evil.

PLAYBOY: Had you gone in thinking that they were?

ROBBINS: Not them specifically, but executives in general, yes. But I came to understand that there are people in the industry who start out wanting to make films of substance, but in order to rise on

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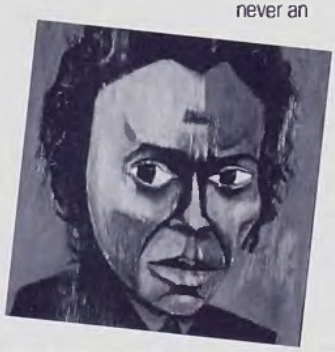

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that ladder, they have to make a certain number of compromises. In doing so, they risk losing sight of what they originally intended to do.

PLAYBOY: There's that word, compromise, again. You used it when you were talking about politicians and now when you're talking about movie executives. What are you willing to compromise?

ROBBINS: My sleep time.

PLAYBOY: That's it?

ROBBINS: I've long ago compromised my eight hours a night.

PLAYBOY: Anything else, professionally or personally?

ROBBINS: I guess what I'm talking about is compromising integrity. If you find yourself in a movie that you have questions about, it's not a compromise to your integrity to show up for work and do your job. I think it would be a compromise to do a job just for the sake of the money and not be concerned about what's in the script. But, again, I'm lucky that I'm not in that position.

PLAYBOY: You did frontal nudity in *The Player*, though you were covered with mud in the scene. What's the hang-up about male nudity in films?

ROBBINS: I don't know what it is. I don't know a lot of women who are turned on by a flaccid dick, either. But there's also the theory that nudity doesn't really make something sexy—the characters and their relationship make it sexy. The scene in *The Player* in which Greta Scacchi and I make love is filmed, I think, in a way that's incredibly sexy. And you don't see anything but our faces.

PLAYBOY: What topics scare Hollywood the most?

ROBBINS: Politics. And African Americans—if they don't have Uzis. I don't think people have been able to deal with the fact that African American filmmakers can make movies about life and relationships. It's interesting to see the ascendancy of certain African American filmmakers who don't shy away from portraying the urban hellhole, the violence, the gangs——

PLAYBOY: The hood films.

ROBBINS: The hood films. I'm sure it's much easier for an African American filmmaker to walk into an office and say, "I want to do a film about gangbanging, about the gangs," than it is for one to walk in and say, "I want to do a film about two people falling in love."

PLAYBOY: What was it like to film *Shawshank* in prison?

ROBBINS: We shot in the Ohio State Reformatory in Mansfield, Ohio, a prison that had been shut down a few years before. The walls were still full of deep sorrow and pain. The conditions were horrifying. Two and three people in a cell no bigger than a car. Rats. No running water. No sense of the outside. A real Victorian hellhole.

Should prison be a country club? No. But this was out of control.

PLAYBOY: In preparing for the film, you had yourself put in leg irons and placed in a cell in an actual prison. How long were you in for?

ROBBINS: I was in for a few hours, about three hours.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROBBINS: Because I wanted to hear it and feel it and see what it did to me. I tried to imagine what it was really like to be in there. But, ultimately, I can't tell you that I had an experience filled with suffering and pain, because I knew I was going to get out.

PLAYBOY: Is that part of your technique in creating a role?

ROBBINS: I wouldn't say I'm a method actor. I do research when I feel I don't have enough experience for the part I'm playing. I try to use my imagination more than emotional recall. I don't buy that if an actor is thinking about something painful in his personal life and he cries on-screen, that it's really the character crying.

PLAYBOY: Let's back up. What got you interested in theater?

ROBBINS: A couple of things. Seeing my father onstage. Being around that world with him, backstage, that old smell-of-the-greasepaint thing. Seeing the response from people who had seen him in a play was very exciting.

In my childhood I really wanted to be an athlete, a baseball player or a hockey player. But around the time I was 12, my sisters were working in a theater in Greenwich Village called the Theater for the New City, and I would sometimes go down to rehearsal with them. I started getting on my feet and clowning around, and they ended up putting me in a play when I was 12. And I was hooked.

PLAYBOY: So you began acting regularly at the Theater for the New City?

ROBBINS: Pretty much, yeah. I also ran spotlight. Swept up. Did box office. Ran the lighting board. But acting was the most fun. Plus, it got the attention of the girls. Not many girls fall in love with spotlight operators.

Anyway, I didn't really understand how unique and wonderful my training had been until I went away to college when I was 17 and started studying in a traditional theater department. I began discovering Ibsen and Chekhov. I'd already been trained in absurdism and surrealism, and now I was starting to learn what happened before that. But my concept of theater has always been pretty strange. I don't care for gratuitous realism; I think it's boring. I like spectacle. I like the idea of theater as an event.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your childhood, you were the youngest of four children, right?

ROBBINS: Yes. I don't remember much of my childhood before the age of six. From what I hear, everyone did my talking for me. I didn't really speak until I was three and a half or so. I didn't really have words. My father described me as the oldest baby he'd ever seen. I apparently was very serious and reflective.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you first became aware of what your father did for a living?

ROBBINS: I must have been three or four. I saw him in concert.

PLAYBOY: What was that like?

ROBBINS: I have a very vague, cloudy memory of that concert. But I do remember everyone singing along, clapping and laughing at something my father had said. And I remember I felt pretty good about that. There was something really intoxicating about it.

PLAYBOY: Did he ever talk with you about your wanting to go into show business?

ROBBINS: Uh-huh—he discouraged it. When I said I wanted to major in acting in college, he told me that it was a difficult life, that there was unemployment, that it was something that you have to continue to work at, that you can never relax with it.

PLAYBOY: Would you want your kids to become actors?

ROBBINS: If it makes them happy. But I would want them first to have a well-rounded education like I was able to get. There's nothing more boring than unintelligent actors, because all they have to talk about is themselves and acting. There have to be other things.

PLAYBOY: As a kid, you got kicked out of league hockey for fighting. Were fistfights a regular part of your life?

ROBBINS: Well, yeah. You had to know how to fight or you had to know how to avoid a fight. Growing up in that neighborhood, if you avoided a fight, it sometimes had more ramifications than if you just took a couple of licks. I didn't enjoy fighting, so I learned how to avoid them.

It was also dangerous to hit the wrong kid in my neighborhood, because a lot of the guys I played with had fathers in the Mafia. I remember being chased by a couple of them.

PLAYBOY: By the kids or the fathers?

ROBBINS: The fathers.

PLAYBOY: What was it like being a Sixties kid growing up in the Village?

ROBBINS: It's only in retrospect that I understand how special it was. Someday I have to write a book or a film about it, because when you grow up in something, you can't see how unique it is. You have no concept. It's just what life is.

But I was in the hub, right in the midst of a social and cultural revolution. This was the neighborhood where it happened—this and Haight-Ashbury were where everyone was gravitating.

On the one hand, there was Washington Square Park and protest marches and folksingers on the street. There were wildly dressed people. There was the flamboyance of the homosexuals. There was rock and roll. And on the

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other hand, I had practice after school in different sports—you know, normal childhood pursuits. I was a sports fan, but I also went to peace marches.

PLAYBOY: Once you got interested in theater, your father didn't allow you to go to the High School of Performing Arts. Why not?

ROBBINS: He said, "You have to get an education first." At the time I hated him for it. But, ultimately, he was dead-on right. I don't think those schools really produce intelligent people. They produce people who are technically better dancers and singers and actors. I learned never to listen to acting teachers because they don't know what the hell they're talking about.

PLAYBOY: Those who can't do, teach?

ROBBINS: That's right. And it's dangerous, I've seen it happen: A talented, instinctual actor is fed a lot of baloney by a teacher about different techniques and methods—and he's ruined. Everything that was good and fresh about this person is compromised—I won't use that word again—everything is sacrificed to the altar of the acting teacher's ego. The need to control. The need to have their little sheep.

I think it's a terrible profession. I think acting teachers are worthless. I learned so much more about acting from philosophy courses, psychology courses, history and anthropology than I ever learned in acting class. So I just don't believe in it.

PLAYBOY: You and your family performed as the Cordless Family in something called the Eveready Tour. What do you remember about that?

ROBBINS: It was a promotional tour in, I think, 1966. We toured the Eastern Seaboard and the Midwest for Eveready batteries. We drove in a Rambler station wagon, sang songs on the way, went sightseeing, stayed at hotels—a big thrill. In every city we would do a couple of television and radio spots promoting Eveready batteries.

PLAYBOY: What was your part in that?

ROBBINS: I had to play with a toy that was powered by batteries. It was a train, I think. I don't remember what my brother had. My father had a carving knife and my mother had a hair drier or something. My parents have pictures of that somewhere. They're pretty funny.

PLAYBOY: Could you imagine doing something like that today?

ROBBINS: Certainly not for Eveready batteries.

PLAYBOY: How deep were the discussions at home—about politics, the civil rights movement, the Vietnam war?

ROBBINS: We would discuss who Martin Luther King Jr. was and what he was trying to do. Our parents would say all of this tied in with our Catholicism and our responsibility to other human beings in the world. And it was our job to be as true as we could to our sense of justice

and to Jesus Christ's sense of justice.

Meanwhile, my brother was going to be drafted soon, though the U.S. pulled out [of Vietnam] the year he was set to go. And my sister was arrested at Antioch College during a protest. The way my mother described that to me was: "You should be proud of her. She was fighting against this war, which is unjust." I think there are lessons you take from your parents, and one of the strongest ones I took from mine was that a mob isn't right. Just because your opinion is outnumbered doesn't mean you're wrong. Many times throughout history, it's been a sole voice that's been the right one. Just because someone gets arrested doesn't mean what they're doing is wrong. Some laws are unfair and unjust.

PLAYBOY: Heavy stuff for a ten-year-old.

ROBBINS: Yeah. But when a ten-year-old has a sister who gets busted, you have to deal with that as a parent. And I think they did a good job of dealing with it.

PLAYBOY: How big a part of your life was Catholicism?

ROBBINS: Pretty big. I was an altar boy. I went to Catholic school until eighth grade. My father was the head of the choir. I would serve at Mass two or three times a week. I went to church every Sunday. At the same time, I don't think I was ever overly serious. I don't know if I ever really bought into the eternal damnation bit.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about it today?

ROBBINS: Catholicism or religion?

PLAYBOY: Both.

ROBBINS: I think Catholicism is . . . let's put it this way: I think there are a lot of valid lessons in any religion, but once a religion approaches dogma to the exclusion of any other religion, it becomes dangerous, hostile, something opposed to the spirit of the religion. There have been too many wars fought over who has the right God on their side. There's too much arrogance and hatred in people who consider themselves religious. So I distrust religion as an organization.

And yet it's interesting to think about Jesus Christ and what he was in that society. Put it in perspective. He was a radical. He was essentially advocating the overthrow of that government—and not a violent overthrow but a defiance of its laws and its society. Once you accept that concept, you begin thinking about the crucifixion in a new way: It was a political act intended to eliminate a voice. After Christ died, the succeeding generations made him who we now perceive him to be. But somewhere along the line that got corrupted.

Many governments have used any number of gods to keep people in their place and make them fear authority. To keep them paying their taxes. To give them lessons in humility. To justify unfairness and injustice. Historically that's what religion has been used for.

PLAYBOY: Were you brought up to question authority?

ROBBINS: To a degree, yeah.

PLAYBOY: What about questioning your parents' authority?

ROBBINS: That wasn't encouraged.

PLAYBOY: What did they tell you about sex and drugs?

ROBBINS: Drugs were around so much that they didn't have to tell us a lot—other than to take us for a walk on the street and show us. You know: "Mommy, what's that?"

"That's a junkie."

"What's a junkie?"

"He does heroin."

"Is that why his face is on the sidewalk?"

"Yes. He's taken heroin and he can't get up."

"Oh, well, that's a good lesson to learn. I don't want to do that."

PLAYBOY: What about sex? Who explained the facts of life to you?

ROBBINS: My father, probably, though I really don't remember the conversation. I was also looking at PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: When you were how old?

ROBBINS: Ah, 13. I would buy these old PLAYBOYS from this used-book shop, so I probably learned more about sex from PLAYBOY than from my parents.

PLAYBOY: Did they approve of this, or

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was this something you kept hidden?

ROBBINS: I would hide them.

PLAYBOY: Ever get caught?

ROBBINS: Looking back, I can't say my parents didn't know they were there. I kept them under my mattress, and I'm sure when they were changing the sheets they must have seen them. But they didn't say anything. They wouldn't make it an issue.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you lost your virginity?

ROBBINS: Seventeen. Which, according to PLAYBOY, is very late.

PLAYBOY: Particularly for someone working in the theater.

ROBBINS: That's true. I had girlfriends, but it was really difficult to find a place to do it. My parents never went away, not for a weekend, not even for a day. The theater was the only place. I can remember maybe two opportunities that I had in this little quasi-bedroom at the theater, but nothing ever happened.

PLAYBOY: So it happened in college?

ROBBINS: Yeah, I was 17.

PLAYBOY: Was it a big deal? Were you a sex-obsessed teenager?

ROBBINS: I wouldn't say obsessed, no.

PLAYBOY: Were you a horny guy?

ROBBINS: All guys are horny, aren't they?

PLAYBOY: So it was a big deal?

ROBBINS: To lose my virginity? Absolutely. It was a rite of passage.

PLAYBOY: Is it a good story?

ROBBINS: No. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: OK.

ROBBINS: I'd like to say it is, but it isn't.

PLAYBOY: How did you wind up at the State University of New York at Plattsburgh?

ROBBINS: It was a state university far away from New York City and it had the only theater department of all the state universities that I applied to that sent me any literature. My options were limited. We didn't have much money.

PLAYBOY: What was Plattsburgh like?

ROBBINS: It was like a two-year party, a chance to just let loose and have a good time. I got involved in theater productions immediately. Had a great time.

PLAYBOY: Why did you leave after your second year?

ROBBINS: Because after about a year and a half I realized that the partying was not going to get me anywhere. And the theater department there wasn't so great. I left after two years and went out to Los Angeles to establish residency so I could afford to go to college at UCLA. I applied and was eventually accepted. I worked in a warehouse for a year and earned money to put myself through college.

PLAYBOY: You also delivered pizzas in Beverly Hills and waited tables at the Hillcrest Country Club. What were those jobs like?

ROBBINS: The pizza job was great because the tips were really good—you could make $100 to $150 a night.

PLAYBOY: And Hillcrest?

ROBBINS: Hillcrest—that was a rough crowd. [*Laughs*] It wasn't a great job.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ROBBINS: It was a salaried job, so tipping wasn't allowed. It wasn't like a real waiter job; you couldn't make the same kind of money. It was steady work and it was a pretty good check every week, but after a while it got to be a real drag.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever serve anybody you later worked with?

ROBBINS: No, no. I served George Burns and Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. I think I also served Joey Bishop.

PLAYBOY: What kind of theater were you doing?

ROBBINS: By that time I was doing Equity Waiver Theater in Los Angeles with the Actors' Gang. We had done our first show, *Ubu the King*. It was kind of a surreal life, you know, to wait tables at this stuffy country club, then head off to the theater by midnight to perform an early French surrealist classic in a real anarchic style.

Same thing when I started acting in episodic television. In order to survive I had to continue my other jobs. So it was a very strange period: going to the set of a movie or TV show, then calling from the set and telling the pizza place that I couldn't be there on time. You know? And then hoping I wouldn't get fired.

PLAYBOY: What was the guiding philosophy of the Actors' Gang?

ROBBINS: There wasn't really a guiding philosophy, other than the idea that we wanted to bring to the stage a certain amount of energy and anarchy. In the beginning, it was a male-oriented group; all of us were athletes and we wanted to bring that kind of athletic ethic to the stage—go out and sweat and work hard and do lots of physical comedy.

PLAYBOY: Doing theater in L.A. has been compared to doing mime for the blind.

ROBBINS: Oh, that's not fair.

PLAYBOY: But L.A. is a notoriously unsupportive atmosphere for theater.

ROBBINS: I disagree completely.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROBBINS: In fact, I would say that New York is not conducive to theater. New York does not encourage its young. It does not encourage experimentation. Consequently, anything that's new or innovative comes from outside New York. Regional theater is where it's at.

Look at *Angels in America*, for example. That play started outside of New York and was given support by regional critics. Then it came to New York, and New York got credit for a Pulitzer Prize–winning play. It's not true at all. If that play had opened off-Broadway in New York, it would have been destroyed. It's high-stakes poker in New York, a masochistic venture, I think, for a playwright. We have, what, two legitimate plays on Broadway right now? We're not doing theater for any kind of working class.

We're not doing theater for people who live in the city. We're doing theater for tourists and people from Connecticut.

What L.A. offered was a long process of nurturing and support from its major news outlets. The *Los Angeles Times* came to see our first play; we got a bad review, so I called the paper and asked another reviewer to come down. That time we got a rave. Now, that's simply not possible in New York. We were allowed to grow and learn because of that kind of support. I would also venture to say that the audiences in Los Angeles are more adventurous.

PLAYBOY: After all the work you had done in theater, what was it like to begin working in television?

ROBBINS: It was exciting. Interesting. A different kind of acting. It was great training for the movies because in television you don't have many takes, three at the most and you're out of there. So you had to have a certain amount of self-discipline if you wanted to come off with a good performance.

PLAYBOY: How much did your looks affect the kinds of things that you were being offered?

ROBBINS: Well, I was not going to get any little-guy roles. [*Laughs*] You know, I've been lucky in that regard. My looks haven't put me into one category. I don't look like a blue blood. I don't look like a criminal. I don't look like anything.

PLAYBOY: Come on. What do you look like?

ROBBINS: Uh, some guy. Some tall guy.

PLAYBOY: Three adjectives often used to describe you are: baby-faced, gangly and shaggy. Agree?

ROBBINS: Shaggy I agree with. I'm not gangly; I'm very coordinated. When I think of the word gangly, I think of someone who's not comfortable with his body. I've played characters like that, but that's not who I am. And baby-faced? Well, yeah, I do have a bit of a baby face. But I guess that just means I'll be working longer.

PLAYBOY: What was your first film experience like?

ROBBINS: It was in a film called *Toy Soldiers*. It's not much of a movie. The thing I remember most about it is coming back from lunch with Jason Miller one day and seeing the director deck the producer. It was my introduction to film. And here's what was interesting: Right after the producer went down from the punch, the director reached down, pulled him up and said, "I'm sorry. I had to do that."

PLAYBOY: You've said that in the beginning you were in movies and TV for the money you needed to support the Actors' Gang. Did you have to keep reminding yourself about that when you agreed to make *Fraternity Vacation*?

ROBBINS: Yes, I did. I certainly didn't think I was doing art by any stretch of the imagination. It was my first lead in a movie, and how can you turn that down when you're delivering pizzas?

PLAYBOY: When they talk about the expensive bombs of the Eighties, they usually list *Heaven's Gate*, *Ishtar* and *Howard the Duck*.

ROBBINS: I'm very proud to be in one of the top three. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: What did *Howard the Duck* feel like while you were making it?

ROBBINS: It felt like a big mistake from the start. But again, I wasn't in a position to turn it down.

PLAYBOY: Obviously. It was a big part in a highly visible film. When you were cast, did it feel like your big break?

ROBBINS: Yeah. It felt like it was going to be a big break—until I got to the set and saw the duck. And I saw the direction they were going with the duck. At that point I knew we were in trouble. I had read the comic books and had a different perception of what that character was. The movie went for cute and adorable, and it should have gone for offensive and gruff.

PLAYBOY: When you saw the finished film, was it worse than you thought it would be?

ROBBINS: I was at Universal Studios, sitting in a screening room that was frigidly air-conditioned, and sweat was still rising on my neck. It was . . . it was . . . it was one of those hard screenings to watch. It was just a huge reminder of six months of hell.

PLAYBOY: You once said that, early on, you didn't have a huge appetite for success. Why not?

ROBBINS: I was talking about the years before *Bull Durham*, when it was just as important for me to do theater as have success in the movie business.

PLAYBOY: Did you do anything special for your *Bull Durham* audition?

ROBBINS: I had to pitch. I had to show Ron [Shelton] that I could throw the ball, that I had some kind of pitching form. He didn't want to have to fake that.

PLAYBOY: How *is* your pitching motion?

ROBBINS: It's pretty good. I played third base for a long time, so I had a pretty good arm. What I discovered when I got down to North Carolina is that power pitching is really all in the legs, which I never realized before. It's all in the push off the mound.

PLAYBOY: Once you started pitching for the movie, did you have any delusions that you could do it for real?

ROBBINS: No, because I didn't have the control. That was real. Nuke's lack of control was real.

PLAYBOY: When you were making *Bull Durham*, did you have any sense that it would be such a runaway hit?

ROBBINS: No sense at all. All I knew is that we had a great time doing it, that everyone liked one another, that it was a blast to make. And it was a dream to be able to do a movie in which, between takes, you got to throw the ball around.

PLAYBOY: After that movie came out, was there an effort to typecast you as Nuke?

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ROBBINS: Absolutely. Countless scripts with doltish guys.

PLAYBOY: So how did you choose your next few movies? For example, what attracted you to *Miss Firecracker*?

ROBBINS: A role of a man with passion and intelligence and poetry in his soul. Very different from Nuke. I liked the script. I was happy with the performance, too.

PLAYBOY: *Cadillac Man*?

ROBBINS: Primarily the possibility of working with Robin Williams. And I'm really glad I did that film because Robin has become a good friend. Above all, that remains the most important thing about that film.

PLAYBOY: *Erik the Viking*?

ROBBINS: To work with [director] Terry Jones. I'd been a huge Monty Python fan, and I wanted to be a part of that kind of madness. I'm not sure why that movie doesn't work. I discovered that there's a different sensibility of comedy between the English and Americans. I think that may have been what kept it from going further.

PLAYBOY: *Jacob's Ladder*?

ROBBINS: It was an amazing script. My first real dramatic lead. And what a journey for the character. What a challenge to play some of those situations.

PLAYBOY: Is that what selecting movie roles is all about for you: the challenge?

ROBBINS: What I've tried to do throughout my career is play different kinds of people from movie to movie. This has been very beneficial in the long run because now I'm offered different kinds of roles. That's a great position to be in as an actor. The downside is that audiences can't get a grasp of who you are, so you're not as bankable as someone who tends to play the same role over and over.

PLAYBOY: How did you define success when you were starting out?

ROBBINS: I thought it would be a great way to earn a living while I worked in the theater.

PLAYBOY: How do you define it now?

ROBBINS: It means freedom to choose what I want to do. It means being able to take five months off and work on a play or a screenplay or hang out with my family. It means getting good Knicks tickets.

PLAYBOY: When do you most feel like a movie star?

ROBBINS: [*Laughs*] Well, recently it was when I was able to get into the victory party the night the Rangers won the Stanley Cup. I've been a Ranger fan since I was a little kid, and I used to sit up in the blue seats and watch these teams that were great and some that were not so great. But it was a long time coming, this victory.

After we won it, a friend and I got into a cab, and the driver knew where the party was. Took us right there. Police barricades, cops all over the place. And I have to say, I don't do this very often, but I shamelessly used any celebrity I had to get past those barricades. And it was such a great party. To see [Mark] Messier walk in with the Stanley Cup, and to drink from the Stanley Cup——

PLAYBOY: You got to drink from it?

ROBBINS: Yeah. I was in heaven. And at 6:30 in the morning, everyone was still drinking and there were bagpipes—Scottish dress, full bagpipes playing as the sun was coming up. It was pretty magical.

PLAYBOY: What parts of moviemaking do you like the most and the least?

ROBBINS: There are times when you're in a performance and you get in a zone: The lines are flowing perfectly off your tongue, you're completely there as the character and, if something unexpected happens, you roll right with it—you aren't phased at all. You discover a moment that is true magic, a moment that wasn't scripted, that wasn't prepared or planned.

What I like least: not seeing my kids.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about them. Has having kids changed your life?

It's human nature. They want to know who's fucking who, and they just love a good tawdry story, whether it's true or not.

ROBBINS: Profoundly. I have different priorities. I realize what's important in life. Kids put things into perspective.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

ROBBINS: Well, you have a hard day at work, but it doesn't mean a thing when you're home. It just disappears, because you find out soon enough that you can't bring the baggage of your life and its pressures into their lives. And you go to sleep a lot earlier. I now take better care of myself. And I haven't been to a bar in a long time.

PLAYBOY: You have a weekend house in Westchester County, somewhat uncharacteristic for a city boy. What was the attraction?

ROBBINS: I'd never lived in the country, and now that I've earned enough money to do something with it, Susan and I decided we wanted a place where we could take the kids, a place where they could run around on the grass, experience a little nature. That's one thing I was never able to experience as a child. For me, trees grew out of the pavement.

I like the area we're in in Westchester. We have neighbors with kids around the same age as ours, and all the kids can go out and ride their bikes. I like it that they have that opportunity.

PLAYBOY: So why not live there full-time?

ROBBINS: Because I wouldn't want to live outside of New York City. I actually think New York is a good place to bring up children.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROBBINS: Because it's honest. It's a real democracy at work: people from all economic strata intermingling, all kinds of languages being spoken everywhere. For me, it's a good way to introduce children to what life is really about. One tends to become sheltered in upper-income communities in the suburbs and in the country, and I don't think those children are as ready for life and the surprises it holds as kids who grow up in the city.

PLAYBOY: What parts of fatherhood didn't you anticipate?

ROBBINS: Sleep deprivation.

PLAYBOY: What part is exactly what you thought it would be?

ROBBINS: None of it. I had no idea that it would be as thrilling as it is.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite part?

ROBBINS: Playing with toys again.

PLAYBOY: And what is your least favorite part?

ROBBINS: Not being able to protect my children from disappointment and heartbreak.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel a difference between fatherhood and stepfatherhood?

ROBBINS: Not much, no.

PLAYBOY: What are the drawbacks of raising kids in the city when you and your mate are famous?

ROBBINS: Being out with your kids and someone wants your autograph, and you just want to be with your kids.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle it?

ROBBINS: We ask the kids if it's OK with them if we sign an autograph.

PLAYBOY: And what do they say?

ROBBINS: Sometimes yes, sometimes no. If they say no, we explain to the person that our son or our daughter would prefer that we not do it right now—that we're with them.

PLAYBOY: How much of a sense do your kids have of what you do?

ROBBINS: I think the older kids know exactly what we do. The baby probably has an idea that, from time to time, we live in trailers during the day. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: So, overall, what kind of father are you?

ROBBINS: That's not for me to say.

PLAYBOY: Are you strict? Are you soft? Are you the disciplinarian?

ROBBINS: I would rather not get into it. I'd rather not get behind the door of my house.

PLAYBOY: We understand, but we're going to keep knocking on that door. It's our job.

ROBBINS: Well, you can knock as much as you like. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: What do you think of most

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celebrity journalism?

ROBBINS: I like interviews like this one in PLAYBOY, where it's really just the words. I tend to read those more. They're really just about what the person has to say, rather than the interpretation of the person writing the profile. I have certainly run into both types. Some people are pretty accurate with what you say, but there are other journalists who'd be a lot happier if you treated them like your father confessor and opened up in that Barbara Walters way.

You know, people decry sexuality on TV, but they're making shows like *Hard Copy*—I don't even want to mention the name of that show, you can cut that out—but people are making these tabloid news shows that are spreading rumors and are so disrespectful of people's privacy. And people love it. People love that stuff.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROBBINS: Because it's human nature. They want to know who's fucking who, and they just love a good tawdry story, whether it's true or not. Forget the people's reputations. Forget their feelings. If it's a good rumor and it makes good copy, it becomes news.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so guarded about your personal life, especially about your relationship with Susan?

ROBBINS: I think the love between two people is a sacred and private thing. It cheapens it to talk about it in front of millions of people. It's unnecessary. When other people do it, I suppose that I have a morbid fascination with it, but mostly I'm just embarrassed for them.

PLAYBOY: But the interest in you derives both from your visibility and popularity and from the fact that you happen to live with a woman whom, frankly, millions of men lust for.

ROBBINS: You left out the part about the hundreds of thousands of women lusting for me. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: That too.

ROBBINS: Well, I don't know that that's true, and I never—it never enters my thinking.

PLAYBOY: Do you at least understand the curiosity?

ROBBINS: Sure, I understand the curiosity. But that doesn't mean that I have to buy into it.

PLAYBOY: What is hardest about balancing two careers and a relationship?

ROBBINS: Finding the time to go out to dinner.

PLAYBOY: You know, on several occasions PLAYBOY has asked Susan to pose for the magazine. What would you think about that?

ROBBINS: What would I think about Susan posing nude?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

ROBBINS: If it was something that was going to make her happy, I don't think I would care.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember most about first meeting her?

ROBBINS: I guess I met her at the audition for *Bull Durham*. I remember thinking that she was beautiful and smart.

PLAYBOY: Had you thought of her as a sex symbol prior to that?

ROBBINS: No. I thought of her as a really good actress.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a relationship this serious or long-lasting?

ROBBINS: No.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between the dynamic with an older woman and one with someone your own age or younger?

ROBBINS: I don't think about it in those terms. I wouldn't generalize like that.

PLAYBOY: How about in terms of your own experience?

ROBBINS: Age hasn't been a factor.

PLAYBOY: Really?

ROBBINS: No. Each person is who they are. I've met young women who are old; I've met older women who are young.

PLAYBOY: Where does Susan fall in that spectrum?

Forget the people's reputations. Forget their feelings. If it's a good rumor and it makes good copy, it becomes news.

ROBBINS: It's none of your business.

PLAYBOY: In her *Playboy Interview*, Susan said that younger men have an easier time dealing with strong women because they've been brought up in an age of feminism, where there are more strong women. Do you think that's true?

ROBBINS: No. I think that is a broad generalization.

PLAYBOY: When Vice President Dan Quayle blamed Murphy Brown for the riots in Los Angeles, he made some remarks about the fabric of family life coming apart because of the number of children born out of wedlock. You've discussed what you think of those statements, but did you take it personally, based on the fact that you and Susan aren't married and have kids?

ROBBINS: Not at all. I don't take anything any politician says personally. Especially idiotic ones.

PLAYBOY: What's the longest relationship you've had prior to this one?

ROBBINS: Seven months.

PLAYBOY: Ever come close to getting married before?

ROBBINS: No.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROBBINS: The person didn't fascinate me enough.

PLAYBOY: Here's one who does and yet you're still not married.

ROBBINS: We are married for all intents and purposes. We have two kids together. We've been together for seven years. I'd say that's married.

PLAYBOY: Why are people so fascinated by the fact that you are not legally, technically married?

ROBBINS: I don't know. I really don't know.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps it's the implication that there's always an out—that you can just leave without having to go through the legal hassles of a divorce.

ROBBINS: That's not true.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROBBINS: Because you can still be sued by your mate.

PLAYBOY: Yet you haven't taken the legal step. Is there a particular reason?

ROBBINS: No.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the institution of marriage in general?

ROBBINS: Whatever gets you through the night.

PLAYBOY: Are you always this evasive?

ROBBINS: You're knocking on my door. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: That's right. But we're also at the point where we feel compelled to ask: What is it like to get into bed with Susan Sarandon every night?

ROBBINS: [*Pauses*] Aren't you embarrassed to ask that question?

PLAYBOY: It's the question that almost any man would want to ask.

ROBBINS: But would you ask that question of a stranger on a bus or a train? You would——

PLAYBOY: But you're not a stranger. You're a celebrity——

ROBBINS: You would get punched out, man.

PLAYBOY: That's probably true.

ROBBINS: So why do I have to have this sense of civility?

PLAYBOY: Certainly you must be aware that men think this way.

ROBBINS: No. Actually I wasn't until you just said it.

PLAYBOY: Come on. Now you're being disingenuous. We don't really expect you to answer the question, but you can't say you don't understand the curiosity of the average man, the guy who thinks, Geez, he gets to go to bed every night with Susan Sarandon. How do you feel about that?

ROBBINS: I don't feel anything about that. That's an artificial reality.

PLAYBOY: OK.

ROBBINS: And if you think I'm going to waste my time thinking about what other people are thinking, you've got to be crazy. That way lies madness.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He hires a limousine to take her to dinner and brings chilled champagne with two glasses. Just for the fun of it. He cares about the quality of his life. And hers. He reads PLAYBOY because he appreciates its quest for the excellent. When it comes to nightlife, one of every nine men who dines out is a PLAYBOY reader. He is a man who differentiates between the extraordinary and the mundane. What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? One who wants the best out of life. (Source: 1994 Spring MRI.)

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL SEX SURVEY

6,000 RESPONDENTS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS TELL ABOUT THEIR SEX LIVES: WHO GETS THE MOST? WHO GETS THE LEAST? WHO'S KINKY? WHO'S NOT?

IN 1993 PLAYBOY undertook a unique sex survey. We asked readers of ten foreign editions (plus our own) to respond to a questionnaire. This international survey was a logical response to cultural shifts taking place all over the world—the rise of Asia and the fall of communism, new national boundaries, open borders and a rosy future for free enterprise. With new editions in Poland, the Czech Republic and Hungary, Playboy was among the first U.S. companies to launch capitalist ventures in post-communist Europe. Until now, no one has reported on the sexual frontiers of the new world order. To us, it seems about time.

What follows is an unprecedented glimpse at sex in Brazil, the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Japan, the Netherlands, Poland, Taiwan and the U.S.

In the survey, we asked readers 62 questions about how and what they do, as well as where and with whom they do it—and whether AIDS has changed their behavior. We received more than 6000 responses, including some from women. Because the number of female respondents varied widely from country to country, it didn't seem appropriate to use their answers for comparison in most cases. Therefore, this report focuses on men except where clearly stated otherwise.

The returns provide an extraordinary look at sex styles on four continents. Frequently, the responses surprised us. For

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOLORES FAIRMAN

example, what can we make of the men in Taiwan? More than a quarter of them expect to have sex on the first date. Good luck when you leave home. How do we explain the fact that most Poles say AIDS has increased their number of sexual partners? Frenchmen have the most oral sex and are the most likely to have sex every day. The Japanese have sex least often but are the survey's number one condom fans. Brazilians visit prostitutes the most, and Poles are most likely to masturbate daily.

And what about sex American-style? Americans have a high number of sex partners and aren't likely to visit prostitutes. Half of us are willing to date for a month before having sex, and our sex partners reach orgasm from oral sex 65 percent of the time—a world record in this sample.

In the questionnaire we covered an array of sexual interests and activities that represent the major themes of the continuing sexual revolution: varieties of sexual activity, frequency of sex, sexual partners, fantasy, sexually transmitted diseases and contraception. We begin our report by scrutinizing the definitive sexual act: intercourse.

INTERCOURSE

Sex experts from Alfred Kinsey to Wilt Chamberlain have linked frequency of intercourse to overall sexual satisfaction. Therefore, we asked our readers to report on frequency as well as satisfaction. How much sex is everybody getting?

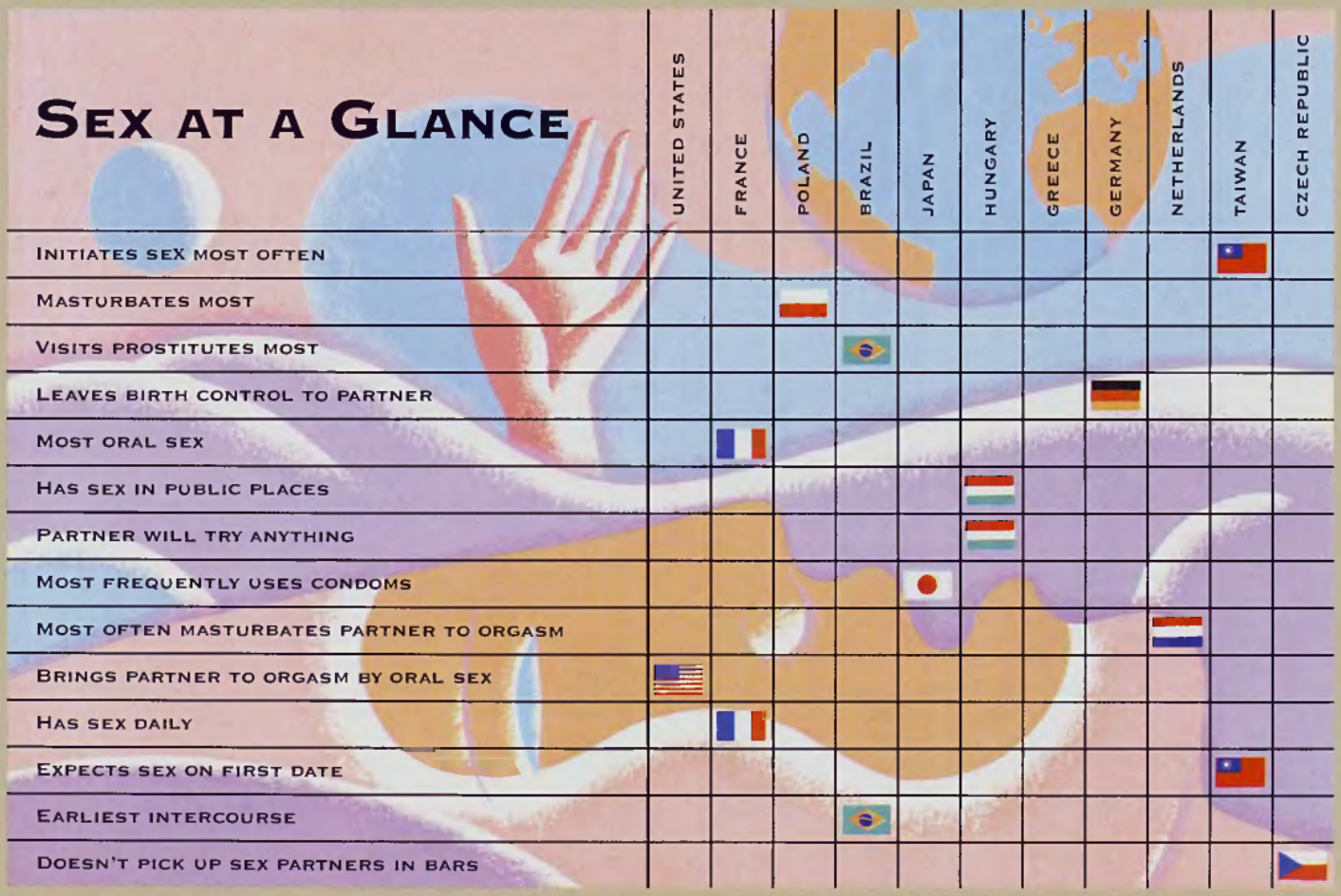
The short answer: The French are doing it at Wilt the Stilt standards, the Japanese are comparatively restrained and Yanks are somewhere in between. The French begin to look like advertisements for the erotic power of Evian water and Camembert. More than a third of the Frenchmen in the survey said they have sex four to five times a week, and a fifth of them do it daily.

Meanwhile, two percent of the Japanese men surveyed said they enjoy a daily sexual encounter and only six percent have sex four to five times a week. An explanation may lie in the relatively long time that Japanese men devote to each sexual experience. Nearly a third spend more than 45 minutes in a typical lovemaking session. On the average, less than a fifth of all the men in the survey spend that much time. Premature ejaculation doesn't seem to be a Japanese problem.

Other nationalities bear little resemblance to the Japanese. But few men anywhere other than France have intercourse more than four times a week. Less than a fifth of Americans do it that often, and a mere six percent do it daily. What if we draw the line at once a week? On the average, 80 percent of the men in all 11 countries have sex at least once a week. Americans, at 75 percent, fall slightly below average, and Czechs fully illustrate the unbearable lightness of their being at 90 percent. Among women, intercourse frequency numbers varied from 45 percent of German women who do it four or more times a week to 17 percent of Taiwanese women. American women in our survey reported in at 29 percent, while 7 percent of the women in the University of Chicago study said they had intercourse that often.

But are our respondents happy? Maybe. Sexually satisfied? Guess again. No matter how often they have intercourse—daily or weekly—a large percentage continue to lust. Eighty-seven percent of Frenchmen have sex more than once a week, but only 55 percent report that this is often enough. Americans, 73 percent of whom do it more than once a week, are among the least contented—only 38 percent think they get enough sex.

It's not for lack of trying. In every country, whatever claim women make for sexual liberation, men persist in being the sexual initiators. In Taiwan, 99 percent of the respondents said they usually or always initiate sex. Among Frenchmen, 95 percent usually or always get things started, and 91 percent of Americans initiate sex most of the time. The least persistent



THE FLAGS ON THE CHART INDICATE WHICH COUNTRY HAD THE LARGEST PERCENTAGE OF AFFIRMATIVE RESPONSES TO A PARTICULAR QUESTION.

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men reside in Germany, Hungary and the Czech Republic, where a quarter of the respondents said that they rarely initiate sex. Given the level of sexual activity in the Czech Republic, women there appear to be more sexually assertive than those elsewhere.

We know how often our readers are doing it and who usually puts sexual activity in motion. But what exactly are they doing? We asked readers to indicate their favorite sexual positions and activities and how they bring their partner to orgasm most often.

The data show a strong link between frequent sex and a varied sex life. Consider the French. Among the nationalities polled, the French are sampling from a broad sexual palette. What brings Frenchwomen to orgasm? You name it: intercourse, masturbation, oral sex, foreplay and anal sex—almost a third of the Frenchmen's partners reach orgasm through anal sex. We're not sure what these findings say about Frenchmen, but Frenchwomen sound interesting.

Similarly, there is a link between favorite sexual positions and sexual frequency. Those who have sex least often—the Japanese and Taiwanese—prefer the missionary position to either female-on-top or rear-entry positions. In countries with the highest sexual activity (France and the Czech Republic), rear entry is tops, so to speak.

One controversial area of sex research involves intercourse and female orgasm. How many women are capable of coming solely through intercourse? In the Sixties, Masters and Johnson said most women can. But sex researchers ever since have argued whether more than a few can climax without additional clitoral stimulation. Our survey shows that in every country, men claimed that their partners frequently have an orgasm through intercourse alone. In Brazil, 90 percent of the men said so; in the U.S., 75 percent. In fact, the vast majority of men—in every country except Greece—said that intercourse was the way their partners most often achieve orgasm. Even so, the alternatives have not been ignored.

ORAL SEX

When we talk about oral sex we are talking, obviously, about two separate acts—giving and getting.

Giving oral sex is popular among our readers, and a substantial number reported that their partners reach orgasm through oral sex—65 percent of Americans, 52 percent of Brazilians and 42 percent of the French. We asked our readers how often they perform oral sex. Eight percent of the Greek men said they do every day, but more impressive numbers come from those who provide it more than once a week: the French, 64 percent; Poles, 46; Greeks, 38; and Brazilians, 35. The popularity of cunnilingus is not so high in Japan, Hungary or the Netherlands, where, respectively, 19, 22 and 22 percent of men do it more than once a week. In Taiwan, 17 percent said they never do it.

We also asked our readers how much oral sex they get. Those who receive it more than once a week are led again by the French (48 percent), followed by the Greeks (42 percent) and the Brazilians and Poles (both at 38 percent). On the other hand, almost 50 percent of Brazilians rarely, if ever, receive oral sex. More on that follows.

In most countries, a kind of male-female parity exists among those who frequently indulge in oral sex: Men give and get oral sex at nearly equal rates. For example, in the U.S., 26 percent give cunnilingus and 24 percent get fellatio more than once a week; in Germany, 29 give and 28 percent get; in Hungary, 22 and 23; Brazil, 35 and 38; Taiwan, 21 and 21; and in Japan, 19 and 19.

Where these figures diverge is among those who do it the least, regardless of nationality. In France, nine percent of men rarely or never give oral sex, but 24 percent rarely or never receive it. A quarter of Brazilian men rarely or never give oral sex, but, as stated above, half rarely or never get it. Three-quarters of the Taiwanese rarely or never give it, but almost half of them rarely or never receive it. Frequent oral sex seems to produce fair-minded partners. Or do fair-minded people

simply like oral sex more?

When men were asked to choose which sex acts they would like to engage in more often, most picked getting oral sex. But how do they determine if they're getting enough? The French are on the receiving end of oral sex most often—48 percent of them get it more than once a week. They are also the most satisfied—62 percent of the French said they get enough oral sex. Almost as many Greeks—42 percent—receive oral sex more than once a week, but only 43 percent of them said they get enough. But frequency isn't the only way to decide how much is enough. Some of the countries with the lowest rates of oral sex registered the highest satisfaction. In those places, the formula for happiness seems to be quid pro quo: If you do me, I'll do you. Take Japanese men. In addition to the 19 percent who give and get oral sex more than once a week, 18 percent give it once a week and 18 percent get it that often, while 23 percent give it once or twice a month and 21 percent get it that often. Japan is hardly a hotbed of oral delights, but 55 percent of the Japanese men reported that they are happy with the amount of oral sex they receive. These stats hold true in Germany, where 52 percent said they get enough oral sex, though 56 percent of married German men want more oral sex from their spouses.

The number of Americans who give oral sex more than once a week (26 percent) nearly match those who get it more than once a week (24 percent). Nineteen percent give it weekly and 20 percent get it weekly. Americans emerge as the least satisfied group in this area: Sixty-six percent want more oral sex. Maybe the Americans have a point. Half the French get oral sex more than weekly; fewer than one-quarter of Americans do.

ANAL SEX

Fifty-nine percent of American men have tried anal sex, and some of our international readers are more experienced. Sixty-six percent of Frenchmen have tried it, as have 65 percent of Greeks. Brazilians trail Americans slightly at 57 percent. Overall, roughly half the men surveyed in each country have tried it, except in Japan (24 percent) and Taiwan (16 percent).

When asked how frequently they participate in anal sex, most men in the survey said rarely. Of the entire survey group, a small percentage claimed that their sexual partners achieve orgasm by anal sex. The serious exceptions, as noted previously, are the French, who claimed that 31 percent of their partners reach orgasm this way. That may explain why 21 percent of the French said they have anal sex frequently and 44 percent said they have it sometimes. A significant number (37 percent) would like to have it more often.

No other nationality showed as much passion for anal sex as the French did. That may mean that practice makes perfect. Those who do it only once or twice never get good at it. For others, the taboo itself may be the attraction. After they've tried it, they move on to other pleasures. The fact that most of the respondents' sex partners don't experience orgasm from anal sex probably makes it an activity unlikely to be repeated often.

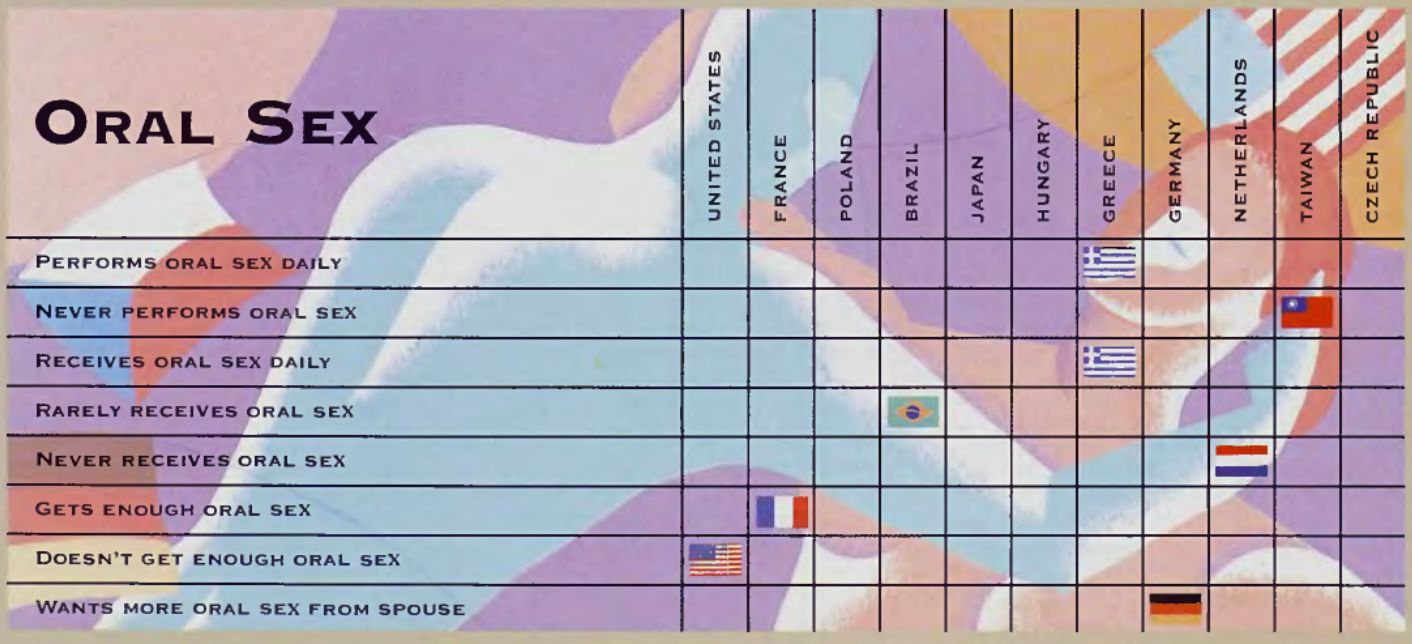
MASTURBATION

When we asked how often they masturbate, men in most countries indicated that they do so less often than they have intercourse. Of the entire survey population, an average of 41 percent masturbate more often than once a week. Sixty-four percent have intercourse that often. A significant segment (15 percent) of the Japanese claimed not to masturbate at all. And 13 percent of the Germans, Brazilians, Czechs and Dutch don't. But well over half of each of those groups do it once a week or more.

Among Poles, 32 percent masturbate daily. (Only about seven percent have intercourse that often.) That figure becomes more astounding when contrasted to other men. No other group comes close in frequency: Greeks are next at 16 percent, followed by Americans at 15. The men of Poland are not sex-starved—62 percent have intercourse more than once a week. That leaves 38 percent who aren't getting it that often, which is—not surprisingly—almost the same as the number of daily masturbators.

DATING

We asked readers to tell us how they go about finding sexual partners. How many do they meet and where do they meet them? What do they find desirable in a sex partner? And when do they change partners? We asked men how many partners they had in the past 12 months. Although the Germans, Hungarians, Taiwanese and Japanese weren't asked this question, the majority of respondents in the other seven countries had five partners or fewer. The most arresting numbers were those for monogamous relationships. In the Netherlands, 72 percent had one partner, in Poland, 59, and in the U.S., 56. Those with the highest percentages of two to five partners included Brazilians (45 percent), Czechs (49 percent) and Greeks and French (37 percent). Few of the respondents had more than ten partners last year, though eight percent of the Brazilians and six



THE FLAGS ON THE CHART INDICATE WHICH COUNTRY HAD THE LARGEST PERCENTAGE OF AFFIRMATIVE RESPONSES TO A PARTICULAR QUESTION.

percent of the French reported they exceeded that number for the year.

Let's turn to the figures for the number of lifetime sexual partners. Except for the 57 percent of men in Taiwan, 14 percent in Japan and 22 percent in Poland who have had only one sex partner, most men have had multiple partners. Thirty percent of the men in most countries have had two to five partners, and a fifth have had six to ten. Both American men and women reported that six percent had only one lifetime partner, less than the 32 percent of women and 20 percent of men in the University of Chicago study. Americans and Brazilians have had the most partners: More than half have had 11 or more. Germans are next at 49 percent. The number of sex partners is heavily influenced by the age at which one first has sex. The Taiwanese rank highest for having had only one sex partner, but nearly one-fifth of this group didn't start having sex until after they were 25. Almost half started having sex when they were between 19 and 25 years old. Conversely, countries in which men have had the most sex partners are the ones in which sex began the earliest. Almost half the Brazilians and more than a third of Americans had sex before the age of 16.

Sexual frequency and number of partners depend on an obviously important factor: one's ability to meet women. For that reason, American men have been known to choose a favorite bar based on its ratio of women to men. Where else do men meet women? We provided a list of eight possible meeting places, plus "other," and asked our respondents to tell us where they most often meet sexual partners. We found an association between men who had the most sexual partners and a broad range of meeting sites. Americans gave most of the categories nearly equal weight. Brazilians did, too, with somewhat stronger support for bars. One possible conclusion: Men who get a lot of sex are always looking.

Some of the other responses are intriguing. The most popular way to meet sex partners in the Czech Republic is through chance encounters in public (28 percent). Bars and school activities are the least popular meeting grounds there. The favorite places for Germans are vacation spots (39 percent).

We know how many partners men find and where they look for them. But in the course of their search, what are they looking for? What are the most important qualities in a good sex partner? Overwhelmingly, the top three choices were gentleness, lust and having liberal attitudes about sex. Germans (60 percent) especially crave gentleness. The Germans (56 percent), Dutch (49 percent) and French (49 percent) prize liberal attitudes. The French (24 percent) and Taiwanese (23 percent) value humor the most. And the top choice for Americans (45 percent) is enthusiasm.

How long before a relationship is consummated? A third of the survey population said sometime within the first month. It would seem logical that those who have sex most frequently or those with the most partners would expect sex the soonest. That's somewhat true for the French—24 percent think they should have sex on the first date. But only seven percent of the Czechs expect to have sex that early. And half of the Americans don't expect to have sex until after a month of dating. Half of the Poles agree. The Japanese work much faster: Half expect sex on the third date or sooner. Surprisingly, 27 percent of the Taiwanese—who are among the most conservative in other areas—expect sex on the first date. Is it possible that men who don't have many partners or who don't have intercourse frequently will push to have sex earlier, because they assume that the opportunity may not present itself again soon?

SEXUAL ADDITIVES

Frequency and variety are two ways of measuring sexual temperature. Another dimension of sex is its embellishments. We asked our readers what they do and do not add to the mix.

Close to 100 percent of respondents had watched an X-rated movie (the Japanese lagged behind at 86 percent). We asked if they had watched an X-rated movie with a partner. More had than hadn't—except in Japan, where 51 percent had not. In France, 91 percent had watched with a partner; in Hungary, 84 percent; and in Taiwan, 82 percent.

We asked if readers ever have sex with more than one person at a time. The most experienced at the practice are the French, who coined the term, after all: 42 percent have had a ménage à trois. Second are the Taiwanese (37 percent), who are apparently keeping alive at least one tradition of the ancient Chinese dynasties. Thirty-six percent of Americans have tried it, while most others range between 12 and 33 percent. Only ten percent of the Japanese have done it.

Both in real life and fiction, drugs have been connected to sex, whether the drugs are marijuana, cocaine or Quaaludes. How important are drugs to good sex, and who uses them? Among our survey participants, the most enthusiastic drug users are the Poles, 66 percent of whom fuel their passion with some form of narcotic. Americans were split nearly 50-50. Of the Brazilians, 36 percent use drugs, as do 28 percent of the Germans. Asians showed the least inclination toward drugs. Only five percent of the Taiwanese and 15 percent of the Japanese use them.

IN THE MOOD

There's more to a sexual relationship than sex, of course. Do national characteristics come to bear on the sensitive area of negotiating with sex partners?

We posed two problems to the survey audience. First we asked what a reader would do if he wanted sex and his partner didn't. Then we asked what he would do if she wanted sex and he didn't. To the first question, 34 percent of the Japanese said they would pretend it was all right. Sixteen percent would talk it out with their partner. Only 11 percent would keep trying until their partner gave in. Persistence was the leading choice of Hungarians (49 percent), of whom only eight percent claimed always to be the dominant partner. The Germans win the Alan Alda award for decency under fire: 32 percent would pretend it was all right and 40 percent would talk it over with their partner. Americans were equally divided among most of the choices, which also included masturbating or going to sleep. The final option, finding a different sex partner, received the most support—14 percent—from the French.

As to the second question—she wants to and he doesn't—most respondents found negotiation unnecessary: 64 percent of the Greeks, 60 percent of the Dutch, 53 percent of the Americans and 50 percent of the Brazilians said they always want sex. Hungarians (68 percent) would say they are not in the mood, while 45 percent of the French and 43 percent of the Japanese would go through the motions. A fifth of the Taiwanese would pretend they missed the cues and go to sleep.

FANTASY

Fantasy can be the engine that drives sex. Sometimes, it's all there is. Except for the Japanese, almost all respondents said they fantasize considerably. About half of them do so all day long, which certainly explains European drivers.

Most Japanese don't fantasize often and 23 percent never fantasize. A new sex partner spurs 41 percent of the Japanese to fantasize.

Interestingly, most men fantasize about their sex partner, implying that monogamy has its own rich fantasy life. The Germans (63 percent), the Brazilians (59 percent), the Taiwanese (53 percent) and the Americans (45 percent) all fantasize about their own partner. The numbers were more modest when it came to strangers: Americans (33 percent), Dutch (30 percent), the French (25 percent). So much for the notion that men always want what they can't get.

EXTRAMARITAL PARTNERS

We asked married men (two-thirds of our respondents were married) if they have ever had an extramarital affair. Nearly 71 percent of the married German respondents claimed to have had an affair, followed by the Brazilians (66

(text continued on page 146)

"God! Your Jackson Pollock always puts me in a frenzy."

THE RIGHT STUFF

last year's miss february follows in the *price is right* pumps of dian parkinson

JULIE LYNN CIALINI—you'll remember her as Miss February 1994 (below)—limps off a helicopter after flying in from her photo shoot on Catalina Island. That's right, limps. She laughs her big laugh when we mention that she has the most beautiful bum leg we've ever seen. "I tore some ligaments while I was doing a photo shoot at a water slide in Las Vegas," she says. "Just got the cast off!" Her leg is going to be fine—well, you can see that it is already fine, but it'll carry her around perfectly well, too. And not a moment too soon, because she's now striding coolly in Dian Parkinson's high-heeled shoes as one of the presenters on a new version of *The Price Is Right*, hosted by Doug Davidson (above left). "I'm really excited about it," Julie says. "Now there's a daytime *Price Is Right* and a nighttime one, too. There are different casts and sets, but it's basically the same game." Then Julie cuts to the important stuff: "The nighttime show has better prizes—boats and things—the girls are a little younger and the clothing will be a little more revealing." Julie Lynn Cialini, come on down!

Before Julie began her game-show gig on *The Price Is Right*, we gave her practice draping herself over an array of fabulous prizes, as you will see on the following pages. In her Playmate story last year, Miss February told us she likes being the center of attention. She has unquestionably got ours.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

In keeping with the new show's focus on grander prizes in modes of tronsportotion, we've given Julie rides on some of the hottest vehicles going. On the opposite page, Julie dazzles the camera and any lucky fish or skin divers who happen to swim below her Escopade Cleor Bottom boat. Try to imagine a deep-voiced announcer saying, "Avoilable for $8000 from Crystol Boats of Torrance, California" as Julie gestures ond the oudience applouds. Below, Julie hitches o ride on a Hummer, the all-terrain vehicle made famous by the Gulf war. It's available for $60,000 from AM General, if you're not lucky enough to win it on the show. (Hood ornament not included.)

At left, Julie goes interactive in a demonstration we would enjoy seeing on syndicated television. We can dream, can't we? She's responding to the VFX1 virtual-reality headset, which lends lifelike sounds and sights to computer games. The helmet comes with two high-resolution color eyepieces (which give the illusion of 3-D images), high-fidelity stereo earphones, a built-in microphone to communicate with other players and a head tracker to coordinate movements in the field of vision. All this for $995, from Forte Technologies. Opposite, Julie displays her talent for the requisite presenter's 1000-watt smile as she shows off (and upstages) the Softride Power V, a carbon-fiber road bike and suspension system with a suspended seat, which allows a smooth ride on bumpy roads and mountain trails. As you can see, the bicycle is light, too. The Softride Power V is available for $2795 from the bike masters at Softride.

SOFTRIDE
SUSPENSION
SOFTRIDE

KELLER'S KARMA

THE GUY IS A KILLER. THAT'S WHAT HE DOES. BUT WHEN THEY SET UP THE TARGET, THEY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A WOMAN

FICTION BY

lawrence block

IN WHITE PLAINS, Keller sat in the kitchen with Dot for 20 minutes. The TV was on, tuned to one of the home-shopping channels. "I watch all the time," Dot said. "I never buy anything. What do I want with cubic zirconium?"

"Why do you watch?"

"That's what I ask myself, Keller. I haven't come up with the answer yet, but I think I know one of the things I like most about it. It's continuous."

"Continuous?"

"It's uninterrupted. They never break the flow to go to a commercial."

"But the whole thing's a commercial," Keller said.

"That's different," she said.

A buzzer sounded. Dot picked up the intercom, listened a moment, then nodded significantly at Keller.

He went upstairs, where he was with the old man for 10 or 15 minutes. On his way out he stopped in the kitchen and got himself a glass of water. He stood at the sink and took his time drinking it. Dot was shaking her head at the television set. "It's all jewelry," she said. "Who buys all this jewelry? What do they want with it?"

"I don't know," he said. "Can I ask you something?"

"Ask away."

"Is he all right?"

"Why?"

"I just wondered."

"Did you hear something?"

"No, nothing like that. He seems tired, that's all."

"Everybody's tired," she said. "Life's a lot of work and it tires people out. But he's fine."

•

Keller took a train to Grand Central, a cab to his apartment. Nelson met him at the door with the leash in his mouth. Keller laughed and fastened the leash to the dog's collar. He had calls to make, a trip to schedule, but those could wait. Right now he

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

was going to take his dog for a walk.

He headed over to the river. Nelson liked it there, but then, Nelson seemed to like it everywhere. He certainly had a boundless enthusiasm for long walks. He never ran out of gas. You could exhaust yourself walking him and he'd be ready to go again ten minutes later. Of course, you had to keep in mind that he had twice as many legs as a human. Keller figured that had to make a difference.

"I'm going to have to take a trip," he told Nelson. "Not too long, I don't think. But that's the thing, you never really know. Sometimes I'll fly out in the morning and be back the same night, and other times it'll stretch to a week. But you don't have to worry. As soon as we get back to the house I'll call Andria."

The dog's ears pricked up at the girl's name. Nelson was an Australian cattle dog, and Keller wasn't sure where the breed ranked in comparative intelligence but figured it had to be close to the top. The dog didn't miss much.

"She's due to walk you tomorrow anyway," Keller said. "I could probably just stick a letter of instructions next to your leash, but why leave anything to chance? As soon as we get home I'll beep her."

Andria, who earned a living walking people's dogs and watering their plants, had a standing appointment to take Nelson for a walk on Tuesday mornings and Friday afternoons. For this service Keller paid her $50 a week, which Andria had assured him was higher than her customary rates. When Keller had to leave town the price went to $50 a day, but Andria saw to such additional aspects of dog maintenance as feeding Nelson and freshening his water.

Because Andria's living situation was as tenuous as her career, the only number Keller had for her was that of the beeper she carried on her rounds. He called it as soon as he got home and punched in his number. Andria called back 15 minutes later. "Hi," she said. "How's my favorite Australian cattle dog?"

"He's fine," Keller said, "but he's going to need company. I have to go out of town tomorrow morning."

"For how long, do you know?"

"Hard to say. It might be a day, it might be a week. Is that a problem?"

She was quick to assure him that it wasn't. "In fact," she said, "the timing's perfect. I've been staying with friends of mine and it's not working out. I told them I'd be out of there tomorrow and I was wondering where I'd go next. Isn't it amazing the way we're always given guidance as to what to do next?"

"Amazing," he agreed.

"But that's assuming it's all right with you if I stay there while you're gone. Maybe you'd rather I don't this time."

"No, that's fine," Keller said. "It's more company for Nelson, so why should I object? You're not messy, you keep the place neat."

"I'm housebroken, all right. Same as Nelson." She laughed, then broke it off and said, "I really appreciate this, Mr. Keller. These friends I've been staying with, they're not getting along too well, and I'm kind of stuck in the middle. She's turned into this jealous monster, and he figures maybe he ought to give her something to be jealous about. Last night I just about walked the legs off a long-haired dachshund because I didn't want to be in their space. So it'll be a pleasure to get out of there."

"Listen," he said impulsively. "Why wait? Come over here tonight."

"But you're not going to leave until tomorrow."

"So what? I've got a late evening tonight and I'll be out first thing in the morning, so we won't get in each other's way. And you'll be out of your friends' place that much sooner."

"Gee," she said, "that would be great."

•

After Keller got off the phone, he went into the kitchen and made himself a cup of coffee. Why, he wondered, had he made the offer? It was uncharacteristic behavior on his part. What did he care if she had to spend one more night suffering the dirty looks of the wife and the wandering hands of the husband?

And he'd even improvised to encourage her acceptance of the offer, inventing a late evening and claiming an early flight. He hadn't booked the flight yet, and he had no plans for the evening.

Time to book the flight. Time to make plans for the evening.

The flight was booked with a single phone call, the evening planned almost as easily. Keller was dressing for it when Andria arrived, wearing striped bib overalls and bearing a forest green backpack. Nelson made a fuss over her, and she shucked the backpack and knelt down to reciprocate.

"Well," Keller said, "you'll probably be asleep when I get home, and I'll probably leave before you wake up, so I'll say goodbye now. You know Nelson's routine, and you know where everything is."

"I really appreciate this," Andria said.

Keller took a cab to the restaurant where he'd arranged to meet a woman named Yvonne, whom he'd dated three or four times since making her acquaintance at a Learning Annex class, "Deciphering the Mysteries of Baltic Cuisine." The true mystery, they'd both decided, was how anyone had the temerity to call it a cuisine. He'd since taken her to several restaurants, none of them Baltic. Tonight's choice was Italian, and they spent a good deal of time telling each other how happy they were to be eating in an Italian restaurant rather than, say, a Latvian one.

Afterward they went to a movie, and after that they took a cab to Yvonne's apartment, some 18 blocks north of Keller's. As she fitted her key in the lock, she turned toward him. They had already reached the goodnight-kiss stage, and Keller saw that Yvonne was ready to be kissed. But at the same time he sensed that she didn't really want to be kissed, nor did he really want to kiss her.

"Well," Keller said, "goodnight then, Yvonne."

She seemed for a moment to be surprised at being left unkissed, but she got over it quickly. "Yes, goodnight," she said, giving his hand a comradely squeeze. "Goodnight, John."

Goodnight forever, Keller thought, walking downtown on Second Avenue. He wouldn't call her again, nor would she expect his call. All they had in common was a disdain for northern European cooking, and that wasn't much of a foundation for a relationship. The chemistry just wasn't there. She was attractive, but there was no spark between them.

That happened a lot, actually.

Halfway home he stopped in a First Avenue bar. He'd had a little wine with dinner and he wanted a clear head in the morning so he didn't stay long, just nursed a beer and listened to the jukebox. "The last word in lonesome is me," a country singer wailed.

That was enough to drive him out of there. But he didn't want to get home until Andria had turned in for the night, and who knew what kind of hours she kept. He made another stop along the way for coffee. Sitting at the counter, it struck him that the second-last word in lonesome is so. As in, So what?

When he did get home, the apartment was dark. Andria was on the sofa,

(continued on page 86)

THE PETTY GIRL

before the varga girl, before the playmate, george petty created the all-american pinup

text by REID STEWART AUSTIN

SHE WAS as sophisticated as a Cole Porter lyric, as refreshing as chilled champagne. When she was introduced to the public in the autumn of 1933, she captured the imagination of men across the country. She was the work of George Petty, a Louisiana-born commercial artist who learned to wield an airbrush while working in his father's photo studio in Chicago. His leggy creation made her debut in *Esquire*'s first issue, and she was fated to outshine all the illustrated ladies of the day. The Petty Girl initially

(text concluded on page 147)

"I'm the one with the part in the back."

The Petty Girl earned her sexy stripes in the Armed Forces. During World War Two, Corporal Tony Starcer began painting "mascots" on the noses of various military aircraft in the 91st Bomb Group while he was stationed in England. Starcer knew what the servicemen liked, so he often used the Petty Girl as inspiration. Among his early efforts, created with ordinary house paint, was the Memphis Belle (below), which was based on *Esquire*'s April 1941 Petty Girl gatefold (above). It is probably the most famous piece of art ever to take wing.

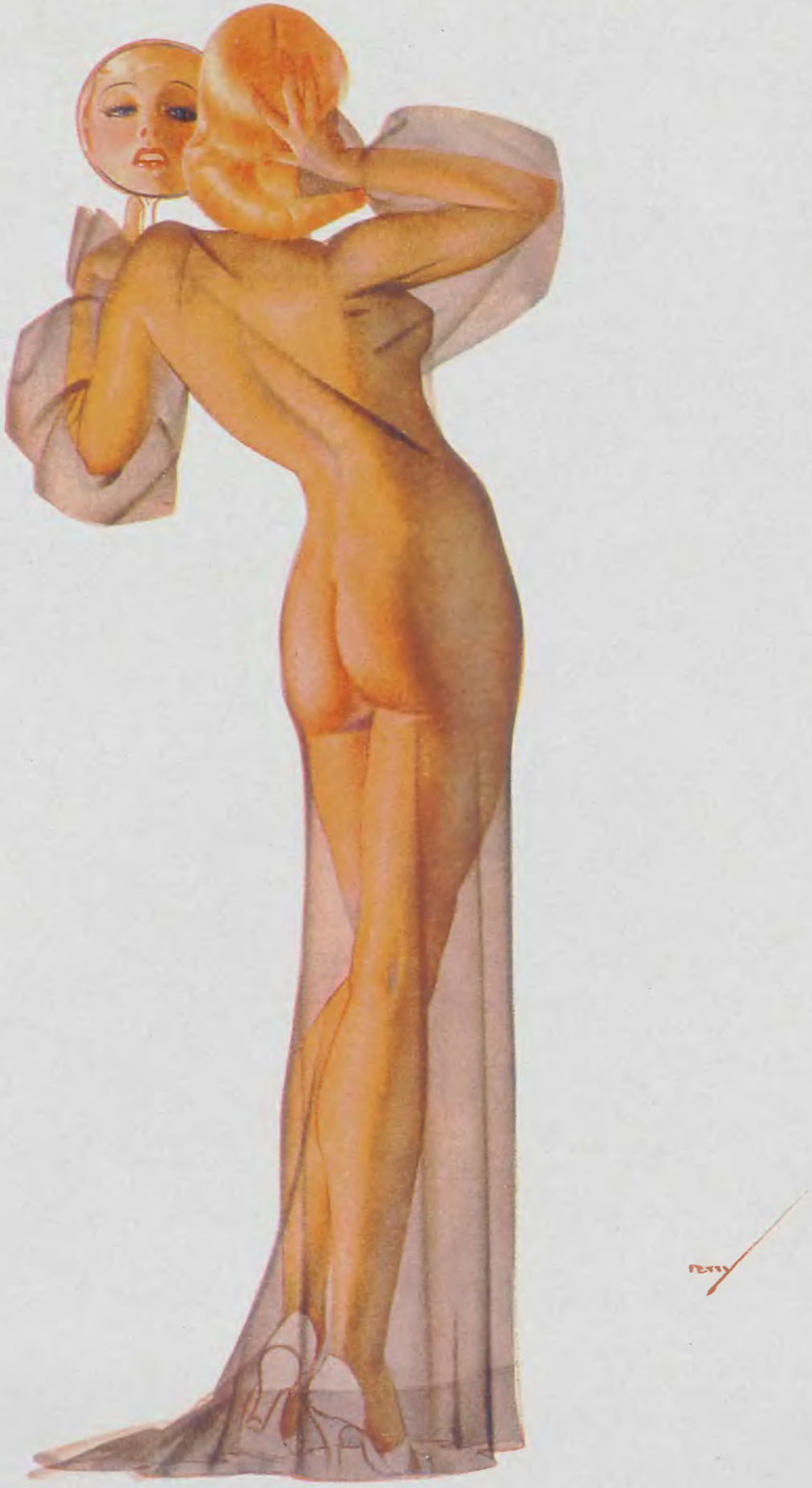
"Oh, you would—would you!"

The 1941 Petty Girl below became a lovely and famous victim of postal censorship. She was allowed to swing nude in newsstand copies of *Esquire*, while subscribers sow her covered in a brief chemise. The reason: Until PLAYBOY beot the Post Office censors in 1956, the only way to send provocative magazines through the mail was to eliminate the nudity.

"Let's put it this way," said Petty of his creation. "If you bumped into her in the dark, you'd know it wasn't a man." Not that there was much of a chance of bumping into such a creature anywhere on earth: The Petty Girl's limbs are impossibly long, her curves an improbable fantasy. But reality was never her game. "I have made her proportions all wrong," admitted the artist. "But the way I dress her and the poses I place her in make her thoroughly intriguing."

Just as the art deco dames of George Petty gave way to the idealized, more realistic, renderings by Alberto Vargas, so taa did they give way ta the girl next door as celebrated in PLAYBOY. By the middle af the century, it was time for the pinup to emerge in the flesh, and photography displaced airbrush painting as the medium of choice for erotic imagery.

"Darling, what—kachoo—difference does age—kachoo—make anyway?"



"You might as well turn the page—I'm not turning around."

KELLER'S KARMA *(continued from page 78)*

The knife wouldn't need sharpening for years. But he was only going to use it once, for God's sake.

either asleep or faking it. Nelson, curled into a ball at her feet, got up, shook himself and trotted silently to Keller's side. Keller went on into the bedroom, with Nelson following. When Keller closed the bedroom door, the dog made an uncharacteristic sound deep in his throat. Keller didn't know what the sound meant, but he figured it had something to do with the door being closed and Andria being on the other side of it.

He got into bed. The dog stood in front of the closed door as if waiting for it to open. "Here, boy," Keller said. The dog turned to look at him. "Here, Nelson," he said, and the dog jumped onto the bed, turned around in a circle the ritualistic three times and lay down in his usual spot. Nelson didn't seem to have his heart in it, but he was asleep in no time. So, eventually, was Keller.

•

When Keller woke up, the dog was missing. So was Andria and so was the leash. Keller was shaved and dressed and out the door before they returned. He got a cab to LaGuardia and was there in plenty of time for his flight to St. Louis.

He rented a Ford Tempo from Hertz and let the girl at the counter trace the route to the Sheraton on a map. "It's the turn right after the mall," she said helpfully. He took the exit for the mall and found a parking place, taking careful note of where it was so he could find it again. Once, a couple of years ago, he had parked a rental car at a mall in suburban Detroit without paying attention to where he'd parked it or what it looked like. For all he knew, it was still there.

He walked through the mall, looking for a sporting goods store with a selection of hunting knives. There was probably one to be found; it had everything else, including several jewelry stores to catch anyone who hadn't gotten her fill of cubic zirconium on television. But he came to a Hoffritz store first and the kitchen knives caught his eye. He picked out a boning knife with a five-inch blade.

He could have brought his own knife, but that would have meant checking a bag, and he never did that if he could help it. Easy enough to buy what you needed at the scene. The hardest part was convincing the clerk he didn't want the rest of the set and ignoring the sales pitch assuring him the knife wouldn't need sharpening for years. He was only going to use it once, for God's sake.

•

Keller found the Ford, found the Sheraton, found a parking place and left his overnight bag in the trunk. It would have been nice if the knife had come with a sheath, but kitchen knives rarely do, so he'd been moved to improvise, lifting a cardboard mailing envelope from a Federal Express drop box at the mall entrance. He walked into the hotel lobby with the mailer under his arm and the knife snug inside it.

That gave him an idea.

He checked the slip of paper in his wallet. *St. Louis, Sheraton, Rm. 314.*

"Man's a union official," the old man in White Plains had told him. "Some people are afraid he might tell what he knows."

Just recently some people at a funded drug-rehabilitation project in the Bronx had been afraid their accountant might tell what she knew, so they paid a pair of teenagers $150 to kill her. The two of them picked her up leaving her office, walked down the street behind her and after a two-block stroll the 16-year-old shot her in the head. Within 24 hours they were in custody, and two days later so was the genius who hired them.

Keller figured that you got what you paid for.

He went over to the house phone and dialed 314. It rang almost long enough to convince him the room was empty. Then a man picked up and said, "Yeah?"

"Fed Ex," Keller said.

"Huh?"

"Federal Express. Got a delivery for you."

"That's crazy," the man said.

"Room 314, right? I'll be right up."

The man protested that he wasn't expecting anything, but Keller hung up on him in midsentence and got the elevator to the third floor. The halls were empty. He found room 314 and knocked briskly on the door. "Fed Ex," he sang out. "Delivery."

Some muffled sounds came through the door, then silence. He was about to knock again when the man said, "What the hell is this?"

"Parcel for you," Keller said. "Federal Express."

"Can't be," the man said. "You got the wrong room."

"Room 314. That's what it says, on the package and on the door."

"Well, there's some mistake. Nobody knows I'm here." That's what you think, thought Keller. "Who's it addressed to?"

Who indeed. "Can't make it out."

"Who's it from, then?"

"Can't make that out either," Keller said. "That whole line's screwed up, sender's name and recipient's name, but it says room 314 at the Sheraton, so that's got to be you, right?"

"Ridiculous," the man said. "It's not for me and that's all there is to it."

"Well, suppose you sign for it," Keller suggested, "and take a look what's in it, and if it's really not for you, you can drop it at the desk later, or call us and we'll pick it up."

"Just leave it outside the door."

"I can't," Keller said. "It needs a signature."

"Then take it back."

"You want to refuse it?"

"Very good," the man said. "You're a quick study, aren't you? Yes, by God, I want to refuse it."

"Fine with me," Keller said. "But I still need a signature. You just check where it says REFUSED and sign by the X."

"For Christ's sake," the man said, "is that the only way to get rid of you?" He unfastened the door chain, turned the knob and opened the door a crack.

"Let me show you where to sign," Keller said, displaying the envelope, and the door opened a little more to show a tall, balding man, heavyset and unclothed but for a hotel towel wrapped around his middle. He reached out for the envelope and Keller pushed into the room, boning knife in hand, and drove the blade in beneath the lower ribs, angling upward toward the heart.

The man fell backward and lay sprawled out on the carpet at the foot of the unmade king-size bed. The room was a mess, Keller noted, with an open bottle of Scotch on the dresser and an unfinished drink on each of the bedside tables. There were clothes tossed here and there, his clothes, her clothes——

Her clothes?

Keller's eyes went to the closed bathroom door. Jesus, he thought. Time to

"I'm so glad you've called to offer me this investment opportunity because it gives me a chance to test my new telephonic death ray."

get the hell out. Take the knife, pick up the Fed Ex envelope and——

The bathroom door opened. "Harry?" she said. "What on earth is——"

And she saw Keller. Looked right at him, saw his face.

Any second now she'd scream.

"It's his heart," Keller cried. "Come here, you've got to help me."

She didn't get it, but there was Harry on the floor and here was this nice-looking fellow in a suit, moving toward her, saying things about CPR and ambulance services, speaking reassuringly in a low and level voice. She didn't quite get it, but she didn't scream, either, and in no time at all Keller was close enough to get a hand on her.

She wasn't part of the deal, but she was there. She couldn't have stayed in the bathroom where she belonged, oh no, not her, the silly bitch, she had to go and open the door, and she'd seen his face, and that was that.

•

The boning knife, washed clean of blood and wiped clean of prints, went into a storm drain a mile or two from the hotel. The Fed Ex mailer, torn in half and in half again, went into a trash can at the airport. The Tempo went back to Hertz, and Keller, paying cash, went on American to Chicago. He had a long late lunch at a surprisingly good restaurant in O'Hare Airport, then bought a ticket on a United flight that would put him down at LaGuardia well after rush-hour traffic had subsided. He killed time in a cocktail lounge with a window from which you could watch takeoffs and landings. Keller did that for a while, sipping an Australian lager, and then he shifted his attention to the television set, where Oprah Winfrey was talking with six dwarfs. The volume was set inaudibly low, which was probably just as well. Now and then the camera panned the audience, which seemed to contain a disproportionate number of small people. Keller watched, fascinated, and refused to make any Snow White jokes, not even to himself.

He wondered if it was a mistake to go back to New York the same day. What would Andria think?

Well, he'd told her his business might not take long. Besides, what difference did it make what she thought?

•

He had another Australian lager and watched some more planes take off. On the plane he drank coffee and ate two little packets of peanuts. Back at LaGuardia he stopped at the first phone and called White Plains.

"That was fast," Dot said.

"Piece of cake," he told her.

He caught a cab, told the driver to take the 59th Street Bridge and coached him on how to find it. At his apartment he rang the bell a couple of times before using his key. Nelson and Andria were out. Perhaps they'd been out all day, he thought. Perhaps he'd gone to St. Louis and killed two people while the girl and his dog had been engaged in a single, endless walk.

He made himself a sandwich and turned on the television set. Channel hopping, he wound up transfixed by an offering of sports collectibles on one of the home-shopping channels. Balls, bats, helmets, caps, shirts, all of them autographed by athletes and accompanied by certificates of authenticity, the certificates suitable for framing. Cubic zirconium for guys, he thought.

"When you hear the words blue chip," the host was saying, "what are you thinking? I'll tell you what I'm thinking about. I'm thinking Mickey Mantle."

Keller wasn't sure what he thought of when he heard the words blue chip, but he was pretty sure it wasn't Mickey Mantle. He was working on that one when Nelson came bounding into the room with Andria behind him.

"When I heard the TV," she said, "my first thought was I must have left it on, but I never even turned it on in the first place, so how could that be? And then I thought maybe there was a break-in, but why would a burglar turn on the television set? They don't watch them, they steal them."

"I should have called from the airport," Keller said. "I didn't think of it."

"What happened? Was your flight canceled?"

"No, I made the trip," he said. "But the deal hardly took me any time at all."

"Wow," she said. "Well, Nelson and I had our usual outstanding time. He's such a pleasure to walk."

"He's well behaved," Keller agreed.

"It's not just that. He's enthusiastic."

"I know what you mean."

"He feels so good about everything," she said, "that you feel good being with him. And he really takes an interest. I took him along when I went to water the plants and feed the fish at this apartment on Park Avenue. The people are in Sardinia. Have you ever been there?"

"No."

"Neither have I, but I'd like to go sometime. Wouldn't you?"

"I never thought about it."

"Anyway, you should have seen Nelson staring at the aquarium, watching the fish swim back and forth. If you ever want to get one, I'd help you set it up. But I would recommend that you stick with fresh water. Those saltwater tanks are a real headache to maintain."

"I'll remember that."

She bent over to pet the dog, then straightened up. She said, "Can I ask you something? Is it all right if I stay here tonight?"

"Of course. I figured you would."

"Well, it's a little late to make other arrangements. But I thought you might want to be alone after your trip, and——"

"I wasn't gone that long."

"You're sure it's all right?"

"Absolutely."

They watched television together, drinking cups of hot chocolate that Andria made. When the program ended Keller took Nelson for a late walk. "Do you really want a fish tank?" he asked the dog. "If I can have a television set, I suppose you ought to be able to have a fish tank. But would you watch it after the first week or so? Or would you get bored with it?"

That's the thing about dogs, he thought. They don't get bored the way people do.

After a couple of blocks he found himself talking to Nelson about what had happened in St. Louis. "They didn't say anything about a woman," he said. "I bet she wasn't registered. I don't think she was his wife, so I guess she wasn't officially there. That's why he sent her to the bathroom before he opened the door, and why he didn't want to open the door in the first place. If she'd stayed in the bathroom another minute——"

But suppose she had? She'd have been screaming her head off before Keller was out of the hotel, and she'd have been able to give a certain amount of information to the police. How the killer had gained access to the room, for starters.

Just as well things went the way they did, he decided. But it rankled him. They hadn't said anything at all about a woman.

•

There was only one bathroom. Andria used it first. Keller heard the shower, then she emerged wearing a generally shapeless garment of pink flannel that covered her from her neck to her ankles. Her toenails were painted, Keller noticed, each a different color.

Keller showered and put on a robe.

(continued on page 150)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEOERICI

THE NEW SKIN GAME

costas mandylor emerges from behind *picket fences* to check out spring's leather jackets

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

SOME GUYS have all the luck. Not only is Australian-born actor Costas Mandylor starring in one of TV's most acclaimed series, *Picket Fences*, but he also has the romantic lead in Zalman King's soon-to-be-released *Delta of Venus*, a film based on the erotic book by Anaïs Nin. We asked him to kick back in some of spring's sexiest new looks—supple polished leather and suede jackets that go great with T-shirts, sweaters, Seventies disco shirts and tank tops. When worn with a dress shirt and tie, most of the jackets pictured here can double as blazers. Man, oh Mandylor, you look cool.

Below: This calfskin split-suede zip-front jacket with side-entry pockets, by Michael Hoban for North Beach Leather, $450, has a look reminiscent of what James Dean wore in *Rebel Without a Cause*. Mandylor teams it with a tank top by Jean Paul Gaultier, $125; and leather jeans by Agnes b. Homme, $880.

In this spread, Mandylor has it made in the shades with his two companions. He's onward into the night wearing a lambskin suede jacket with open-patch packets and a shirt-collar lapel, by New Republic, $595, that's an interesting alternative to a more traditional sports jacket. His cotton shirt is by Claude Montana, $260; and the leather jeans are by Agnes b. Homme, $880.

The cowhide three-quarter-length jacket by Red Rock Arizona, about $500, pictured in the three panels on this page has a boxy cut that enables it to be easily worn over a suit jacket. Flap pockets and self-buttons help give it a Sixties look that goes well with sportswear, such as an orange acetate disco shirt by Atsuro Tayama, $260; and black denim five-pocket jeans by Joop Jeans, $120. Opposite: If you think deerskin is less durable than polished leather, think again. A touch-up with leather soap and a soft cloth is generally all it takes to keep it looking fresh. This textured deerskin button-front jacket with four flap pockets, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $1250, can be worn over a sports coat or bare skin—as Mandylor does here. His indigo denim jeans are from Double RL by Ralph Lauren, $115.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

HAIR BY PATRICIA AGRESSOTT FOR ORIBE/ELIZABETH AROEN
MAKEUP BY STEVE DAVIAULT FOR MICHELE POMMIER
WOMEN'S STYLING BY RANDY SMITH FOR VISAGES, NEW YORK

OUR DANCING
MISS FEBRUARY
GETS THE MONTH OFF
ON THE RIGHT FOOT

GREAT SCOTT

TALK WITH Lisa Marie Scott for any length of time, and the conversation turns to ballet—to Russian ballerina Ekaterina Maximova, *La Bayadère*, the Joffrey Ballet's *Astarte* and occasionally to more recognizable names such as Mikhail Baryshnikov or *Swan Lake*. "It's more than a hobby," says this tiny, buoyant achiever as she shovels sugar into her coffee at a restaurant near her home in southern California. But then, her résumé has already made it clear that Lisa can do a mean pas de deux: In her teens she won awards and scholarships, danced on stages from Japan to Switzerland to Los Angeles and studied with Maximova. Now, at the age of 20, Lisa is retiring her leotards and toe shoes. Though her defection may be a loss to the world of ballet, it's a boon to those of us who don't hang around dance studios or concert halls. "To be honest, I quit because of the weight requirement," says Lisa. "To get that true ballet look, I had to get down to about 85 pounds, and even then I felt like I wasn't skinny enough. I had to ask, Do I enjoy it enough to sacrifice everything else in my life? I couldn't keep on doing that to my body." She smiles wistfully. "I do miss it, though, and I still try to dance with

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

"The image of the Playmate and the image of the ballerina are very different," says Lisa. "I never had one of those natural ballet bodies. I mean, I wasn't flat-chested." Still, she managed to find some similarities between dancing and posing: "To me, the best part of dancing is being onstage in front of people. That's a great outlet for me, and I feel the same way when I work in front of the camera."

local groups."

She lives with her parents and 17-year-old brother in a surfers' stronghold on the outskirts of Los Angeles, attending college and mulling over her next step. But southern California is merely the latest

"I'm usually not the type of person who wears revealing clothes," says Lisa, a sly grin stealing across her face. "The people I knew in high school won't be expecting anything like this."

home for Lisa, who has been on the move almost since the day she was born to an American military physician and a Japanese woman who met while Lisa's dad was stationed on the island of Okinawa. She lived in Florida, then in Guam (where as a toddler she learned her first ballet move: walking on her tiptoes to avoid the prickly leaves that littered the ground), then in San Diego, Virginia, Japan and Hawaii. The move from Hawaii back to the mainland was the toughest. "We came to California when I was in junior high," she says, "and I found that here people really judge you by how you look." And this was a problem? "I was kind of a nerd," she insists. "I didn't fit in, didn't wear my hair the way everybody else did. So I concentrated on school and ignored the rest." In high school she discovered boys, became more social and was elected homecoming queen, all the while winning dance awards, taking college-level courses and getting straight A's. "With a father in the military and a mother from Japan," Lisa says, "there was always pressure to do well." Obviously, pressure brings out the best in her. —STEVE POND

Born on Lisa Marie Presley Jackson's sixth birthday, Miss February once asked her dad if he had named her after the King's daughter. "He said I was named after the oldest girl in *The Sound of Music*," she says. "But he must not have been listening too closely, because her name is Leisl."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Lisa Marie Scott

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lisa Marie Scott

BUST: 34 C WAIST: 21 HIPS: 33½

HEIGHT: 5'2" WEIGHT: 103

BIRTH DATE: 2/1/74 BIRTHPLACE: Pensacola, Florida

AMBITIONS: To be successful in my career, to have a great husband & family, and to speak Japanese & French fluently.

TURN-ONS: Kids, Honesty & Kindness, great insight & intelligence, food, Athletic Legs, A sense of humor, Blue eyes & Surfers.

TURNOFFS: Superficial & Materialistic people, Egotistical men, Rush Hour traffic, fat-free foods, Ignorance, and being in the desert too long.

I LOVE BALLET BECAUSE: It is one of the few professions that combines physical, artistic & creative beauty.

I FEEL MOST AT HOME: When I'm near the water. I've lived in beach cities all around the world, and my favorite place is Kailua, Hawaii, because the people are so down to earth.

MY SPLIT PERSONALITY: I'm generally a pretty shy person, but when I get on stage or in front of a camera I feel very much at home. I think people are born with stage presence & either they have it or they don't.

Daddy's Little Girl ☺

14 years old ~ Dance Team Photo

My Very 1ST Prom (Junior Year)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Hey, man, you look terrible," Brad remarked to his friend Pete. "What's up?"

"Two months ago my aunt Betty died—and left me $20,000," Pete replied.

"Sorry to hear of your loss. Is that why you're bummed out?"

Pete shook his head. "Last month my grandfather died—and left me $50,000."

"Two deaths in two months," Brad said. "That's tough."

"But this month," Pete sighed, "nothing."

A bumper sticker spotted in Los Angeles: KEEP HONKING. I'M RELOADING.

Dave and Marla decided that the only way to pull off a Sunday afternoon quickie with their ten-year-old son in the apartment was to send him out on the balcony and order him to report on all the neighborhood activities.

The boy began his commentary as his parents put their plan into operation. "There's a car being towed from the parking lot," he said. "An ambulance just drove by." A few moments passed. "Looks like the Andersons have company," he called out. "Matt's riding a new bike and the Coopers are fucking."

Mom and Dad shot up in bed. "How do you know that?" the startled father asked.

"Their kid is standing out on the balcony, too," his son replied.

What do you call a Deadhead who just broke up with his girlfriend? Homeless.

A man was on trial for stealing a woman's purse in a movie theater. On the stand, the victim explained what had happened. "Just before the picture started, he came down and sat next to me. Before I knew it, he was rubbing his hand against mine. When the movie began, he came close and kissed me on the cheek, then on the lips. The next thing I knew," she continued, "he was gone, and so was my purse."

"While he was doing all that kissing, miss," the defense attorney asked, "why didn't you call for the manager?"

"I didn't know he wanted my purse!"

THE JOKE TOO SICK TO DIE: Two elderly gentlemen were kibitzing on a park bench. After a while, one said, "By the way, George, how's your wife?"

"I think she's dead."

"What do you mean, you think she's dead?"

"Well, the sex is the same, but the dishes are piling up."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: "Mrs. Harris, I think you just have a bad case of nerves," the doctor told the elderly woman. "I suggest you have sex three times a week to relax you."

"My husband's in the waiting room," the patient said. "Would you mind telling him what you've said?"

The physician explained the remedy to the old man. "Your wife should have intercourse three times a week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, perhaps," he suggested.

"Well, OK," the husband agreed. "I can drive her here Monday and Wednesday, but she'll have to take the bus on Friday."

What do you call a 400-pound woman who likes both men and women? A bisexual built for two.

Two policemen in a former Communist country were standing on a street corner when an expensive foreign car pulled up. "Do you speak English?" the driver asked. The cops just stared. "*Parlez-vous français?*" the fellow tried. The cops stared. "*Sprechen sie deutsch?*" The cops stared some more. "*¿Habla usted español?*" The cops stared. Finally, the man drove off in disgust.

One policeman turned to the other and said, "Don't you think we should learn a foreign language?"

"What for?" the other replied. "That guy knew four of them and a fat lot of good it did him."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Did you hear about the new Bill Clinton golf ball? It's guaranteed a perfect lie every time.

I've got good news and bad news," the lawyer told his client, a convicted murderer. "The bad news is that they're still going to electrocute you at sunrise tomorrow."

"Jesus! What's the good news?"

"I got the voltage reduced."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"You're a writer . . . come on, think up a story."

NADINE STROSSEN *(continued from page 39)*

If freedom of expression doesn't include the right to talk about sex, how do I have free speech?

so-called equality doesn't include freedom of expression, how am I equal? And, if freedom of expression doesn't include the right to talk about sex, to look at pornography, to pose for it, to perform in it, to defend it, how do I have free speech?

PLAYBOY: When did it become OK to be easily offended?

STROSSEN: I was talking recently with a professor who teaches art law. I was describing a case in San Francisco in which a painting was found offensive and people wanted to take it down. It was a painting whose content I found offensive myself. She said, "Doesn't that bother you?" And I said, "What does that have to do with it? I don't have a right to not be offended."

I have a right to be offended and, by the way, a right to be offensive. I would go even further. As a professor, I have an obligation to be offensive.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

STROSSEN: Controversial subjects are subjects on which people have deep feelings and therefore are likely to be offended. Constitutional law is filled with controversy. If I am to fulfill my responsibility to expose my students to all points of view, everybody should be offended by something that's being said. I'm talking about ideas, not personal insults. The notion that an idea or work of art should not offend anybody who happens to hear or look at it is absolutely appalling.

I saw a wonderful expression of this general kind of victim mentality recently: We've gone from being the "me" generation to being the "not me" generation.

PLAYBOY: What lies ahead in the epidemic of sexual correctness?

STROSSEN: One issue will be the so-called sensitivity training now being mandated at colleges. When I was at Yale earlier this year to debate Phyllis Schlafly, it was the first day of classes. I was told there wouldn't be any freshmen in the audience because they had all of these mandatory sessions on date rape, sexual assault—this parade of horrors. Of course, these are serious problems, but my civil-libertarian hackles were raised. What is going on in these sessions? To what extent is there open discussion and debate? To what extent are women just being preached at and being told: You're going to be a victim, men will be aggressors, look out for men. I'm not judging this particular program, because I wasn't there listening, but I would like to know.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about some other outrageous cases that are still on the ACLU agenda.

STROSSEN: In New Jersey there was a complaint against a few male members of a construction union who were on strike and against the union itself. Some female workers crossed the picket line and were subjected to sexually insulting language such as: "You're ugly," "You're fat," "I wouldn't want to date you," juvenile stuff like that, and also explicit sexual gestures. The union and the strikers argued that this was protected speech and couldn't be considered sexual harassment.

PLAYBOY: That does sound like a hostile environment—but also like the strikers viewed them as scabs first and women second.

STROSSEN: The women's argument is that it's a hostile workplace. Look at how the notion of workplace has expanded. This was not at the job itself, it was on a public street or sidewalk on the way to the job.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean any woman who walks by a construction site and gets whistled at has grounds for a harassment charge—because she is on her way to work?

STROSSEN: Exactly. People work everywhere. There are street cleaners, police officers, mail carriers—every public place in our society is a workplace.

PLAYBOY: Don't people have to demonstrate a relationship between the cause and the effect? Don't they have to suffer a tangible degree of damage or harm to win such a complaint?

STROSSEN: This is one of the most insidious developments in the Canadian situation. I think it illustrates that what's up for grabs here is more than freedom of sexually explicit speech, not to mention freedom for women, which I've already alluded to. It's really all speech. The Canadian Supreme Court said in its opinion: There is no clear evidence that pornography harms women, but we don't need clear evidence of harm. The mere fact that the majority of parliament, reflecting the majority of our community, believes that there is a causal connection to harm is enough to justify censorship.

PLAYBOY: Who are the enemies of the First Amendment?

STROSSEN: The real enemy of the First Amendment is the person who lacks understanding of what I and the ACLU call the "indivisibility" of free speech. People say: "Why do you defend free speech for Nazis or for the KKK or the Communists?" The reason we defend it is that if we don't, then anyone's speech is vulnerable. That is an abstract notion. Most people will say: "I don't want to censor all speech. I just want to censor the one thing that I consider outrageous or offensive." That's what every censor says. That's what the MacDworkinites are saying about pornography. For those who advocate censorship of hate speech, it's the one exception they want to make to the First Amendment. George Bush, with great support from the American public, wanted to amend the First Amendment to make one exception for flag burning. The failure to disseminate that message thoroughly in our public schools and in all other channels of information is another enemy. Ultimately, no freedom will survive without popular support.

PLAYBOY: Will the ACLU be able to stop the tide of sexual harassment cases that focus on sexual expression rather than sexist conduct?

STROSSEN: It would be hard to win a First Amendment claim in private workplaces and private universities. They are under no constitutional obligation to protect the speech rights of their employees. The private employer and the private university have every legal incentive to broadly define sexual harassment to avoid liability under gender discrimination laws. They have no incentive, other than perhaps moral commitment, to uphold free speech. Judging by the complaints we get at the ACLU, most people think free speech means that nobody can breach your speech, including your boss. Unfortunately, that's not true.

PLAYBOY: Are there no grounds for a First Amendment case?

STROSSEN: A lawyer involved with Feminists for Free Expression has a good strategy. The First Amendment directly binds only the government. But she theorizes that if the private sector employer or university adopts a restrictive sexual harassment code because of how they interpret Title VII, Title IX and the EEOC regulations—in other words, if they are doing it to comply with a government mandate under the civil rights laws—then that can be seen as state action. That particular code is being indirectly imposed by the government. She thinks that could be enough of a hook to make a constitutional challenge. And I agree.

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

five auto journalists and two-time indy 500 winner al unser jr. pick this year's hottest wheels—plus, playboy's 1995 car of the year

article
By KEN GROSS

THIS automotive year is shaping up as one of the best in a decade. Sixteen million new cars will be sold Stateside. Domestic manufacturers are gaining on top-selling Japanese imports, and Audi, Porsche and other German companies have sharply slashed prices. To keep you straight on the developments, PLAYBOY has once again assembled an all-star panel to assess the best 1995 automobiles in a variety of categories. And for the fifth consecutive year, we present Playboy's Car of the Year award. *Hottest Pocket Rocket:* Right from the start, our panel's vote was mixed, but Acura's Integra GS-R took the lead. Said *Motor Trend* editor-at-large Don Sherman: "The *(text continued on page 112)*

PLAYBOY'S CAR OF THE YEAR

The fifth annual Playboy Car of the Year award and accompanying bronze statuette (pictured above) go to Porsche for the new 911 Carrera coupe. The latest 911 has remained true to its heritage by retaining the traditional rear-engine, rear-drive configuration. Yet the exterior features the most extensive styling changes in the model's history—including ellipsoid headlights and functional intake vents that exit air ahead of the front wheels for a spoiler effect. Fire up the 911's 3.6-liter, 270-hp, air-cooled, six-cylinder engine and point the distinctive hood toward your favorite stretch of highway or twisting lane. You can reach 60 mph in

Celebrating its 32nd year, Porsche's classic 911 Carrera coupe has been extensively restyled, blessed with a new six-speed gearbax and given even more horsepawer. Handling is improved by a revised front suspension and an all-new rear suspension.

5.4 seconds. As yau increase speed the 911 hunkers dawn, ready far anything the road thraws at it, all the way up to 168 mph. And for sudden stops, faur-piston disc brakes do the jab. "For decades 911s have won races around the glabe," said PLAYBOY Cantributing Automotive Editor Ken Gross. "Porsche's engineers have used what they've learned ta make the new 911 Carrera caupe the best Parsche ever." (A 1995 911 Carrera wan last year's 5100-mile One Lap of America rally.) And here's the best news: Priced at $59,900, the new 911 is $5000 less than last year's versian. Cangratulatians to Porsche far making a great car even better.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

littlest Acura has an engine full of Formula One technology. With an 8200-rpm redline, this rice rocket sizzles hotter than steaming sake." *Car and Driver* columnist Brock Yates agreed: "The GS-R's free-winding, seven-jillion-rpm motor and roller-skate handling make the rest of the cars in the field feel like your father's Oldsmobile." PLAYBOY's Modern Living Editor David Stevens cast his vote for the GS-R, though he liked the Mitsubishi Eclipse too. "The GS-R is faster, but the Eclipse has that great rounded ass end. It's the Cindy Crawford of sports coupes." PLAYBOY Contributing Automotive Editor Ken Gross agreed. "The first-generation Eclipse redefined the tiny-terror class overnight. The 1995 model is faster, sexier and more powerful." *Motorweek*'s John Davis preferred the Eclipse without all-wheel-drive. "I still enjoy having the torque-steer of the turbo motor wrestling me a bit for the wheel," he remarked. On another track altogether, Indy champ Al Unser Jr. voted for his Marlboro–Penske Mercedes race car, saying, "If you drove it, you would know why."

Best Sport Sedan: BMW's 740i got the most votes. Said Stevens: "It's the roller for high rollers who want four doors and performance. Low rollers who want four doors and performance should opt for the Volkswagen Jetta." Gross added: "Oldsmobile's Aurora gets an A for effort, but with the 740i, BMW has re-created the finest sports four-door you can buy. This sedan does everything right." Davis called the smaller BMW 540i "a truly exceptional automobile. It has a new six-speed manual and an M5-like sports suspension that doesn't forget how American roads grow potholes." Yates favored the new Chrysler Cirrus: "You heard it here first. The Cirrus and sister ship Dodge Stratus are going to blow this market wide open." Unser liked the Mercedes-Benz E420, calling it "the stealth version of the E500 I drive." Sherman cast his vote for the Oldsmobile Aurora. "Its smooth V8 and polished manners will make you retract all the expletives you bestowed on your last American-made car."

Biggest Kicks to Drive: Mazda's RX-7, Playboy's 1993 Car of the Year, and the Dodge Viper RT/10 tied for top honors in this category. Sherman loved the RX-7 for its purity, calling it "the Kate Moss of sports cars with no unnecessary ounces." "Gotta love the RX-7," added Yates, "especially with the R1 suspension. No interior room, marginal reliability, shitty resale and bone-jarring suspension, but who the hell cares?" Davis picked the Dodge Viper, calling it "an all-American fantasy come true." "Is it ever," said Stevens. "Rumble down a twisting country lane in one and, boy, does that car get into your blood." Unser would prefer to get his kicks in the AM General Humvee. "Give me one of these and I can go anywhere." Gross picked the Lamborghini Diablo VT: "This impossibly low coupe is too wide, too powerful, too expensive, and it's too damn bad if you can't afford it."

Best Convertible: "Price-wise it's the Chevy Camaro Z28," says Yates. "Prestige-wise it's the Mercedes-Benz SL600, but who needs space-shuttle complexity to raise and lower the top?" Unser voted for the SL600, saying, "it's built like a floor safe and it goes like hell." Stevens agreed. "If your bank balance rivals Donald Trump's, the SL600 is the machine for topless touring." Saab's 900SE V6 is "living proof you don't have to pay a fortune for a

(continued on page 138)

PLAYBOY'S PANEL OF JUDGES

DAVIS

JOHN DAVIS: Auto enthusiasts nationwide turn to Dovis' TV show, *Motorweek*, to get the lowdown on the latest cars and trucks. When he's not covering cars, the veteran broodcast journalist is delving into finance os o producer of *Wall Street Week With Louis Rukeyser*.

GROSS

KEN GROSS: Eight years ago, Gross left a lucrative marketing position to become an auto-industry writer. "And I haven't looked back," he says, citing his role as PLAYBOY's Contributing Automotive Editor and a long list of bylines in various magazines such as *Automobile* and *Details*.

SHERMAN

DON SHERMAN: An auto writer whose work frequently appears in *Motor Trend*, Sherman collects and restores vintage cars as a hobby. Currently, he is racking up trophies for his restoration of a 1960 Cadilloc convertible, and he's reodying a 1967 Chevy Corvette for competition.

STEVENS

DAVID STEVENS: It's a tough job, but our Modern Living Editor has to do it—and "it" includes traveling the fast lanes to bring you news on the material stuff men love. From hot wheels and great electronics to exotic vacations and exciting world cuisine, Stevens has it covered.

UNSER

AL UNSER JR.: A member of Marlboro Team Penske, Unser is a 12-yeor Indycor veteran with 25 victories and combined earnings of more than $11 million. He's a two-time Indianapolis 500 winner, and he clinched his second PPG Indycar World Series Championship in 1994.

YATES

BROCK YATES: An award-winning print and broadcast journalist with a monthly column in *Car and Driver*, Yates is currently at work on a book about the Americon automobile industry. His acclaimed biography of Enzo Ferrari, published in 1990, is being made into a movie.

"Hey, now that we've got a computer, maybe we can get caught up."

THE VIRGIN BILLIONAIRE

richard branson is that rarest of brits—the flamboyant tycoon who can make fortunes and charm an entire country

By DAVID SHEFF

IT WAS a weekend, strangely enough, when sports utility vehicles dominated the headlines in two different countries. In America, O.J. Simpson made his run in a white Ford Bronco. In the U.K., Richard Branson lost control of his Range Rover after a car swerved in front of him—it flipped over and skittered across four lanes of traffic, nearly killing his family. In both countries, everyone seemed to be transfixed by the fate of a national hero.

It's easy to understand why Simpson's saga so captivated Americans. But to fully appreciate why Britons went agog over Branson's brush with death, it helps to know both the man and his ingenious tactics of self-promotion.

Richard Branson is the last of a unique British breed: the flamboyant, adventurous, hugely successful tycoon. At 44 years old, he is worth an estimated $1.7 billion and is the chairman of a multinational conglomerate—the third largest privately owned company in England. He has brought the world a plethora of virgins: Virgin Atlantic Airways, Virgin Records, Virgin Interactive, Virgin Megastores and, just this winter, Virgin Cola.

It's not just Branson's success that fascinates the English. It's the fact that he has achieved it with such style—and such nonstop publicity. In the movie *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, one of the characters, impressed by a friend's mansion, jokes that the friend must be the richest person in Britain. His friend points out the obvious. "Of course not. There's the queen," he says. "And that Branson bloke is doing terribly well."

With hair as long as it was in the Sixties and the beard of a troubadour, Branson has enhanced his image with his penchant for death-defying stunts and irrepressible childishness. In trying to cross the Atlantic in a hot-air balloon, he crashed and nearly died. Later, he attempted to cross the Pacific—with the same result. Branson's history is full of spectacular near-misses, all of which have made the front pages.

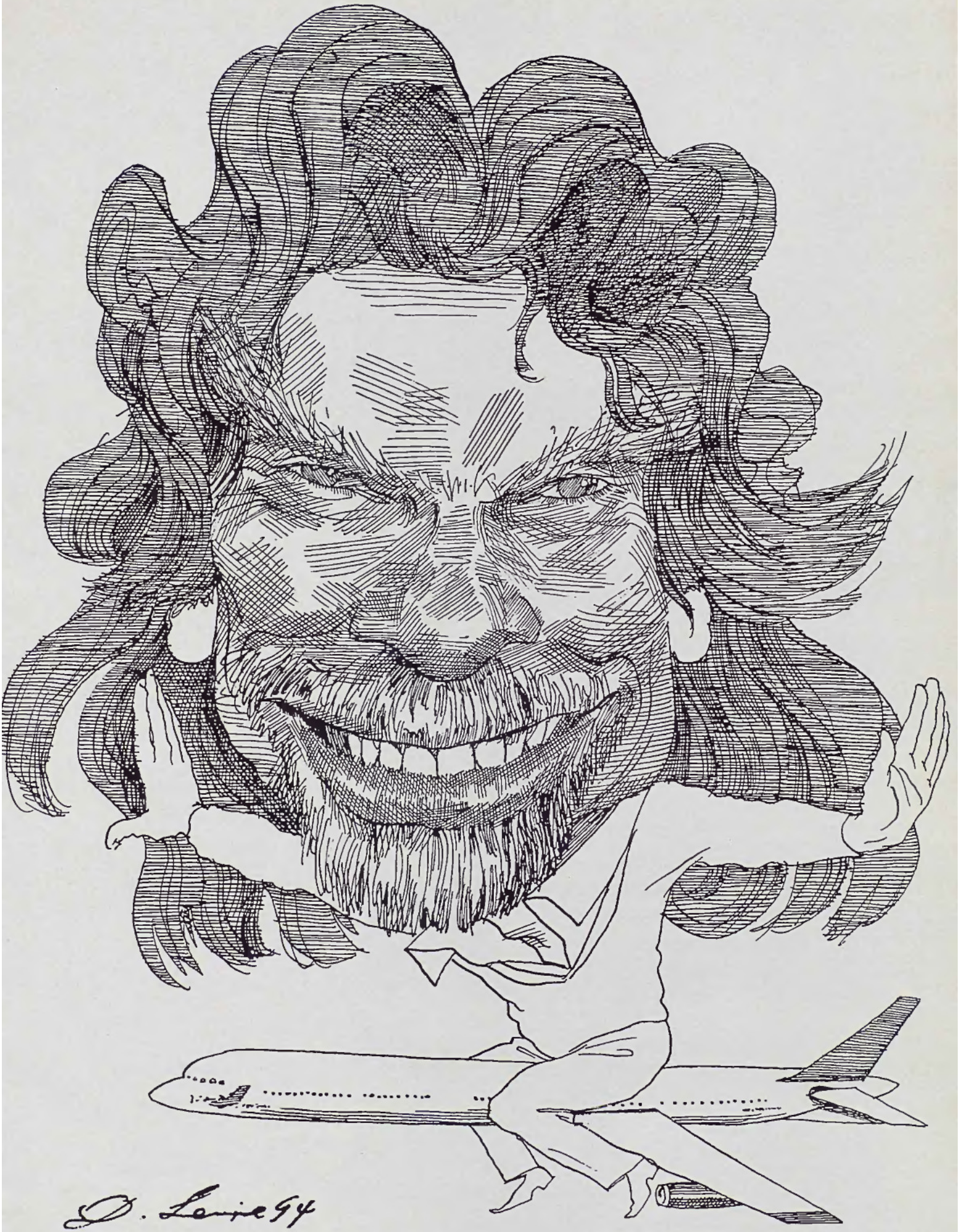
And then there are the pranks. How many other billionaires can add the most notorious April Fools' prank ever pulled in London to their résumés? Branson loves to tell the story of how, in 1989, he used strings of blinking lights and an ominous-looking facade to disguise a hot-air balloon as a spaceship. When he piloted the contraption over the center of town, three local police forces were mobilized, the army was called out and citizens panicked. Officials tracked the UFO to the field where it had landed. While police, soldiers and the press gaped, a door opened and a midget dressed like the alien in *E.T.* climbed out. Branson, needless to say, was quite pleased with himself.

The U.K., in truth, is quite pleased with Branson. The weekend of his car accident, people spoke in hushed tones and paid little attention to O.J.'s arrest in the States. In a country that vilifies its politicians and deprecates its pop stars, there seemed to be a sigh of relief throughout Britain when news came that Branson and his family were not seriously hurt. The entire nation adores this overgrown boy billionaire. One British survey revealed that Branson is the third most admired man in the world, behind only the Pope and Prince Charles. Given recent developments in the royal family, Branson may have moved up a notch.

•

His family was still reeling from the crash—his son required a dozen stitches and his wife and daughter were badly shaken—but Branson postponed our appointment for only one day. When I asked the doorman at my hotel for a cab to a Holland Park address, Branson's home and office, he said, "Tell Mr. Branson, 'Good health and we're glad he's OK,'" *(continued on page 122)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE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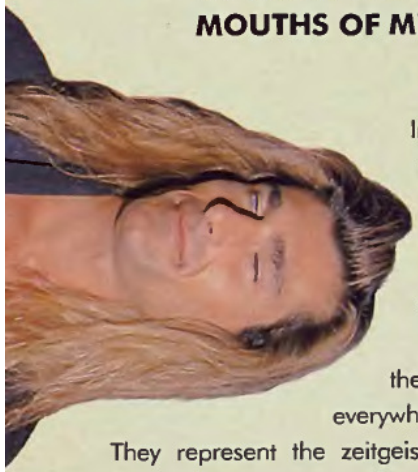
WIT & WISDOM OF THE SUPERMODEL

A PRIMER ON SWIMSUITS, BUTT SIZE AND NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT FROM THE MOUTHS OF MILLION-DOLLAR BABES ✷ BY A.J. JACOBS AND JACK BOULWARE



In ancient Greece they had Aristotle and Plato. In the Enlightenment they had Voltaire and Rousseau. Then came Mark Twain and Oscar Wilde. Today we have Claudia and Fabia.

Supermodels have captured the spirit of our era. They are seen everywhere and known by everyone. They represent the zeitgeist in high-maintenance human form. However, until now, society has portrayed them merely as pretty, smiling mannequins rather than as spokespeople for our times. Sure, they're beautiful, but what are their thoughts an politics and economics, on religion and esthetics, on life and death? To prove supermodels have more to offer than white teeth and high cheekbones, we have collected here their most profound thaughts, opinions and aphorisms.

ON COURAGE

"They were doing a full back shot of me in a swimsuit and I thought, Oh my God. I have to be so brave. See, every woman hates herself from behind."
—CINDY CRAWFORD

ON SELF-KNOWLEDGE

"Everywhere I went, my cleavage followed. But I learned I am not my cleavage."
—CAROLE MALLORY

ON POVERTY

"Everyone should have enough money to get plastic surgery."
—BEVERLY JOHNSON

ON FATE

"I wish my butt did not go sideways, but I guess I have to face that."
—CHRISTIE BRINKLEY

ON PSYCHOLOGY

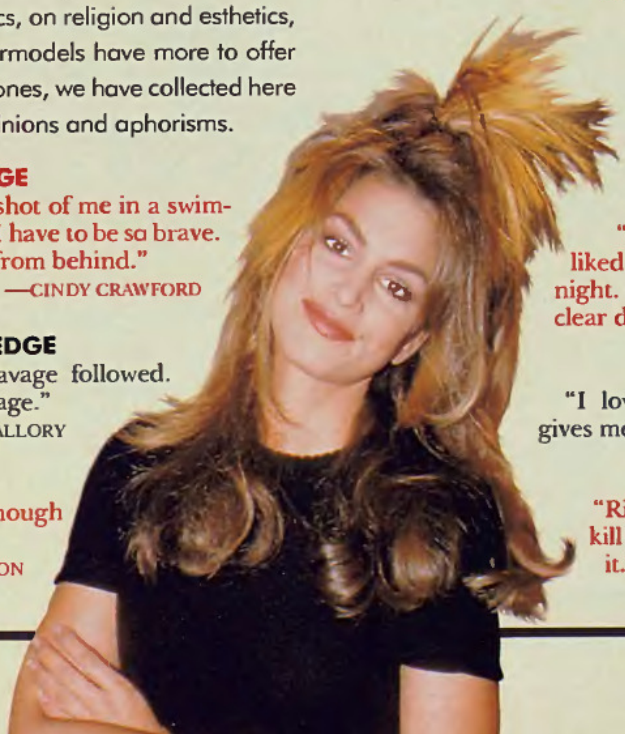
"I loved making *Rising Sun*. I got into the psychology of why she liked to get strangled and tied up in plastic bags. It has to do with low self-worth."
—TATJANA PATITZ

ON ARRIVING

"Because modeling is lucrative, I'm able to save up and be more particular about the acting roles I take."
—KATHY IRELAND, STAR OF *Alien From L.A.* AND *Danger Island*

ON CAREER CHOICES

"My boyfriend thinks I lost my true calling to be a librarian."
—PAULINA PORIZKOVA



ON PRIORITIES

"I would rather exercise than read a newspaper."
—KIM ALEXIS

ON GEOPOLITICS

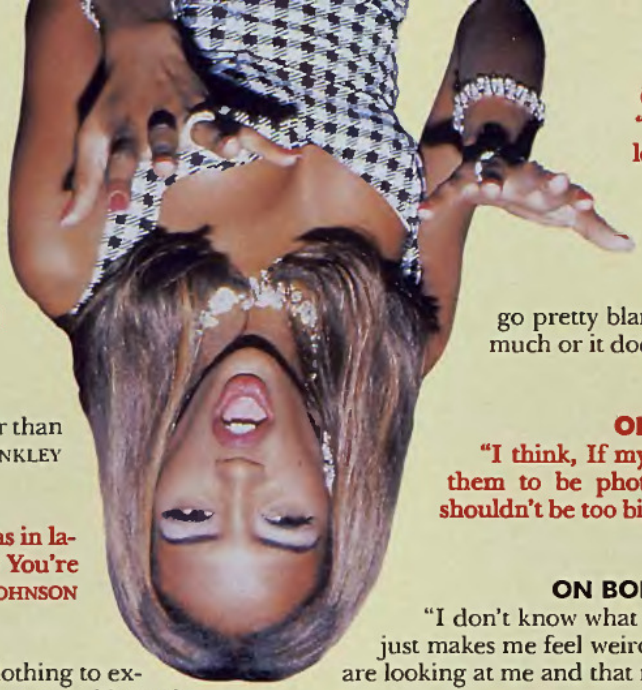
"Mick Jagger and I just really liked each other a lot. We talked all night. We had the same views on nuclear disarmament."
—JERRY HALL

ON INNER STRENGTH

"I love the confidence that makeup gives me."
—TYRA BANKS

ON DEATH

"Richard doesn't really like me to kill bugs, but sometimes I can't help it."
—CINDY CRAWFORD



ON TRAVEL
"I haven't seen the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, the Louvre. I haven't seen anything. I don't really care."
—TYRA BANKS

ON BREAKTHROUGHS
"Once I got past my anger toward my mother, I began to excel in volleyball and modeling." —GABRIELLE REECE

ON EPIPHANY
"I just found out that I'm one inch taller than I thought." —CHRISTIE BRINKLEY

ON HEREDITY
"My husband was just OK looking. I was in labor and I said to him, 'What if she's ugly? You're ugly.'" —BEVERLY JOHNSON

ON THE BASICS
"It's very important to have the right clothing to exercise in. If you throw on an old T-shirt or sweats, it's not inspiring for your workout." —CHERYL TIEGS

ON INTRODUCTIONS
"I think most people are curious about what it would be like to be able to meet yourself—it's eerie."
—CHRISTY TURLINGTON

ON COURTSHIP
"The soundtrack to *Indecent Exposure* is a romantic mix of music that I know most women love to hear, so I never keep it far from me when women are nearby." —FABIO

ON PARADOX
"Sometimes I get lonely, but it's nice to be alone."
—TATJANA PATITZ

ON THE CONSERVATION OF MATTER
"I've looked in the mirror every day for 20 years. It's the same face." —CLAUDIA SCHIFFER

ON TRAGEDY
"The worst was when my skirt fell down to my ankles—but I had on thick tights underneath." —NAOMI CAMPBELL

ON INSTINCT
"If I'm making a movie and get hungry, I call time-out and eat some crackers."
—CAROL ALT

ON THE CASTE SYSTEM
"We're not Prince Charles and Princess Di. We don't think of ourselves as royalty. We happen to be working people."
—CHRISTIE BRINKLEY

ON OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS
"I tried on 250 bathing suits in one afternoon and ended up having little scabs up and down my thighs, probably from some of those with sequins all over them."
—CINDY CRAWFORD

ON ECONOMICS
"I don't wake up for less than $10,000 a day."
—LINDA EVANGELISTA

ON ZEN
"When I model I go pretty blank. You can't think too much or it doesn't work."
—PAULINA PORIZKOVA

ON LOGIC
"I think, If my butt's not too big for them to be photographing it, then it shouldn't be too big for me."
—CHRISTY TURLINGTON

ON BODY PARTS
"I don't know what to do with my arms. It just makes me feel weird and I feel like people are looking at me and that makes me nervous."
—TYRA BANKS

ON BODY LANGUAGE
"You can usually tell when I'm happy by the fact that I've gained weight."
—CHRISTY TURLINGTON

ON DEPRIVATION
"If they had Nautilus on the Concorde, I would work out all the time."
—LINDA EVANGELISTA

ON MOTIVATION
"It was kind of boring for me to have to eat. I would know that I had to, and I would." —KATE MOSS

ON VERSATILITY
"I can do anything you want me to do so long as I don't have to speak." —LINDA EVANGELISTA

ON THE GRIEF PROCESS
"When my Azzedine jacket from 1987 died, I wrapped it up in a box, attached a note saying where it came from and took it to the Salvation Army. It was a big loss." —VERONICA WEBB

ON VENGEANCE
"Girls are always getting mad at each other and they tell their hairdresser to purposely mess up another girl's hair." —TASHA

ON BATTING .667
"I'm a pretty girl who's a model who doesn't suck as an actress." —CAMERON DIAZ

20 QUESTIONS

DAVID SPADE

america's favorite smarty-pants on the care and feeding of attitude, why nice doesn't work with girls and why "snl" will outlive its pesky naysayers

Now in his fifth season as a regular on "Saturday Night Live," David Spade has elevated backbiting and sarcasm to high comedy. To be sure, he slams both celebrities and working stiffs, including flight attendants and the employees of a major clothing chain. Spade himself "bailed from college to do stand-up," rising to be, as he puts it, the "number two or three comic" in his native Arizona. He insists that he was voted the top performer on the state's comedy club circuit in absentia. By that time he had followed the stand-up trail to California. When "SNL" producer Lorne Michaels scouted the West Coast for new talent, he discovered Spade and fellow "SNL" cast members Adam Sandler and Rob Schneider residing in the same Hollywood zip code.

Spade, 30, blossomed into an "SNL" star with characters such as the Hollywood Minute reporter, Dick Clark's fiercely protective, fictional receptionist and a service-with-a-sneer flight attendant who works for Total Bastard Airlines. Following the lead of many other "SNL" performers and alumni, he has set out to make a career in the movies. Spade appeared in "Coneheads" with Dan Aykroyd and in "PCU," a satire of one of Spade's favorite subjects, political correctness.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met with Spade at his apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. "He has arranged his living room as an office and conducted the interview from behind his desk in a formal manner," reports Kalbacker. "Like many executives, he works surrounded by pictures of his family and friends. There was also a picture of him with supermodel Christy Turlington. He used the word trophy in connection with that photo."

1.

PLAYBOY: You've built a reputation with your portrayal of an obnoxious flight attendant. Do airlines exact revenge by shortchanging your frequent-flier miles?

SPADE: Yes. Only half my boarding passes have my number of frequent-flier miles on them. The airlines say I can always make photocopies and send one to their home office. Yeah. You know what? I just put you on mute. I'm not doing anything other than putting this boarding pass in my pocket. Then there's that horrible experience when they're bringing the food and they ask, "What would you like for lunch?" And you say, "The chicken." And they say, "All we have left is the peanut butter omelet." When I get off, I glance at them and I just know that dead look in their eyes. "We've got your money, now get off our plane." They just can't help it. They always blurt out a big "Ba-bye" through gritted teeth. They're psyched when you leave.

2.

PLAYBOY: Can you offer any advice to aspiring comics, actors and writers who want to get past receptionists who overprotect the boss?

SPADE: When you call, say, "This is Bruce Willis. Can I talk to Lorne Michaels, please?" They'll say, "Yes, sir." That's the only way it works. My receptionist character is based on when I was in Hollywood and tried calling Lorne Michaels, my boss. He had said, "Call me when you're in California. I'll be out there next week." I called and had the balls to ask for Lorne at his own office. A brutal mistake. It was almost funny to them. That was the best part. "Hello? OK. And you are?" I said, "David Spade." "And this is regarding?" I was bombarded with "This is regarding?" And I said, "Well, I just want to talk about——" "And you would know Mr. Michaels through?" I said, "I'm on his show." The answer: "Right." At the time of that call, I was a writer. They don't know the writing crawl at the end of *SNL*. I couldn't get anywhere.

3.

PLAYBOY: Are you determined to assist those who follow you into show business?

SPADE: Yeah. I try to help everyone. With the receptionist character, I singlehandedly changed the way people are treated on the phone in Los Angeles. Entertainment-business receptionists and secretaries knew about the sketch, and the phrase "And you are?" was almost taken out of their language. It sounds so much like a joke. But you get the same attitude with different words. I do the sketch as Dick Clark's receptionist. I called him once and his real receptionist made it clear that I was hated. I was the one who had made her life hell. She got 50 calls a day from all over the country just to hear if she would say, "And you are?" I finally met the girl who fielded calls at Lorne's office. She felt bad.

4.

PLAYBOY: On *The Larry Sanders Show*, the producer, Artie, played by Rip Torn, called you a "pissant," a "rat bastard" and a "little prick." Deal with it.

SPADE: I am a rat bastard. That really stands out to me. Pissant is a little rough. Little prick is something my dad called me every day of my life, so I'm immune to that. Rat bastard is more fun. I love Rip Torn. Every time he was on during that episode he said something different about me: "That little fuckface." It's great. I love that. It's so perfect.

5.

PLAYBOY: Be a lamb and tell us you're a dear thing.

SPADE: I am a lot nicer than I am in those sketches. The flight attendant, receptionist, Hollywood Minute reporter—they're all semi-meanspirited and sarcastic. I don't want to be known as someone who has just one note. Because I have two. And I want people to see my other one—the gay guy. The gay thing is hard because you get in trouble if you do it too much one way. I didn't write the receptionist as gay. But a lot of people thought he was femmy and gay. Which is kind of true. He's femmy because he's so organized and so anal.

6.

PLAYBOY: Cross-dressing seems to be growing in popularity. What do you wear under your Gap Girl drag?

SPADE: Pantyhose. If I wore boxers or briefs it would ruin the fun of wearing panties. I'm really into it. One time we did a dress rehearsal at 11 o'clock and Lorne was reading the notes about each sketch. Everyone was dead silent, because he really had to get those notes out before we went on the air. And he said, "The Gap. Spade, shave your arms. They're *(continued on page 148)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN SIGOLOFF

DOWNTIME

from "seinfeld" to "the simpsons"—the hottest screen savers are now playing on your pc

SURE. SCREEN SAVERS prevent images on your computer monitor from burning in when your PC is left idle. But they're also entertaining—and a source of serious envy. If you have floating spheres on your monitor, for example, and the guy in the next office has Homer Simpson chomping chocolate, it's time to get with the program. Screen savers featuring stars from TV, movies, magazines and more are flying off software store shelves like a pack of winged toasters. Some keep it simple, offering a selection of still images that fade in and out at random, while others combine audio, animation and video. The more elaborate titles require heavy-duty memory, but they're worth the RAM. After all, which would you rather eyeball: the more than 400 photos plus video contained on the *Playboy Multimedia Screen Saver* or the Energizer Bunny?

Top: Byron Preiss Multimedia's *Seinfeld Screen Saver & Planner* combines video clips from the sitcom, a calendar and a form maker, $40. Bottom: The Desktop Pythonizer function on *Monty Python's Complete Waste of Time* CD-ROM features 20 animated screen savers, including one titled Sexual Athletics, pictured here, about $40.

SHOWTIME

Lurking in the background of this spread is one of more than 100 images from the *Twilight Zone Screen Saver*, by Sound Source Interactive, $20. Clockwise, from top left: *The Simpsons Screen Saver* includes 15 animated modules, by Berkeley Systems, $30. *The Playboy Multimedia Screen Saver* is a Windows CD-ROM containing an array of photographs, illustrations, audio and video, by Sony Imagesoft, $30. *Marvel Screen Posters* features still images of the X-Men and other superheroes, by Berkeley Systems, $20. Gary Larson's cartoons come to life in Delrina's animated *Far Side Screen Saver Collection*, $40. It's Billvis and Gore-head, co-stars of the politics-bashing *Mega Dittos Screen Saver*, by Aristo-Soft, $50. The animated *R. Crumb Screen Saver & Companion* showcases the work of cartoonist Robert Crumb, by Byron Preiss Multimedia, $50.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

 (continued from page 114)

Going from Japan to California, he was once again pulled from the ocean, 1800 miles off course.

even though I hadn't mentioned Branson by name. Then, upon hearing the address, the cabdriver added his salutations. "Relieved to hear the old boy pulled through," he commented.

The Holland Park mansion is indeed grand. The living room is filled with Tiffany lamps and sculptures, gilded mirrors, mantels piled with awards and Plexiglas cases containing models of some of Branson's favorite toys, including a yacht and a Concorde.

When Branson returned from an early meeting, his hair was swept back, tousled by a windy morning. A slight man, he wore a blue sports coat, a light blue, loose-fitting shirt, dark pants and plain brown shoes. He offered a warm handshake before we bolted out of the mansion and into the backseat of a limousine bound for Gatwick Airport.

Branson managed to talk and simultaneously conduct his business, fielding phone calls and occasionally referring, like a schoolboy, to notes scribbled on his hand. He also consulted a black book full of appointments, names, addresses, phone numbers and, most important, lists of ideas. The notebook was a sorry sight, pieced together and bound in plastic tape. He explained that it had barely survived the accident.

Branson tends to take his near-death experiences in stride. Asked about his latest car crash, he replied, "The third time I was pulled out of the ocean everyone said I was foolish to do such risky things. I told them, 'It's safer than driving on the motorway.' Well, maybe I was wrong." More seriously, he reflected, "It wouldn't have shaken me up so much if my family hadn't been there. That scares me—that something could have happened to them."

Branson's wife, Joan Templeman, is used to her husband's foolhardiness. Wearily, she has stood by for many of his stunts: such as the time he took off in an ultralight aircraft without the slightest idea how to land it, and the time he tumbled out of control down a ski run and was saved only because his ski pole got stuck in a rabbit hole. Mortality lurks even on his paradisiacal private isle, Necker Island in the Caribbean. Attempting to leap a six-foot-wide, 40-foot-deep chasm, he slipped but somehow managed to clutch the opposite side with his fingers, holding on until a friend was able to save him.

And those are the more ordinary adventures. Branson was pulled out of the ocean after his racing boat, the Virgin Atlantic Challenger, was swamped in 1985 (BRITISH HERO RESCUED FROM THE CRUEL SEA read the headline of one article). In 1986 he took a similar boat across the Atlantic—and broke a world record. In 1987 he and a friend were the first to cross the Atlantic in a hot-air balloon, only to have a near-fatal landing when they hit Ireland. Tackling the Pacific in 1991 proved as challenging. Attempting a course from Japan to California, he was once again pulled from the ocean after a nasty crash, this time near Canada, 1800 miles off course. Branson's escapades have been cheered on by his countrymen, if not by his wife. A man on a train outside London told me, "We admire him for his stunts. Vicariously, we get the pleasure without having to subject ourselves to such nonsense."

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Branson has largely given up on life-threatening exploits. Today, much of his excitement comes from the success of his prized possession—his airline. Virgin Atlantic Airways, with routes between London and Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco and other cities, has worked diligently to set itself apart from the competition. Branson says, "America's airlines are too big. They get worse as they get bigger, and all they want to do is get bigger. They have these sprawling routes, and they have become impersonal and, for the passengers, depressing." He operates Virgin with a different philosophy. "I am convinced that companies should put staff first, customers second and shareholders third—ultimately that's in the best interests of customers and shareholders," he says.

The airline industry is notoriously competitive. When Branson entered the business ten years ago, he was a David going after Goliath in the form of British Airways, the huge carrier that had a virtual lock on the lucrative transatlantic market to and from London. British Airways had squashed competitors before Branson, including Laker Airways. However, with Virgin's quirky but superior service—notable for massages, 16-channel TVs, great food and great scarlet uniforms—it began to win an increasing number of BA passengers as well as numerous awards. British Airways was not amused. Martyn Gregory exposed the astonishing ways the airline attempted to sink Virgin in his book *Dirty Tricks: British Airways' Secret War Against Virgin Atlantic*. He reports how BA systematically looted Virgin's computer records, obtaining customer lists that it then used to bribe passengers to switch. Branson attacked BA publicly for these "dirty tricks" and when BA responded by dismissing his claims, Branson sued for libel, claiming BA had called him a liar. In January 1993, after a trial that was closely chronicled in the British press, BA threw in the towel and settled with Branson. In the largest libel sum ever paid in Britain, BA forked over £610,000 in damages ($1.1 million), £4.5 million in court costs ($8.4 million) and—most humiliating for the BA directors and most satisfying for Branson—apologized in open court.

Now unfettered, Virgin is growing even faster. The airline flies 2 million passengers a year, which includes 24 percent of all passengers between London and New York, fewer than British Airways on that route but more than United or American. Virgin will soon fly from London to Chicago, Las Vegas, Singapore, Johannesburg and cities in Malaysia, Thailand and Taiwan. Also, if the U.S. government approves the deal, Virgin and Delta will become partners of a sort: Virgin will be able to book flights to and from London and hundreds of Delta's cities in North America.

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En route to Gatwick, Branson's limo stops at a building near the airport that houses a social club for his employees. There's a pub with darts, a library, a dining room, a gym and an adjoining field for soccer matches. Milling about are dozens of Virgin hostesses in their smart red uniforms. Close to 20 of these women and one man are celebrating their graduation from the Virgin flight-attendant training program, and they're about to receive their wings. Ever the hands-on boss, Branson has delegated this chore to himself.

He chats with the graduates and makes small talk with their relatives, then disappears for a moment and returns with an armload of champagne. He shakes up a bottle and points it at the carefully made-up women. "I wouldn't do it, would I?" he teases. "Not on your new uniforms——" He lets the bubbly fly, spraying everyone within a magnum's radius. What's left he pours into glasses, spilling it over the rims, licking his fingers, making certain that everyone gets plenty.

Then it's time for the ceremony. One by one, the women are called up, and

"Wait, Howard. I'm out of the loop."

Branson gives each of them a peck on the cheek. Well, not a peck exactly. More of a kiss. Then he pins on their wings. Each wing is pinned over the woman's right breast and it takes Branson a suspiciously long time to pin each one. "It's one of the perks of the job," he explains later.

Afterward, he tells the story behind the uniforms. He held an elaborate, catered fashion show in a huge hangar near Heathrow Airport. As models paraded on a runway, more than 700 flight attendants cheered or jeered. The result? "Sadly, I would have preferred it shorter," Branson said. "But it is nonetheless quite sexy."

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Branson's wife, Joan, is one of the few people unimpressed by her famous husband. Following his absence—bobbing in the Atlantic, waiting to be saved from a boat wreck—while she gave birth to their son, she firmly put a stop to his adventuring. "He can charm anyone and get them to do whatever he wishes—except for Joan," says a longtime friend.

He met Joan a year after his divorce from his first wife, Kristen Tomassi, a beautiful, blonde American woman whom he had met when she was 19 and on vacation in England. The marriage in 1972 lasted three years, a victim of his obsession with building Virgin. Branson was smitten with Joan when he met her, though she was married. As tenacious with her as he is in business, within two years they were inseparable. They have been together since, though they didn't marry until 1989. ("We thought we should get married before we became grandparents," he said.) The wedding was true Branson excess: He arrived at the altar hanging from the landing struts of a helicopter.

They have a home in London and one in the country and entertain frequently. Dinner guests have included Margaret Thatcher when she was prime minister, heads of banks and airlines, and Boy George and Mick Jagger. When he was pursuing Janet Jackson, hoping to sign her to Virgin Records, he and Joan had her up to Oxfordshire, where they went ballooning. Branson takes off up to three months a year to vacation. During that time he dotes on his son and daughter, but the telephone and secretaries are always close at hand.

•

When Branson was four, his mother—who told her friends that her son would one day be prime minister—dropped him a half mile from his grandfather's farm in Devon. She said, "It's time you became a man," and left him there.

He didn't make it back to the farm alone, however. Well after dark, the small, shaken boy was rescued. Although this seems far more sadistic than educational, it had one of the desired effects: He has rarely allowed himself to fail at anything again.

His mother had been a dancer, glider pilot and stewardess—fitting, considering Branson's current occupation. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather were barristers. Richard, however, seemed destined for the world of finance. In his early teens, he started his first business: a Christmas-tree-turned-bird-breeding concern. At 16 he started a magazine for students. During his tenure as editor and publisher, he persuaded writers such as Jean-Paul Sartre and Alice Walker and poet Robert Graves to contribute to the magazine, and he scored interviews with Vanessa Redgrave, R.D. Laing and James Baldwin. On the day Branson dropped out of school to run the magazine, his headmaster told him, "Branson, I predict that you will either go to prison or become a millionaire."

Although *Student* was politically liberal—cheering on the budding student movement, criticizing apartheid, calling for liberalized drug laws and condemning the war in Vietnam—Branson was a shrewd capitalist. To help support the magazine, he sold advertising and started a mail-order record business. In the early Seventies, he opened a record store and had to decide between two names: One was Slipped Disc, and the winner was Virgin, selected for no more provocative reasons than that he was a novice in business and it sounded good.

After a brief scrape with the law—he spent a night in jail in 1971 for evading a purchase tax on records, paid a stinging penalty and "learned the hard way never to do anything like that again"—Branson worked tirelessly to build Virgin. Fifteen more shops were opened over the next two years.

When Branson was 21, he had a full-fledged label that released marginally successful records. Then, in 1974, Mike Oldfield's *Tubular Bells*, a 49-minute song on which Oldfield plays 22 instruments, became an international best-seller. To push the record, Branson dreamed up a spectacular one-time live performance at Queen Elizabeth Hall, with a group of musicians (including the Rolling Stones' Mick Taylor) playing with Oldfield. A week before the concert date Oldfield declined to participate; his composition, he insisted, could not be properly performed live. Branson wouldn't give up, and he bribed Oldfield. "All right, Mike. If you do the show you can have my Bentley," he said. Oldfield agreed.

Virgin soared after *Tubular Bells*. Branson pursued new bands, including the wildest, most controversial act anywhere at the time, the Sex Pistols, which had been dropped by two other labels. When Virgin released the band's infamous antiroyalist single, *No Future*, Branson threw a party that coincided with her majesty's Jubilee celebrations. It was held on a hired yacht and was raided by police. "It attracted lots of other bands to the company," Branson says.

Although the Sex Pistols self-destructed, Virgin Records became the largest independent label in the world. Virgin launched many careers, including that of Boy George ("The perfect star," says Branson. "He looked great, sang great, wrote great songs, wanted more than anything to be a star, and was antidrugs—until he slipped up and nearly killed himself on drugs"). After Phil Collins released his first solo album, he signed with Virgin. Peter Gabriel signed, too, as did the Rolling Stones, Lenny Kravitz, Simple Minds, UB40 and—after the balloon ride—Janet Jackson.

Besides Virgin Records, Branson has created Virgin Interactive (which makes software, such as video-game versions of Aladdin, the Lion King, and Robocop versus Terminator), Virgin Radio, Virgin hotels and clubs and a company that makes blimps. Virgin Megastores, which sell records, video games and movies, have opened in Sydney and Los Angeles, and there are plans for many more. A relatively small business is Necker, Branson's private island, which rents out for $11,900 a day. There is also Storm Modeling Agency (he decided against naming it Virgin Models; his colleagues felt that might be pushing it too far). Storm handles Kate Moss, among others.

In addition to the Virgin businesses, Branson has started charitable organizations, including a birth control counseling center and a foundation dedicated to AIDS issues. With the start of the AIDS epidemic, he also entered the condom business, a decision less cynical than it sounds. In Britain, the International Rubber Co., manufacturers of Durex condoms, made and sold almost all the condoms that were available. Branson says Durex "had no reason to advertise," but he felt it was imperative to promote condoms—"to make them as common as white bread and as easy to get."

In 1988 he launched a condom company, setting up tens of thousands of

(concluded on page 136)

LIFE BEGINS *at* FORTY

TO PARAPHRASE TINA TURNER: WHAT'S AGE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

THERE WAS A TIME when the only woman in America who admitted to being 40 was Linda Evans. Then came Joan Collins, the ultimate timepiece. And thus Aaron Spelling, in creating TV's *Dynasty*, made the world safe for 40-year-olds. Suddenly, older women—Jane, Raquel, Lauren—were coming out of closets all over America. Better yet, they were wearing short skirts and high heels and had bodies that were aging like wine, not vinegar. Forty became something to be flaunted, not fled from. If you need more evidence, consider the photos on these pages or ask the 2500 women who submitted letters and photos to PLAYBOY to try for a spot in this pictorial.

Jerilyn Walter, Tina Montana and Mo Van (left to right) are helping to redefine the term older woman. What do they like about being in their 40s? "Everything!" was their unanimous reply. Pop quiz: Which one is a grandmother? (Hint: You'll see more of gronny on page 129.)

A member of Glaziers Local 27, Carol Cook (left and below) likes the challenge of working on Chicago's high-rise buildings. "A role model for younger women? Sure. But I'd like to be one for women my age, too." Off the job, Carol enjoys the seductive aspects of being a woman. "I love a compliment. I like all of the feminine parts—the tenderness, the look of being a woman."

"When I turned 40, I cried all day," says Canadian actress and model Jo More (top right). Her tears are now dry, her career booming. Travel consultant Patricia Marquis (near right) unwinds by dancing to Latin music and cooking exotic dishes. Tina Montana (far right) thought that her life "would be over at 40. Then I realized that this is who I am, and I stopped apologizing."

Mars

Mo Van's daughters (pictured above with Mom) submitted her picture to PLAYBOY. The artist (left)—who is now a grandmother—is producing a video called *Because You Can!* about living life to the fullest. Why did Mo pose for PLAYBOY? Because she can, of course.

Stevie Nicks' song *Sara* was inspired by Sara Fleetwood (left), ex-wife of Mick. She fronts a band called Fleetwood Bill (with Bill House) and has a serious shoe fetish. Writer Claudia Gallion (right and below) credits her second husband for making her feel "freer and younger than ever." When not renovating Victorian flats, they enjoy sompling San Froncisco's marvelous restaurants.

Former Playboy Bunny Jerilyn Walter (above) heads a firm called Females for New Frontiers. Last year she led 200 women to Alaska for mating season. "We created 30 couples and a lot of possibilities," she says. "Never say never." We wouldn't think of it, Jerilyn. Kay Crawford (right) dreamt, as a young girl, of appearing in PLAYBOY, "but I didn't know if I was pretty enough. Now I know that if you can dream it, you can live it." The advantages of growing older? "I've acquired wisdom and self-confidence." And now she has realized her dream.

"Go for it," urged Ginny Einsohn's four children (above, posing with Mom) when they heard about PLAYBOY's fabulous 40s pictorial. And, at right, this Texas rose did. "I thought I would feel different at 40, but I'm healthier than ever. And a lot wiser." Gari Miller (below left) defies people who would have her "act her age" by "following my own heart about what I want, how I look and what I should do." Donatella Giontini Dillon (below right), an Italian countess, worked as a stuntwoman with Arnold Schwarzenegger in *True Lies*. "I'm also involved in saving the planet and recycling—being a recycled teenager myself." Another triumph for the environmental movement.

Spanish by birth, New Yorker Nicole Neiro (obove, top ond bottom) is fluent in five longuoges. She ond her dog Conelo travel the world. "My spirit is not to give up or settle down. I won't give in to middle oge."

"People warned me that sunbathing would be bad for me when I got to be 40, and I thought, Who cares? It'll be over then: Shoot me!" Now Victoria Jacobs sees that her life has just begun. To see some of these glorious women in action, check out the forthcoming video, *Playboy's Fabulous Forties*. Call 800-423-9494 to order a copy.

RICHARD BRANSON (continued from page 124)

Virgin planes, Virgin trains, Virgin hotels: Why give away all that money if you can keep it?

vending machines throughout the U.K., with all profits going to charity. "We considered calling it Virgin Condoms but decided not to," he says. "We didn't want anyone to think we were doing it for our own purposes." Instead, he named it Mates. Mates is now owned by an Australian company and has, according to Branson, about a fourth of the market.

Amid these successes, there have been a few occasions when Branson's Midas touch has failed. His 1991 attempt with David Frost to take over ITV, Britain's independent TV network, was unsuccessful. So was his attempt to run the British national lottery, despite the fact that he planned to turn over the profits to a health care foundation. That was a tough loss after years of campaigning, but his research for running a national lottery will probably not be wasted: He has already made pitches to run lotteries in South Africa and China.

To raise cash along the way, Branson sold some of his smaller companies in the late Eighties and early Nineties. None paid off as handsomely as the sale of Virgin Records. In that deal he made an unqualified fortune when Thorn–EMI paid about $1 billion—nearly doubling the previous record held by David Geffen when he sold his company to MCA. Branson reportedly cried when he said goodbye to his staff; even though he remained its president, he would no longer be involved in the day-to-day management of the firm. The deal made Branson one of the world's richest men.

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Back in the car, Branson responded to dozens of callers expressing concern about the accident. "We're fine," he assured them, "100 percent" or "Yeah, survived another one." After pleasantries, he got down to business. One minute he was negotiating with the Civil Aviation Authority, Britain's version of the Federal Aviation Administration. The next he was requesting a meeting with England's ambassador to China to discuss the lottery and to wrangle special permission for his jets to fly in restricted airspace over the People's Republic. This relationship could also lead to new routes into Beijing as China is transformed into a bustling capitalist center.

In London again, Branson told the driver to cross the Thames because, he said, he wanted me to get the full impact of the sight of his most recent acquisition. The driver aimed the car over Westminster Bridge and made a U-turn by the Abbey. As we again reached the river, Branson pointed to an enormous, beautifully lit building on the opposite shore. "What do you think?" he asked.

The old London County Hall is across the Thames from Parliament. As large as a palace, its magnificent halls were home to the Greater London Council until 1986, when the council was abolished. The building became obsolete. While many people dreamed about what to do with it, Branson went into partnership with the Japanese company that owned it.

Their plan is ambitious. After renovation, the building will open as a hotel—eventually with 1200 rooms, more than any other in Britain. Downstairs will comprise an entertainment complex with an aquarium, a virtual-reality amusement center, shops and restaurants. The building is across the street from Waterloo Station, which will be the main station for trains to and from the Channel Tunnel. The tunnel's high-speed trains should, as Branson says, "shuttle millions of people every day between London and Paris and the rest of Europe." Branson, in fact, is bidding to win the concession to run the trains. He has pledged to run them as he does his airline, with similar amenities and fun.

It is a typically bold Branson scheme: He will fly passengers into Heathrow from America and the rest of the world. Instead of changing planes after a grueling transatlantic flight, those continuing on to other cities in Europe will take a leisurely limousine ride into London for a night or more at his hotel. Ready to leave London, they would stroll along a walkway he plans to build between the hotel and the train station, board his high-speed rail and ride his trains to France, connecting to Italy, Germany or other places in Europe, while gambling, dining, watching feature films or getting massages. Virgin planes, Virgin trains, Virgin hotels. The thinking behind it is simple: Why give away all that money if you can figure out a scheme to keep it?

•

Even though the hotel would not be opening for more than a year, Branson drafted it into service for his airline's anniversary bash. The interior was dusted off, red carpets were rolled out, tents were put up, cupboards were filled with cases of champagne and wine and a banner, several stories high, was draped over the roof. It read: TEN YEARS ON TOP.

Branson knows how to throw a party. "If the boss is in a stuffy suit and tie sipping sherry in the corner with his cronies, the rest of the people will have as dreary a time," he said. "If nothing else, I want my people to have a good time. It's good business practice; if they are having a good time they'll do a better job for you."

In one room at County Hall, the interior of a Virgin 747 was re-created; another room had been transformed into a casino. Elsewhere, attractive masseuses wearing Virgin uniforms offered therapeutic rubs.

On the terrace, where a buffet supper was being served, there was a cake the size of Iowa, with white frosting and an anniversary greeting in Virgin red, a gift from Delta Airlines.

The sky that evening was an unbelievable orange. Westminster and the famous clock tower were softly lit, and barges with glowing lanterns glided on the river. A brilliant white moon peeked over the city as the sun disappeared.

About nine P.M., white-gloved hostesses asked everyone to move to the front of the hotel and down the stairs to the bank of the Thames. The party spilled out onto the dimly lit riverbank.

Branson sat grinning and cross-legged with boyish bad posture atop a concrete tower that overlooked the crowd, the river and the entire city. As the partiers emptied their glasses again and the night sky turned apricot, one voice cut through the chatter. "There," a young man said, pointing skyward.

Flying through the sky came Branson's newest toy, a sleek and powerful Airbus A340 with the company logo, the red Virgin girl, painted on its tail, winging over the Thames. Somehow Branson had been successful in getting permission for the plane to buzz the city. Out of place in the middle of London, the jet was spectacular as it flew over the river, over Buckingham Palace, over Westminster Abbey and, meaningfully, over British Airways headquarters. As it approached the party, it tipped its wings toward the small man whose smile was now uncontainable.

The next day, a bobby standing guard at Parliament would say, "The bloody fool Branson almost sheared the top off Big Ben." But that evening the partiers let out a collective cheer. "Life is a bit unreal," Branson said, "and I still wake up and think it could be a dream." He sipped champagne. "If it is," he continued, "it's a very good dream, see. And I have every intention of enjoying it. Life is fleeting, and we could go at any time. I mean, your car is on the motorway. Someone pulls out in front of you. Boom. That's it. So enjoy it now. And I am."

"The police said I could make one phone call. So I called an agent."

AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

(continued from page 112)

Oldsmobile has delivered a car whose market isn't Mom and Dad in their golden years going South.

snappy convertible," said Gross. "Fun to drive, lovely to look at and still exclusive, this ragtop offers panache at less than half the price of some imports." Davis also picked the Saab 900SE. Sherman chose the Porsche 911 Carrera Cabriolet: "My stepdaughter explained that romping around in a red convertible is what life is all about. Thank God something I taught her stuck."

Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend: "If she doesn't make you feel as unbeatable as James Bond, her Aston Martin DB7 certainly will," said Davis. "No one could look uninteresting in this car." "If she has the bucks, go for it," agreed Yates, "but she'll probably end up hanging out with rock stars in Malibu while you schlep to work in a used Mercury Topaz." Stevens also voted for the DB7, with the Mercedes-Benz SL600 coming in a close second because "when those mighty 12 cylinders kick in, I want my girlfriend's bod to be surrounded by all that Teutonic engineering. And the same goes for my wife's body." Gross also liked the SL600: "Lucky indeed is the lady who has this toy to tool around in." Unser agreed, while Sherman chose the Mitsubishi 3000GT Spyder: "The fact that the ceiling can be transformed from metal to Milky Way at the touch of a button has to be one of mankind's nobler achievements."

Best Sport Utility: Gross drove the Range Rover 4.0 and came away impressed. "Range Rover's smartly restyled, substantially reworked and more-elegant-than-ever four-wheel-driver sets the town-and-country gold standard once again. Only now," he insisted, "it's as at home on the road as it is off the road." Added Sherman: "There comes a time in life when you have to dig deep and spend top dollar for the best because nothing else is close. Buying the new Range Rover 4.0 is one of those times." Stevens disagrees: "For the money (just under $30,000), the Land Rover Discovery is a great alternative to the high-zoot Range Rover. With the $20,000 I'd save," he explained, "I'd buy a Miata R." No stranger to powerful machines, Unser would again opt for an AM General Humvee. Yates' selection: "The Jeep Grand Cherokee, hands down. A passenger-side air bag in 1995 will make it just about perfect." Davis liked Chevy's new Blazer: "After seemingly ignoring what American buyers wanted in a sport utility for years, the new Blazer hits the bull's-eye nine out of ten times." Davis' only complaint: "One air bag is not enough."

Coolest Car to Park at Planet Hollywood: The Bentley Continental R coupe was Stevens' pick: "A 5000-pound machine that will go from zero to 60 in under seven seconds ought to get the required attention. And Rolls-Royce claims that there's enough Connolly hide in the Bentley's cabin to carpet a 10′ x 26′ room. Perfect." Gross concurred: "The Continental R exudes all the elegance of an exclusive British men's club. It's a fitting descendant of one of the world's finest postwar touring coupes." Davis would arrive in a Lamborghini Diablo. "The few exotics that cost more, or are rarer, seem to have styling that mistakes aggression for beauty. The Diablo just looks too cool!" Sherman would dazzle doormen with the new Ferrari F355GT. "When the ignition is switched off and you're running on standby star power, only the latest and greatest Ferrari will do." Unser could get in anywhere no matter what he drove, but he would bring an S600 Mercedes with full AMG equipment. Yates insisted: "Hollywood flakes respect power. Besides, none of the other iron would elicit a second glance, even if Madonna were in the front seat with her pubic hair on fire." Yates' choice: a Dodge Ram V10 Club Cab Duallie.

Cleverest Commuter: Stevens and Davis liked the Volvo 850 Turbo Wagon, and Gross agreed, commenting: "Talk about a wolf in sheep's clothing. I drove the 850 Turbo Wagon at a solid 155 mph on Volvo's test track. With a commuter this quick, you'll never miss your train." Gross' second choice was the 1995 Subaru Legacy wagon, which he called "a great little workhorse with four-wheel drive. No wonder the U.S. ski team endorsed Subarus for years." (Gross' son, Chris Barron, who is lead singer for the Spin Doctors, owns a 1994 Legacy wagon that he bought on his dad's recommendation.) On the practical side, Unser liked Chrysler's minivans but thought they needed more cup holders. Sherman wanted a slippery escape vehicle and chose the Mazda Miata R. "It's an overdue pay raise on wheels." Yates agreed that good things come in small packages: "Maneuverability, anvil-like reliability, tiny size, relative comfort and a decent fun-to-drive rating make the Honda Civic the all-time champ."

America's Finest: Our panel hailed the new Oldsmobile Aurora. Gross said, "With its high styling, clever engineering and Northstar V8 performance, the big A will scare imports costing much more." Stevens added: "Finally, Oldsmobile has delivered a car whose target market isn't Mom and Dad in their golden years going South for the last time." Davis also liked the Aurora, calling it "a world-class

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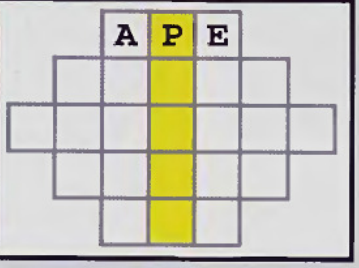

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ASK	MAJOR	ANT	WINGS	ACE
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PLAYBOY'S PICKS OF THE PACK

OLDSMOBILE AURORA
America's Finest

ASTON MARTIN DB7
Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend

MAZDA RX-7

DODGE VIPER RT/10
Biggest Kicks to Drive

ACURA INTEGRA GS-R
Hottest Pocket Rocket

MERCEDES-BENZ SL600
Best Convertible

BMW 740i
Best Sport Sedan

RANGE ROVER 4.0
Best Sport Utility

DODGE VIPER GTS COUPE
Concept Car We Want Now

MCLAREN F1
Car We Wish They'd Import

BENTLEY CONTINENTAL R COUPE
Coolest Car to Park at Planet Hollywood

VOLVO 850 TURBO WAGON
Cleverest Commuter

car. Tight structure, capable brakes and suspension, gobs of mid-range power. If the Aurora were an import, we'd be chiding Detroit to go back to the drawing board." Keeping it in the GM family, Sherman and Yates liked the Cadillac Seville. Sherman owns a 1960 Cadillac convertible and said, "Cadillacs move me in more ways than one. I'm delighted the brand is back on form. The STS is aging well. As a comfy, contemporary and still chic touring sedan, it's tough to beat." "Head-to-head against its worldwide competition," said Yates, "the Caddy hangs in there." Unser split his ballot and voted for both a Harley-Davidson motorcycle and a Hummer Wagon, saying, "Either travel light or travel heavy."

Car We Wish They'd Import: The McLaren F1 was a favorite with Gross, who called it the "best in warp-speed one-upmanship. With a zero to 60 figure of 3.2 seconds and a top end of about 220 mph, what's not to like? Too bad it would cost nearly a million dollars if they imported it." Sherman agreed: "Gordon Murray is, for my money, the most brilliant technical mind in motor sports. The McLaren F1 road car he's created reflects fresh thinking focused on one simple goal: the speediest means of transport possible on public roads." Stevens also voted for the McLaren F1, calling it "the ultimate chariot of fire." Davis voted for the Audi V8: "It's the all-aluminum sedan of the future, and it's actually available now in Germany." Yates picked the BMW M3 Cabrio. Unser wasn't similarly tempted. "I'll take my Porsche 962 Daytona Racer," he said, "but equip it with A/C and a tape player."

Concept Car We Want Now: Most of our panel can hardly wait for the Dodge Viper GTS coupe. Sherman explained: "A roof overhead and pipes out the back make all the difference in Dodge's snakebite kit. It's the perfect car for long-distance weekend trysts. Bring your *A Man and a Woman* tapes." Yates added: "The Viper coupe is one bad mother, and we'll get it in late 1995 or 1996." According to Stevens: "The Viper roadster is awesome, but for midnight rambles, I'd go for the Viper coupe. As the Green Hornet's faithful valet used to say, 'We take Black Beauty tonight, Mr. Blitt?' 'Yes, Kato.'" Unser agreed, but then he gave a thumbs-up to the entire list, saying, "They all look good to me." Davis commented: "A real top, real side windows and real body rigidity, not to mention styling that brings to mind the great Ferrari and Shelby coupes, draw my attention to the Viper GTS. Beauty and a beastly V-10. I don't want to wait any longer." Lone holdout Gross selected the Lagonda Vignale Saloon, saying, "If Ford Motor Co. and Aston Martin have the guts to build the car, they'll out-Rolls Rolls-Royce."

That's it for this year. The next move is up to you.

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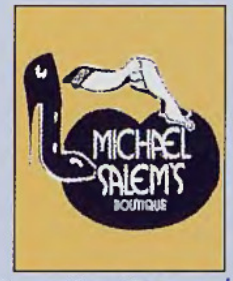

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AS THE WORLD TURNS

THE SEX SURVEY is as distinctly American as the Bill of Rights, baseball, the Dow Jones stock index and Fourth of July parades.

Only in a nation founded on the pursuit of happiness would we be so interested in our progress toward that goal.

Alfred Kinsey threw back the bedsheets in two studies, establishing that most Americans had intercourse twice a week in the missionary position. Beyond that, we seemed a nation in search of orgasmic outlets: Large numbers of us masturbated regularly, about half had tried oral sex, about half of the men had tried women other than their wives and sizable numbers of us had done it before marriage.

Last year the University of Chicago published the results of a survey with what it hoped were more accurate polling techniques than those used by Kinsey. Once again, Americans were able to look at themselves in tables and charts. It was a wholesome bit of navel gazing—though much was made of the finding that we are apparently more repressed than our forebears were. (For more on the University of Chicago survey, see "The Great Sex Survey Hoopla" on page 42.)

It is a fascinating question: What is sex like for the rest of the world? The sex survey—an objective look at behaviors and beliefs—is almost nonexistent outside of America.

In countries ruled by churches and prophets, no one cares to look at what people are doing. If you violate the Ten Commandments or engage in any of the cardinal and ordinal sins, you may confess in private or roast in hell. In nations that are run by a central government, the only sexual statistic that counts is the birthrate.

Consider what we know of the world, and the sources of that knowledge. We look at Japanese block prints showing preposterous sex organs and hilarious positions involving swings and giant dildos, with maids watching. We look at temple carvings from India, impossible contortions preserved forever. We fondle figures carved in ebony from Africa, watch lovers circle endlessly on Greek pottery. We look across centuries to ask, "Do they still do it that way?"

We inherit language that echoes the opinions of one nation for another. The French call oral sex *le vice américain*. The world calls anal sex the Greek way. Condoms are called French letters in England; in France they're called English hats. What Americans call the missionary position, the inhabitants of Tuscany call the angelic position, while Arabs call it the manner of serpents.

And we view for entertainment the pop culture inventions of other nations. Sallie Tisdale, in her recent book *Talk Dirty to Me*, muses about the character revealed by each country's taste in erotica:

> That every culture has its own sexual mores is a given. That every country has its own pornography is not: In our ethnocentricity we tend to assume that with minor variations what is erotic to us will be erotic to another. But the sexual material of a culture reflects that culture's concerns. In America, the adolescent rut—eternal erection and ready orgasm. In England, book after book about spanking, sex across class lines and a detailed interest in underwear. In Germany, leather-clad blondes whipping swarthy men; in Italy, an interest in feminized men; in Japan, a preoccupation with icons of innocence (schoolgirls, nurses, brides), soiled innocence (widows) and maternal nurturing. In Japanese pornography active female pleasure is considered a turnoff. I've never seen an American film that didn't feature it.

We thought it was time to look at the rest of the world. We asked readers of ten of our international editions, along with readers in the U.S., to respond to a questionnaire about sexual behavior and attitudes. Because of PLAYBOY's reach across Europe, Latin America and Asia, the result is a snapshot on a global scale, a clearheaded, contemporary look at sex as it happens to the family of man.

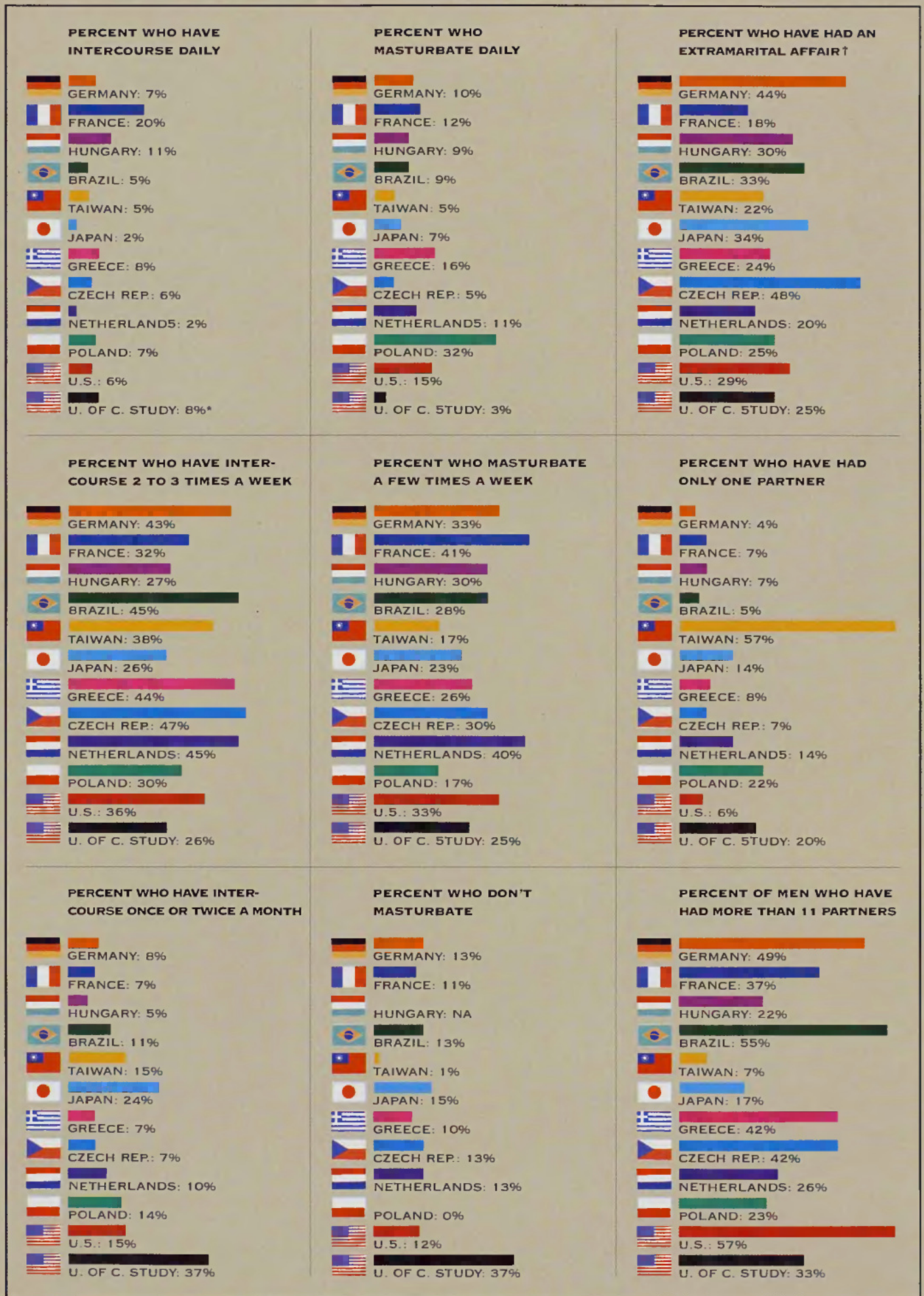
The countries involved were Brazil, the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Japan, the Netherlands, Poland, Taiwan and the U.S. We asked men questions about what they did, how often they did it and how they felt about it. We wanted to find out if there is such a thing as a national sexual personality.

More than 6000 men answered our questions. To these figures we added the feedback from the men who participated in the University of Chicago study. Sociologists may quibble that we are comparing apples and oranges. The men who answered our survey "selected themselves," as detractors say: The people who filled out our anonymous questionnaires were those who are interested in sex. The U. of C. crowd claims to have polled innocent bystanders and cajoled the common man into answering intimate questions. For all the discussion, the results—as you can see from the chart opposite—are not all that different. The answers may not indicate what we actually do—just what we are willing to discuss. A survey shows how we wish to appear to the world.

Critics of magazine studies display some unscientific biases: They believe, for example, that readers of PLAYBOY brag about their expertise. If so, then every respondent would be Don Juan. In fact our readership is quite diverse—and candid. The man who makes love once a week is present both in our survey and in the supposedly more scientific ones. What critics have never explained is how the readers of PLAYBOY seem to describe the same sexual culture as the readers of *Redbook* or *Cosmopolitan* or *Psychology Today*. When given the opportunity to help find out something real about sex, most people are very forthcoming.

We've opened a window to the world. Enjoy.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN



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INTERNATIONAL SEX SURVEY

A GLOBAL SNAPSHOT

	UNITED STATES %	FRANCE %	POLAND %	BRAZIL %	JAPAN %	HUNGARY %	GREECE %	GERMANY %	NETHERLANDS %	TAIWAN %	CZECH REPUBLIC %
I USUALLY INITIATE SEX.	73	91	79	69	50	47	73	66	77	83	64
I NEVER INITIATE SEX.	1	2	1	1	3	NA	2	1	1	4	4
I HAVE INTERCOURSE DAILY.	6	20	7	5	2	11	8	7	2	5	6
I HAVE INTERCOURSE LESS THAN ONCE A MONTH.	13	7	9	5	16	2	10	6	11	7	4
MY PARTNER REACHES ORGASM MOST OFTEN FROM INTERCOURSE.	75	62	63	90	72	81	41	77	63	76	51
MY PARTNER REACHES ORGASM MOST OFTEN FROM MASTURBATION.	41	26	17	28	3	9	18	29	46	28	18
MY PARTNER REACHES ORGASM MOST OFTEN FROM ORAL SEX.	64	42	14	52	12	7	27	39	49	21	21
I MASTURBATE DAILY.	15	12	32	9	7	9	16	10	11	5	5
I NEVER MASTURBATE.	12	11	NA	13	15	NA	10	13	13	1	13
I PERFORM ORAL SEX DAILY.	3	6	7	4	3	NA	8	3	1	2	2
I NEVER PERFORM ORAL SEX.	5	4	3	5	13	12	14	8	10	17	6
I RECEIVE ORAL SEX DAILY.	3	6	6	6	3	3	9	2	1	3	2
I NEVER RECEIVE ORAL SEX.	6	5	8	6	14	6	5	15	17	16	7
I GET ENOUGH ORAL SEX.	34	62	44	59	55	52	43	52	48	59	54
I DON'T GET ENOUGH ORAL SEX.	66	38	55	39	43	52	57	48	49	38	44
I'VE HAD ANAL SEX.	59	66	38	57	24	45	65	48	40	16	49

 NUMBERS HAVE BEEN ROUNDED OFF TO NEAREST PERCENT. RELATED RESPONSES MAY NOT ADD UP TO 100 PERCENT. NA: NOT AVAILABLE.

	UNITED STATES %	FRANCE %	POLAND %	BRAZIL %	JAPAN %	HUNGARY %	GREECE %	GERMANY %	NETHERLANDS %	TAIWAN %	CZECH REPUBLIC %
I'VE NEVER HAD ANAL SEX.	43	34	62	42	77	52	34	52	62	71	52
I'VE WATCHED AN X-RATED MOVIE.	100	95	98	98	86	100	99	97	92	99	99
I HAVE HAD SEX WITH A PROSTITUTE IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS.	14	27	5	34	NA	NA	29	NA	18	NA	7
I EXPECT SEX ON A FIRST DATE.	8	24	NA	13	10	2	NA	11	11	27	7
I EXPECT SEX WITHIN THE FIRST MONTH OF DATING.	16	38	6	22	30	54	19	41	35	19	50
I HAD ONE PARTNER THIS YEAR.	56	42	59	32	NA	NA	51	NA	72	NA	43
I HAD BETWEEN TWO AND FIVE PARTNERS THIS YEAR.	35	37	33	45	NA	NA	37	NA	22	NA	49
I HAD MORE THAN TEN PARTNERS THIS YEAR.	5	6	4	8	NA	NA	4	NA	1	NA	2
I FIRST HAD INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE AGES OF 16 AND 18.	42	47	40	43	31	50	34	48	42	26	52
I FIRST HAD INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE AGES OF 19 AND 25.	25	32	48	12	53	23	36	31	33	46	29
I FIRST HAD INTERCOURSE AFTER THE AGE OF 25.	1	8	1	1	3	2	1	2	4	17	2
AIDS CONCERNS HAVE INCREASED MY USE OF CONDOMS.	55	82	34	61	53	45	65	55	39	62	71
I HAVE FEWER PARTNERS BECAUSE OF AIDS CONCERNS.	50	39	23	56	24	30	47	47	22	57	29
I USE BIRTH CONTROL WITH A NEW SEX PARTNER.	55	50	34	48	80	54	68	41	56	31	46
I HAVE HAD AN EXTRAMARITAL AFFAIR.	29	18	25	33	34	30	24	44	20	22	48
I FANTASIZE ABOUT SEX WHILE HAVING IT.	19	14	15	12	27	28	16	14	18	27	18

SEX SURVEY (continued from page 68)

Nearly half of all the men don't participate in special sexual activities with their extramarital partners.

percent), the Czechs (63 percent), and the French (55 percent). Forty-four percent of married Americans said they'd had an affair. Twenty-eight percent of the American women in our study reported extramarital affairs, compared with 15 percent of the women in the University of Chicago study. Do men who have affairs engage in sexual activities with their mistresses that they don't perform with their spouses? Forty-four percent of the Taiwanese said they do. The Taiwanese are also among the most faithful. Nearly half of all the men, though, said they don't participate in special sexual activities with their extramarital partners.

PROSTITUTES

The AIDS crisis and the liberalization of sexual attitudes are said to have contributed to a continuing decrease in the number of American men who visit prostitutes. We wondered if the same trend was at work elsewhere. Readers were asked if they had visited a prostitute in the past five years. We have no comparative figures to know what our friends abroad used to do, but we can compare them, at least, to present-day Americans, 14 percent of whom have visited a prostitute in the past five years. Top customers are Brazilians (34 percent), Greeks (29 percent) and the French (27 percent). In the Netherlands, where prostitution is legal and regulated, only 18 percent of the men said they partake.

SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES

AIDS has noticeably raised our awareness of sexually transmitted diseases—at least on an official basis. But does knowledge necessarily beget action? Do new sex partners actually talk first about disease prevention—as recommended—and do they take precautions to avoid infection? Who is doing the most and least to avoid getting AIDS? How do their efforts affect their sex lives?

The Poles seem unconcerned about sexually transmitted diseases when having sex with a new partner: Only 38 percent said they worry about it. That's reasonable—almost 60 percent had been with only one sex partner in the previous 12 months, reducing the risk of infection. But a majority of men in every other country are worried: almost 90 percent in Brazil, 81 percent in France, 78 percent in Greece, 75 percent in the U.S. and 70 percent in Japan.

When it comes to discussing diseases with partners, the most concerned (Brazilians and the French) are also the most willing to talk about it. A notable exception comes from Japan. Only a quarter of the Japanese discuss it.

The political and commercial isolation of eastern European nations have for the most part kept sexually transmitted diseases at bay. Of the survey respondents who have had a venereal disease in the past five years, the lowest incidences are among the men in Poland (one percent) and Hungary (two percent). Not surprisingly, the men in those countries are among those doing the least to avoid getting AIDS. No wonder epidemiologists fear that eastern Europe is at risk for an AIDS outbreak as its commerce with the West increases.

In most of the Western countries, where disease rates are higher, condom use is high. Frenchmen reported the highest incidence of STDs (13 percent) and 82 percent said they use condoms to avoid AIDS. Brazilians rank second for STDs (12 percent) while 61 percent use condoms. Americans are third for STDs (11 percent) and 55 percent use condoms. The Czech Republic is quite condom conscious: 71 percent use rubbers to avoid AIDS. The trend may have something to do with Prague's recent international popularity.

Has an awareness of AIDS caused an increase, decrease or no change in the number of our readers' sexual partners? Most claim it hasn't made a difference.

BIRTH CONTROL

Recently in the U.S., we've witnessed a shift in responsibility for making birth control decisions. After the pill was introduced in the Sixties, contraception became primarily the province of women. But with the condom's return to popularity, either partner can come prepared. Who calls the shots?

We asked readers which birth control method they use. Among the 13 choices was: *I leave it up to my partner* (more about the others follows). Only five percent of the Brazilians, Czechs and Poles bow

out. Sixteen percent of the Americans leave it up to their partners, while 20 percent of the Dutch, 18 percent of the French and eight percent of the Japanese do. Nearly 40 percent of Germans, however, say they leave the birth-control decision to their partners. A majority of men actively participate in the contraception discussion.

When we asked readers to identify their birth-control choices, we wanted them to indicate any of the methods they might use. Therefore, some readers chose several. Almost half the group uses condoms, making rubbers the most popular birth-control device. The top condom users are the Japanese, at 81 percent. Brazilians constitute the only group that doesn't rank condoms at number one. The pill takes that honor—with 51 percent relying on it.

A significant number of men claimed they sometimes don't use birth control—99 percent of the Poles and Czechs said so, as well as 97 percent of the Greeks.

Regular partners may be able to settle on a contraceptive solution through discussions or trial and error. What do readers do about contraception the first time they have sex with someone? Almost everyone does something or makes sure his partner does. Japanese men are most likely to make the contraception decision themselves (80 percent). The Germans are most likely to leave it up to their partner (56 percent). Fewer than one fifth in any country don't worry about it, though nearly a quarter of the Taiwanese say nothing and hope for the best.

It seems logical that first-time lovers opt for a condom over other forms of birth control. The percentages of men who always use a condom with a new sex partner are the French (63 percent), Greeks (51 percent), Americans (45 percent) and Brazilians (42 percent).

The condom remains the most popular contraceptive worldwide, perhaps because other birth-control methods haven't been able to duplicate its effectiveness against disease. Therefore, the condom is the only clear solution to the two greatest sexual problems of our time: unwanted pregnancy and STDs.

CONCLUSION

Even in an age of political ferment and dangerous disease, we've discovered a world that shares an eager interest in sex. Drug use is low and X-rated-movie viewing is high. How bad can a world be where 80 percent of the men say they have sex at least once a week? The almost universal desire for more sex, to us, seems to constitute a serious endorsement.

We are encouraged by this first look at sexual behavior in foreign ports. We plan to keep our eye on sexual trends here and abroad. It's our homework for the next millennium.

THE PETTY GIRL

(continued from page 79)

appeared in a conventional cartoon format, complete with a fat-man foil and art deco backgrounds. As her popularity grew, her creator dispensed with the secondary characters. She was most often drawn talking on the telephone with an unseen admirer. Her identification with the phone was so strong people joked that she had invented it. She soon appeared in ads for cigarettes, bathing suits and silk stockings, and graduated to full pinup status in magazines. Starting in 1939 *Esquire*'s readers were treated to a monthly two-page gatefold of the Petty Girl. In a tribute published that year, *Life* magazine called her "the feminine ideal of American men."

It was around this time that a young Hugh Hefner visited a girl he had a crush on, and discovered Petty's art in a stack of old *Esquires* in her basement rec room. This was the stuff that dreams were made of. As an early act of adolescent rebellion in a puritan home, Hefner hung Petty Girls on his bedroom wall. The rabbit-eared image on the opening page of this portfolio hung above his bed and may have been the unconscious inspiration for the world-famous Playboy Bunny.

As the Petty Girl increased in popularity, the artist and *Esquire*'s publisher had a falling out over money. Petty was replaced by Peruvian artist Alberto Vargas for a fraction of what Petty had been receiving. *Esquire* called Vargas' creation the Varga Girl so the magazine could copyright and own the name. After Vargas left *Esquire*, he was not allowed to use his own signature, made famous in the pages of the magazine.

The Petty Girl's popularity continued to thrive throughout the Forties. She appeared in her own calendar and, after World War Two, in *True* when that publication became the most popular men's magazine.

In 1950 she was featured in a film titled *The Petty Girl*, with Bob Cummings portraying the artist and Joan Caulfield his inspiration. But by the Fifties the airbrushed perfection of Petty's art would seem dated, and male fantasies would soon be fueled by a real-life girl next door with a staple in her navel.

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DAVID SPADE

(continued from page 119)

hairy. Farley, shave your legs before air." And I thought, Does anyone think we're really girls in this sketch?

7.

PLAYBOY: You played the manager of a fast food restaurant in the movie *Reality Bites*. Do you claim a special understanding of jobs in the service sector?
SPADE: Yeah. I would never make fun of people who have normal jobs, office jobs. People tell me, "Oh, I work for Xerox and it's boring." But I totally respect the jobs that keep this country working. In Arizona I worked as a busboy and a dishwasher. I wasn't good enough to be a waiter. But I like the fast food industry. When I used to say I couldn't get a job, my mom always said, "What do you mean? McDonald's is hiring. Your grandfather works there. What's wrong with McDonald's?" For *Reality Bites*, the manager of a real Wienerschnitzel taught me to pull the hot dog out and pour the—the chili sauce—on it, pull the fries and walk around to the window. I picked it up in about four hours. So I have that to fall back on.

8.

PLAYBOY: Did your love of the fast food industry inspire you to audition for *Reality Bites*?
SPADE: I called the director, Ben Stiller, and said that Winona Ryder is my favorite, and I asked him to give me a small part in the movie. So I got to meet Winona and sit on the set with her all day. She was so sweet. She knew more about *SNL* than almost anyone I've talked with. Winona would say things like, "Remember the Cindy Crawford thing on your second Hollywood Minute? Did she get mad? I heard she was mad." She knew everything about Gap Girls. It was really flattering and cool. She told me she was too nervous to host but that she would like to be an extra in a sketch. And I haven't had a better day since. If you can ever get in the same room with her, she's a cool person.

9.

PLAYBOY: Have you begun to pull your Hollywood Minute punches now that you're aiming to break into movies in a big way?
SPADE: I don't think that's why I'm pulling punches. I may do one more. The beauty of Hollywood Minute in the beginning was that this fresh-scrubbed all-American kid—who no one really knew—was up there blindsiding people. Semi-mean and also semi-funny. I'd get personal. My ex-girlfriend always wanted me to make fun of Cindy Crawford. She'd say, "Why don't you make fun of Cindy this week?" And I'd say, "I already did her. I don't know if that's fair." "Do it again," she'd say. "Kick her. She's still breathing." And Cindy, who I see now and then, is very cool about it. I started meeting all the stars, and now I'm one of them. That's why I slowed down doing Hollywood Minute. I do phone commercials now. I'm doing movies.

10.

PLAYBOY: Do you phone your mother or father collect?
SPADE: It's too cheesy. First of all, I have Sprint, not MCI. But I can't get into too much trouble saying that because the commercial is not about long-distance calling, it's about collect calling. I used 1-800-COLLECT once because I wanted to see how it worked. It's a computer voice that leaves a blank so you can say your name. This girl I was seeing would call me collect all the time and she'd say, "Fucker, fucker, fucker, fucker." And so the phone would ring and the voice would say, "Collect from 'Fucker, fucker, fucker, fucker.' If you want to accept, press one." Of course I would accept it.

11.

PLAYBOY: You and *SNL* colleague Chris Farley are teamed in the forthcoming movie *Tommy Boy*. Would the film's insurers happen to be concerned about Farley's health habits?
SPADE: The River Phoenix Insurance Company? I'll tell you how crazy he is on the set. The first day of shooting we were both nervous. And he drank 26 cups of coffee. He averages about 20 a day. It's pure insanity. Smoking and coffee. He had nine doughnuts during one flight. I don't like where it's headed. I lost seven pounds the first two weeks, and he gained 15. Lorne said, "When you go through the movie frame by frame, all the weight is still there. It just shifts from Spade over to Farley." There were memos from Paramount. People are terrified of what is happening. Believe me, I'm worried about him because I love him and think he's great.

12.

PLAYBOY: We couldn't help but notice that photo on your bookshelf of you and Christy Turlington.
SPADE: We were together in a restaurant. I actually hang out with celebrities first, best friends second. I'm replacing all my friends with celebrities. "It had to happen, Jay," I told Leno on *The Tonight Show*. Take out the best friend who saved my life on a fishing trip. Put in Charlie Sheen. Take out the guy who donated bone marrow for my mom's transplant operation. Put in Kato Kaelin. Go back to Arizona and see if Charles Barkley is busy.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's the key to your impersonation of Kato Kaelin?

SPADE: The key was the fear that he would be caught doing something wrong. There was even an inner monolog about the money and pussy he was about to come into once he got off that stand. I saw him on *Hard Copy* and they said, "Kato Kaelin always had a sense of humor." Then they showed some footage of him at a party and all the girls were saying, "Oh, Kato, you're the best." I thought, OK, he's funny. He's got that going for him. I picked up on how serious he got. He looked scared. He wanted either to answer the questions right or lie right. His eyes would dart right, then left. His cheeks would puff out and he'd squint and lean forward and go, "Uh. Uh." I like doing Kato. They didn't do the wig right. I think it should have more black roots, white on top.

14.

PLAYBOY: Are you current on your student loan payments?

SPADE: It took me a long time, but I did pay off the loan and the interest. But it doesn't say that anywhere on my credit record. It fucked up my credit for seven years. One time I sent for my credit report, and this girl wrote back, "Are you the same David Spade from TV?" She wrote me this long letter, and at the end she put, "P.S. Your credit is denied." She didn't fix it for me. You know what I mean? She was a fan. She wrote me a letter, wanted me to write her back. But the bottom line was, "Oh, P.S. You have no credit and you won't have any."

15.

PLAYBOY: Are you determined to remain a rat bastard?

SPADE: Yeah. I don't want to get like Eddie Murphy, where you just concentrate more on cool and less on funny: Eddie was one of my big heroes growing up, but I've given up on him lately. He's cool in his movies. He wears sunglasses in every scene. He's buffed. His hair is perfect. Not like a street guy who's sarcastic and funny. They always say the danger for comics is to turn into the romantic love guy who has chicks around him and plays a hardass. And they all do it because it sounds so cool. Just stay a somewhat normal guy, because once the audience senses that you think you're a big star, it all blows up in your face.

16.

PLAYBOY: *Saturday Night Live* has taken its share of hits from the critics. Care to offer a rebuttal?

SPADE: Every writer who uses the title *Saturday Night Dead* should be punched in the neck. The show has been beaten up for the past year, and it's finally getting to me. It's our 20th anniversary, so we're getting a little more pressure, and right now it seems to be cool to say we're horrible. We're not as shipshape writing-wise as we've been in the past couple years, but we're getting there and we've got good performers. I remember sketches like the hamburger place and the Coneheads and others that are looked back on as favorites. Aykroyd will be the first to say that those old ones did not kill. You taught the audience that this or that was funny. And when you look back at the reruns, you see those sketches were clever and they were well performed and well written. But they did not kill. And we were getting so beat up three or four years ago when Dana Carvey and Dennis Miller and Jan Hooks were around. We had killer writers. I admit the really solid writers leaving hurt us more than any cast members leaving. The problem is, we all need to write better. Since day one, we've gone through periods where about two sketches a week are pretty funny and the rest have trouble and no one knows why. It's just the way it is.

17.

PLAYBOY: Tell us something we haven't yet heard about Lorne Michaels.

SPADE: He's a good dad. When his kid comes into his office, he lights up and forgets about work—and this is a guy with 300 things going on at once—and just focuses on his kid. The fact is, he almost fired me, but that's his business. I

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don't hold it against him. If I'm not producing for the show, he doesn't have someone take me behind Rockefeller Center and beat the shit out of me to straighten me up and add a little "funny" to me. I wasn't good for about a year and a half. I was lucky they kept me. I got lucky with Hollywood Minute. It lit a fire under me and Lorne pulled me aside and said, "This is a great thing for you. I think you're hilarious and this is a way it can be shown. So keep doing it." So he let me do it every two weeks. Which was a ball-buster to write.

18.

PLAYBOY: Did you develop an attitude at an early age?

SPADE: Being shorter and going to new schools, I had to develop something. Humor was the only thing I had a chance at. I was smart for the first eight grades. When I went into first grade I was such a little smarty, they wanted to skip me to fourth. But my mom said, "No. He's too short." I was too short for first grade. So I went to second grade but a Vietnamese kid and I walked down the hall to fourth grade for reading and math. I was into chess clubs and I was the reading champ and spelling bee champ. I didn't really have a social life. Then when I got to high school I was cool by association because my brother was cool. I adapted horribly to my sudden coolness. Then everyone from my old school who came into high school said, "Wait, you don't understand. He's a geek. He's a nerd." I had to turn smart into funny somehow.

19.

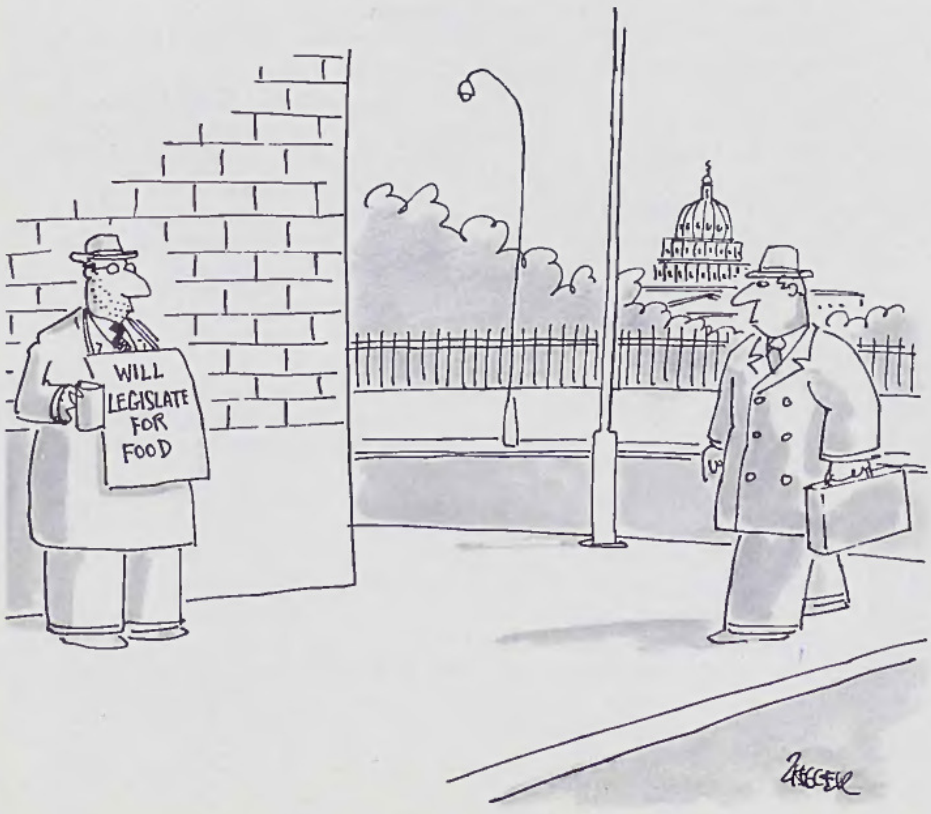
PLAYBOY: Arizona is famous for its natural beauty. Do you commune with the great outdoors when you visit?

SPADE: I commune in my own way. Plus, I'm a bigger star there than I am in New York. But as long as Charles Barkley is there, I can never win the star contest. I remember I was riding with Barkley to a bar one night and he was going about 110 through Phoenix. And he had the convertible top down. I'm the one who had to wear the hat because my hair was flying. And I said, "Dude, you're going to get busted." He just rolled his eyes as if to say, "I'm basically the governor of this state. No one is going to mess with me." It's true. They wouldn't do anything to him. He's the king.

20.

PLAYBOY: Is there a reason why the word ex comes up so often in connection with your girlfriends?

SPADE: I have everything going against me. I'm single. I have a job. I'm straight. And I'm nice to women. All the girls I know hang out with gay guys. I'm always the friend. They say, "You're so great. I'll talk to you later. Thanks for dinner. Now I'm going to go fuck my boyfriend." Sometimes I go out with a girl and it's like a scale. On my side I'll say, "I'm nice. I'll be funny. I'll make sure you have a good time. I'm good with kids. I'm sensitive." And over on her side, she's going, "I'm hot. I'm wearing a miniskirt. I'm wearing heels. I'm losing you."



KELLER'S KARMA

(continued from page 88)

Andria was on the sofa, reading a magazine. They said goodnight, he clucked to Nelson and the dog followed him into the bedroom. When he closed the door the dog made that sound again.

He shucked the robe, got into bed, patted the bed at his side. Nelson stayed where he was, in front of the door, and he repeated that sound in his throat, making it more insistent this time.

"You want to go out?"

Nelson wagged his tail, which Keller had to figure for a yes. He opened the door and the dog went into the other room. He closed the door and got back into bed, trying to decide if he was jealous. It struck him that he might be jealous not only of the girl, because Nelson wanted to be with her instead of with him, but he might as easily be jealous of the dog, because he got to sleep with Andria and Keller didn't.

Little pink toes, each with the nail painted a different color.

He was still sorting it out when the door opened and the dog trotted in. "He wants to be with you," Andria said, and she drew the door shut before Keller could frame a response.

But did he? The animal didn't seem to know what he wanted. He sprang onto Keller's bed, turned around once, twice and then leaped onto the floor and went over to the door. He made that noise again, but this time it sounded plaintive.

Keller got up and opened the door. Nelson moved into the doorway, half in and half out of the room. Keller leaned into the doorway himself and said, "I think the closed door bothers him. Suppose I leave it open?"

"Sure."

He left the door ajar and went back to bed. Nelson seized the opportunity and went on into the living room. Moments later he was back in the bedroom. Moments after that he was on his way to the living room. Why, Keller wondered, was the dog behaving like an expectant father in a maternity-ward waiting room?

Keller closed his eyes, feeling as far from sleep as he was from Sardinia. Why, he wondered, did Andria want to go there? For the sardines? Then she could stop at Corsica for a corset, and head on to Elba for the macaroni. And Malta for the falcons, and Crete for the cretins, and——

He was just getting drifty when the dog came back.

"Nelson," he said, "what the hell's the matter with you, huh?" He reached down and scratched the dog behind the ear. "You're a good boy," he said. "Oh yes, you're a good boy, but you're nuts."

The dog went into the other room

again. By the time he came back Keller was asleep.

•

He didn't sleep well. There was a lot of tossing and turning, a number of unsettling dreams. He was in the middle of one when he awoke damp with sweat, heart pounding. By the time he had his eyes open and his wits about him the dream had vanished beyond recall.

He showered and dressed and went into the living room. "I was all set to take Nelson for a walk," Andria said, "but I heard the shower and figured you might want to take him. But I'll take him if you'd rather."

"Why don't we both take him?"

"Great," she said. "I bet he'd like that."

He certainly seemed to. Keller enjoyed it as well, liking the girl's enthusiasm. The only drawback was that he would have liked to talk again to Nelson about what had happened in St. Louis.

Fifteen minutes into the walk he said, "I was out late the night before last. You were asleep by the time I got home."

"I must have been. I didn't hear you come in."

"I saw this movie," he said, "and then I walked around for a while, sorting it out in my mind. God knows why."

"What movie?"

What movie indeed. "I forget the name," Keller said. "It was about this ninja. They're generally Japanese, but this particular one was an American who'd been accepted by ninjas and initiated into their ranks."

"I see."

"He was an expert in 50 different kinds of armed and unarmed combat, and he knew how to make himself invisible. Well, not literally. You couldn't see through him. But you could look right at him and not see him, because of the stillness he'd achieved."

"Some people can do that with yoga," she said, "by really taking meditation to a whole new level."

"Anyway," Keller said, "this guy was a killer. I mean, that's what he did. He hired out, and if you hired him, he'd kill whoever you told him to."

"I guess that's part of being a ninja."

"Evidently. The thing is, in this picture he's the hero. You're supposed to like him, to root for him."

"And?"

"And in one scene he goes to kill this Japanese politician, which he does, and then this kid walks in. It's the politician's young son, and he walks into the room and there's his father lying dead, and there's the ninja."

"Couldn't he make himself invisible?"

"I guess not. What he did was, he grabbed the little boy and, uh, killed him."

"Wow."

"And this guy is supposed to be a

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Page 18: "What's the Frequency, Kenneth?": **Mind machines:** By *Microfirm, Inc.*, 800-258-2566. By *Synchrovision, Inc.*, 800-307-3822. "Hot Flashes": **Games system** by *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. **Modem** by *Catapult Entertainment*, 408-366-1735. **Electronics** by *Sony*, 800-282-2848. **CD recorder** by *Pioneer*, 800-421-1404. "Downloads of Fun": **Book** by *Michael Wolff & Co.*, 800-NET-1133. "Wild Things": **Cordless phone–answering machine** by *Bogen Communications*, 800-942-2643. **CD–clock radio** by *Magnavox*, 800-531-0039. **CD-ROM game** by *Electronic Arts*, 800-245-4525.

STYLE

Page 26: "Love That Nylon": **Jacket** from *Label by Laura Whitcomb*, at Macy's, 151 W. 34th St., NYC, 212-695-4400. **Car coat** by *55 DSL by Diesel*, at Diesel, 116 Newbury St., Boston, 617-437-7344. **Trench coat** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. **Parka** by *Frank et Gertie*. **Peacoat** by *Katharine Hamnett Denim*, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. **Parka** by *U2 Wear Me Out*, at Merry-Go-Round stores nationwide. **Vest** by *Verso USA*, at the Antique Boutique, 1466 Broadway, NYC, 212-944-5950. "The Skinny on Belts": **Belts:** By *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace boutiques, NYC, San Francisco and Las Vegas. By *Torino Belts*, at Dayton Hudson stores nationwide. By *Al Beres USA*, at Sebastian's Closet, 3222 Peachtree Rd. NE, Atlanta, 404-365-9033. By *De Vecchi*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. By *Swank*, at department stores nationwide. "Hot Shopping: Quebec": *Louis Laflamme Boutique*, 418-692-3774. *Mercerie Alexandre*, 418-650-5258. *Le Capitaine D'Abord*, 418-650-5258. *Aux Multiples Collections*, 418-692-1230. *L'Emprise*, 418-692-2480. "Clothes Line": **Pants and jackets** by *Clacton & Frinton*, at Clacton, 731 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-652-2957. **Formalwear** by *Sami Dinar*, at Sami Dinar Men, 9677 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, 310-275-2957. **Sneakers** by *Reebok*, 800-973-3265. **Hats** from Barneys New York, Beverly Hills. "Get Muffled": **Chenille mufflers:** By *525 Made in America*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC, 212-333-4040. By *Saldarini*, at fine department stores nationwide. By *Chelsey Imports*, at fine specialty stores nationwide. By *Burberrys*, at Burberrys and specialty stores nationwide. By *Reebok*, 800-973-3265.

THE NEW SKIN GAME

Page 89: **Suede jacket** by *Michael Hoban for North Beach Leather*, at North Beach Leather, Madison Ave. at 66th St., NYC, 212-772-0707, 835 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-280-9292 and 8500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-652-3224. **Tank top** by *Jean Paul Gaultier*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC, 212-333-4040. **Leather jeans** by *Agnes b. Homme*, at Agnes b., 1000 N. Robertson, Los Angeles, 310-271-9643 and 116-118 Prince St., NYC, 212-925-4649. Pages 90–91: **Suede jacket** by *New Republic*, at New Republic Clothiers, 93 Spring St., NYC, 212-219-3005. **Shirt** by *Claude Montana*, at Tyrone, 76 Spruce St., Cedarhurst, NY, 516-569-3330. **Leather jeans** by *Agnes b. Homme*, at Agnes b., 1000 N. Robertson, Los Angeles, 310-271-9643 and 116-118 Prince St., NYC, 212-925-4649. Page 92: **Leather jacket** by *Red Rock Arizona*, at Red Rock, 502 LaGuardia Place, NYC, 212-614-0080. **Shirt** by *Atsuro Tayama*, at fine specialty stores nationwide. **Jeans** by *Joop Jeans*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-4000. Page 93: **Deerskin jacket** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Sport, 888 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-434-8000. **Jeans** by *Double RL by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, 444 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-281-7200.

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Pages 120–121: **Screen savers:** By *Byron Preiss Multimedia Co.*, 800-482-3766. By *7th Level*, 800-884-8863. By *Sound Source Interactive*, 800-877-4778. By *Berkeley Systems Inc.*, 800-344-5541. By *Sony Imagesoft*, 800-922-SONY. By *Delrina*, 800-734-2309. By *Aristo-Soft*, 510-426-5355. By *Byron Preiss Multimedia Co.*, 800-482-3766.

ON THE SCENE

Page 157: **Corset** at Jolie Belts and Fashions, 530 E. Eighth St., Ste. 504, Los Angeles, 213-622-9352. **Bra and panties** by *Charades*, at Charades, 2320 N. Clark St., Chicago, 312-327-5701. **Teddy** from *Romantics by Playboy*, 800-423-9494. Ask for item number AV4627.

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hero. How could a hero do that? I mean, doesn't it make him a bad guy?"

They walked half a block in silence. Then Andria said, "Karma."

"Karma?"

"It's the ninja's karma to kill people."

"What does that mean? That he can't help it?"

"Not if he's going to be true to himself. He's a ninja, right? And that's what ninjas do. They kill people."

"But the little boy——"

"I guess he had no choice," she said, "if the little boy saw him."

"Looked right at him," Keller agreed, "and in another second he'd have been screaming. I guess you're right. I guess he didn't have a choice. But you have to feel sorry for the little boy."

"You have to feel sorry for the ninja, too," she said, "having to spend a lifetime killing people. But it's his karma."

•

Back at the apartment he made a pot of coffee while Andria toasted a couple of whole-grain muffins. He was telling her that she didn't have to be in a rush to find another place to stay when the phone rang.

It was Dot. "Young man," she said, in an old lady's quavering voice, "I think you had better pay a call on your kindly old Aunt Dorothy."

"I just did," he reminded her. "Just because it was quick and easy doesn't mean I don't need a little time off between engagements."

"Keller," she said, in her own voice, "get on the next train. It's urgent."

"Urgent?"

"There's a problem."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember saying something about a piece of cake?"

"So?"

"So your cake fell," Dot said. "Get it?"

•

There was no one to meet him at the White Plains station so he took a cab to the big Victorian house on Taunton Place. Dot was waiting on the porch. "All right," she said. "Report."

"To you?"

"And then I report to him. That's how he wants it."

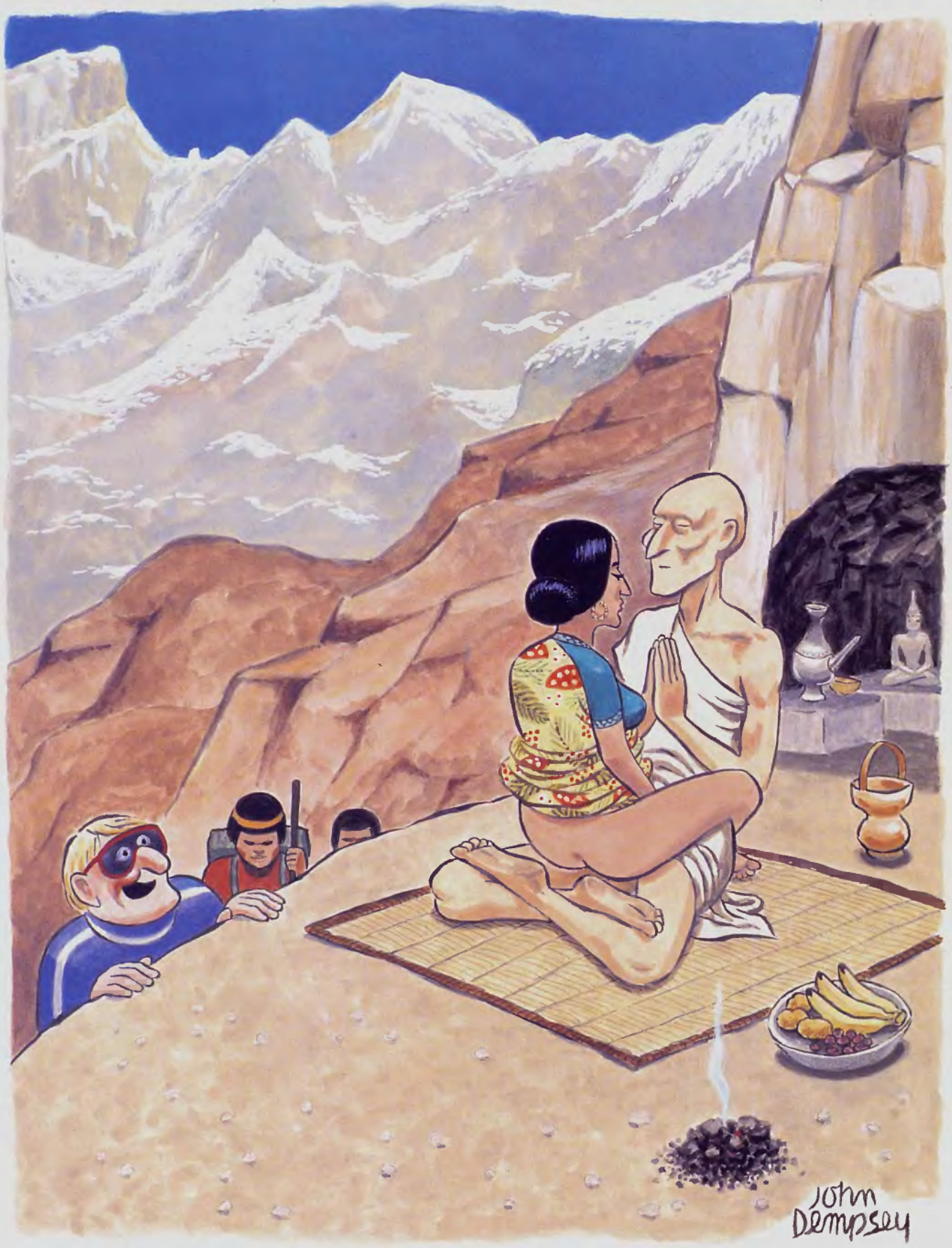
Keller shrugged and reported. Where he'd gone, what he'd done. It only took a few sentences. When he was done he paused and then said, "The woman wasn't supposed to be there."

"Neither was the man."

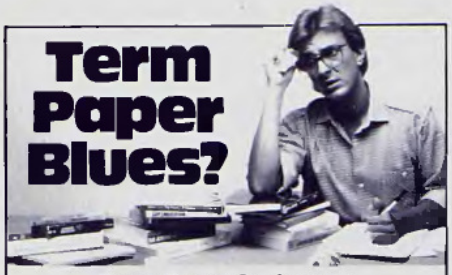
"How's that?"

"You killed the wrong people," she said. "Wait here, Keller, OK? I have to relay this to His Eminence. You want coffee, there's a fresh pot in the kitchen. Well, a reasonably fresh pot."

Keller stayed on the porch. There was an old-fashioned glider and he sat on



"Hey—is <u>that</u> the meaning of life?"



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that, gliding back and forth, but it seemed too frivolous for the circumstances. He switched to a chair but was too restless to stay in it. He was on his feet when Dot returned.

She said, "You said room 314."

"And that's the room I went to," he said. "That was the room I called from downstairs, and those were the numbers on the door. Room 314 at the Sheraton."

"Wrong room."

"I wrote it down," he said. "He gave me the number and I wrote it down."

"You didn't happen to save the note, did you?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "I keep everything. I have it on my coffee table, along with the boning knife and the vic's watch and wallet. No, of course I didn't keep the note."

"Of course you didn't, but it would have been nice if you'd made an exception on this particular occasion. The, uh, designated victim was in room 502."

He frowned. "That's not even close. What did he do, change his room? If I'd been given a name or a photo, you know——"

"I know. He didn't change his room."

"Dot, I can't believe I wrote it down wrong."

"Neither can I, Keller."

"If I got one digit wrong or reversed the order, well, I could almost believe that, but to turn 502 into 314——"

"You know what 314 is, Keller?" He didn't. "It's the area code for St. Louis."

"The area code? As in telephone?"

"As in telephone."

"I don't understand."

She sighed. "He's had a lot on his mind lately," she said. "He's been under a strain. So, just between you and me"—for God's sake, who was he going to tell?—"he must have looked at the wrong slip of paper and wound up giving you the area code instead of the room number."

"I thought he seemed tired. I even said something."

"I told you life tires people out, if I remember correctly. We were both right. Regardless, you have to go to Tulsa."

"Tulsa?"

"That's where the target lives, and it seems he's canceled the rest of his meetings and is going home this afternoon. I don't know if it's a coincidence or if the business two floors down spooked him. The client didn't want to hit him in Tulsa, but now there's no choice."

"I just did the job," Keller said, "and now I have to do it again. When the woman popped out of the bathroom it turned into two for the price of one, and now it's three for the price of one."

"Not exactly. He has to save face on this, Keller, so the idea is that you stepped on your whatchamacallit and now you're going to correct your mistake. But when all this is history there will be a little extra in your Christmas stocking."

"Christmas?"

"A figure of speech. There'll be a bonus, and you won't have to wait for Christmas for it."

"The client's going to pay a bonus?"

"I said you'd get a bonus," she said. "I didn't say the client would be paying it. Tulsa, and you'll be met at the airport and somebody will show you around and point the finger. Have you been to Tulsa?"

"I don't think so."

"You'll love it. You'll want to move there."

Keller didn't even want to go there. Halfway down the porch stairs he turned and said, "The man and woman in 314. Who were they?"

"Who knows? They weren't Gunnar Ruthven, I can tell you that much."

"Is that who I'm going to see in Tulsa?"

"Let's hope so. As far as the pair in 314, I don't know any names. He was a local businessman, owned a dry-cleaning plant or something like that. I don't know much about her. They were married, but not to each other. What I hear, you interrupted a matinee."

"That's what it looked like."

"Rang down the curtain," Dot said. "What a world, huh?"

"His name was Harry."

"See, I told you it wasn't Gunnar Ruthven. What's it matter? You're not going to send flowers, are you?"

•

"I'm glad you're still here," he told Andria. "It turns out I have another trip to make, and I'm afraid I'll be gone longer this time."

"I'll take care of Nelson," she said. "And we'll both be here when you get back."

His plane was leaving from Newark. He packed a bag and called a livery service for a car to the airport.

He said, "Getting back to the ninja. What is karma, exactly? Is it like destiny?"

"Sort of. It's what you have to do in order to learn the lesson you're supposed to learn in this lifetime. We're not here just once, you know. We live many lives."

"You believe that, huh?"

"It's more a matter of knowledge than belief."

"Oh." Karma, he thought. "What about the people the ninja kills? It's just their karma?"

"Doesn't that make sense to you?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'll have to think about it."

•

He had plenty of time to think about karma. He was in Tulsa for five days before he had a chance to close the file on Gunnar Ruthven. A sad-eyed young

man named Joel met his flight and gave him a tour of the city that included Ruthven's suburban home and downtown office building. Ruthven lived in a two-story mock-Tudor house on about half an acre of land and had an office in the Great Southwestern Bank building, within a block of the courthouse. Joel stopped the car next to the All-American Inn, one of a couple of dozen motels clustered on a strip a mile from the airport. "The reason for the name," Joel said, "is so you would know the place wasn't owned by Indians. I don't mean your Native Americans, I mean Indians from India. They own most of the motels. So this here place, the owners changed the name to the All-American, and they even had a huge signboard announcing the place was owned and operated by 100 percent Americans."

"Did somebody make them take the sign down?"

Joel shook his head. "After about a year," he said, "they sold out, and the new owners took the sign down."

"They didn't like the implications?"

"Not hardly. See, they're Indians. Place is decent, though, and you don't have to go through the lobby. In fact you're already registered and paid in advance for a week. I figured you'd like that. Here's your room key, and here's a set of car keys. They belong to that Toyota over there, third from the end. Paper for it's in the glove box, along with a little .22 automatic. If you prefer something heavier, just say so."

Keller assured him it would be fine.

"Why don't you get settled," Joel said, "and get yourself something to eat if you're hungry. The Sizzler across the street on the left isn't bad. I'll pick you up in, say, two hours and we'll sneak a peek at the fellow you came out here to see."

Joel picked him up on schedule and drove downtown and parked in a metered lot. They sat in the lobby of Ruthven's office building. After 20 minutes Joel said, "Getting off the elevator. Glen-plaid suit, horn-rimmed glasses, carrying the aluminum briefcase. Looks space age, I guess, but I'd go for genuine leather every time, myself."

Keller took a good look. Ruthven was tall and slender, with a sharp nose and a pointed chin. Keller said, "Are you positive that's him?"

"Shit, yes, I'm positive. Why?"

"Just making sure."

Joel ran him back to the motel and gave him a map of Tulsa with different locations marked on it—the All-American Inn, Ruthven's house, Ruthven's office and a southside restaurant Joel said was outstanding. He also gave Keller a slip of paper with a phone number on it. "Anything you want," he said. "You want a girl, you want to get in a card game, you want to see a cockfight, just call that number and I'll take care of it. You ever been to a cockfight?"

"Never."

"You want to?"

Keller thought about it. "I don't think so," he said.

"Well, if you change your mind, just let me know. Or anything else you want." Joel hesitated. "I got to say I've got a lot of respect for you," he said, averting his eyes from Keller's. "I don't guess I could do what you do. I haven't got the sand for it."

Keller went to his room and stretched out on the bed. Sand, he thought. What does sand have to do with anything?

He thought about Ruthven coming off the elevator, long and lean, and realized why he'd been bothered by the man's appearance. He wasn't what Keller had expected. He didn't look anything like Harry in 314.

•

Did Ruthven know he was a target? Driving around in the Toyota, keeping an eye on the man, Keller decided that he did. There was a certain wariness about him. The way to handle that, Keller decided, was to let him get over it. A few days of peace and quiet and Ruthven could revert to his usual way of thinking. He'd decide that Harry and his girlfriend had been killed by a jealous husband, and he'd drop his guard and stick his neck out, and Keller could get the job done and go home.

The gun seemed all right. The third afternoon, Keller drove out into the country, popped a full clip into the gun and emptied the clip at a cattle-crossing sign. None of his shots hit the mark, but he didn't figure that was the gun's fault. He was 15 yards away, for God's sake, and the sign was no more than ten inches across. Keller wasn't a particularly good shot, but he arranged his life so he didn't have to be. If you walked up behind a guy and put the gun muzzle to the back of his neck, all you had to do was pull the trigger. You didn't have to be a marksman. All you needed was——

What? Karma? Sand?

He reloaded and made a real effort this time, and two shots actually hit the sign. Remarkable what a man could do when he put his mind to it.

•

The hard part was finding a way to pass the time. He went to a movie, walked through a mall and watched a lot of television. He had Joel's number but never called it. He didn't want female companionship, nor did he feel like playing cards or watching a cockfight.

He kept fighting off the urge to call New York.

On the home-shopping channel, one woman said earnestly to another, "Now there's one thing we both know, and that's that you just can't have too many earrings." Keller couldn't get the line

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out of his head. Was it literally true? Suppose you had a thousand pairs, or ten thousand. Suppose you had a million pairs. Wouldn't that constitute a surplus?

The woman in 314 hadn't been wearing earrings, but there had been a pair on the bedside table. How many other pairs had she had at home?

•

Finally, one morning Keller got up at daybreak and showered and shaved. He packed his bag and wiped the motel room free of prints. He had done this routinely every time he left the place so that it would never be necessary for him to return to it, but this morning he sensed that it was time to wind things up. He drove to Ruthven's house and parked around the corner at the curb. He went through the driveway and yard of a house on the side street, scaled a four-foot cyclone fence and jimmied a window in order to get into Ruthven's garage. The car inside the garage was unlocked, and he got into the backseat and waited patiently.

Eventually the garage door opened. Keller scrunched down so that he couldn't be seen. Ruthven opened the car door and got behind the wheel.

Keller sat up slowly. Ruthven was fumbling with the key, having a hard time getting it into the ignition. But was it really Ruthven?

Jesus, get a grip. Who else could it be?

Keller stuck the gun in his ear and emptied the clip.

•

"These are beautiful," Andria said. "You didn't have to bring me anything."

"I know that."

"But I'm glad you did. I love them."

"I didn't know what to get you," Keller said, "because I don't know what you already have. But I figured you can never have too many earrings."

"That is absolutely true," Andria said, "and not many men realize it."

Keller tried not to smirk.

"Ever since you left," she said, "I've been thinking about what you said—that you would like it if I stayed here. But what I have to know is whether you still feel that way, or if it was just, you know, how you felt that morning."

"I'd like you to stay."

"Well, I'd like it, too. I like being around your energy. I like your dog and I like your apartment and I like you."

"I missed you," Keller said.

"I missed you, too. But I liked being here while you were gone, living in your space and taking care of your dog. I have a confession to make: I slept in your bed."

"Well, for heaven's sake, where else would you sleep?"

"On the couch."

Keller gave her a look. She colored, and he said, "While I was away I thought about your toes."

"My toes?"

"All different colors."

"Oh," she said. "Well, I had trouble deciding which color to go with, and it came to me that when God couldn't decide on a color, he created the rainbow."

"Rainbow toes," Keller said.

•

Later he said, "You know, I was thinking about that ninja again. Suppose he killed someone by mistake."

"How could that happen?"

"Say an area code turns into a room number. Human error, computer error, anything at all. Mistakes happen."

"No they don't."

"They don't?"

"People make mistakes," she said, "but there's no such thing as a mistake."

"How's that?"

"You could make a mistake," she said. "You could be swinging a dumbbell and it could sail out of the window. That would be making a mistake."

"I'll say."

"And somebody looking for an address in the next block could get out of a cab here instead, and here comes a dumbbell. That person made a mistake."

"His last one, too."

"At least in this lifetime," she said. "So you've both made a mistake. But if you look at the big picture, there was no mistake. The person got hit by a dumbbell and died."

"No mistake?"

"No mistake, because it was meant to happen."

"But if it wasn't meant to happen?"

"Then it wouldn't."

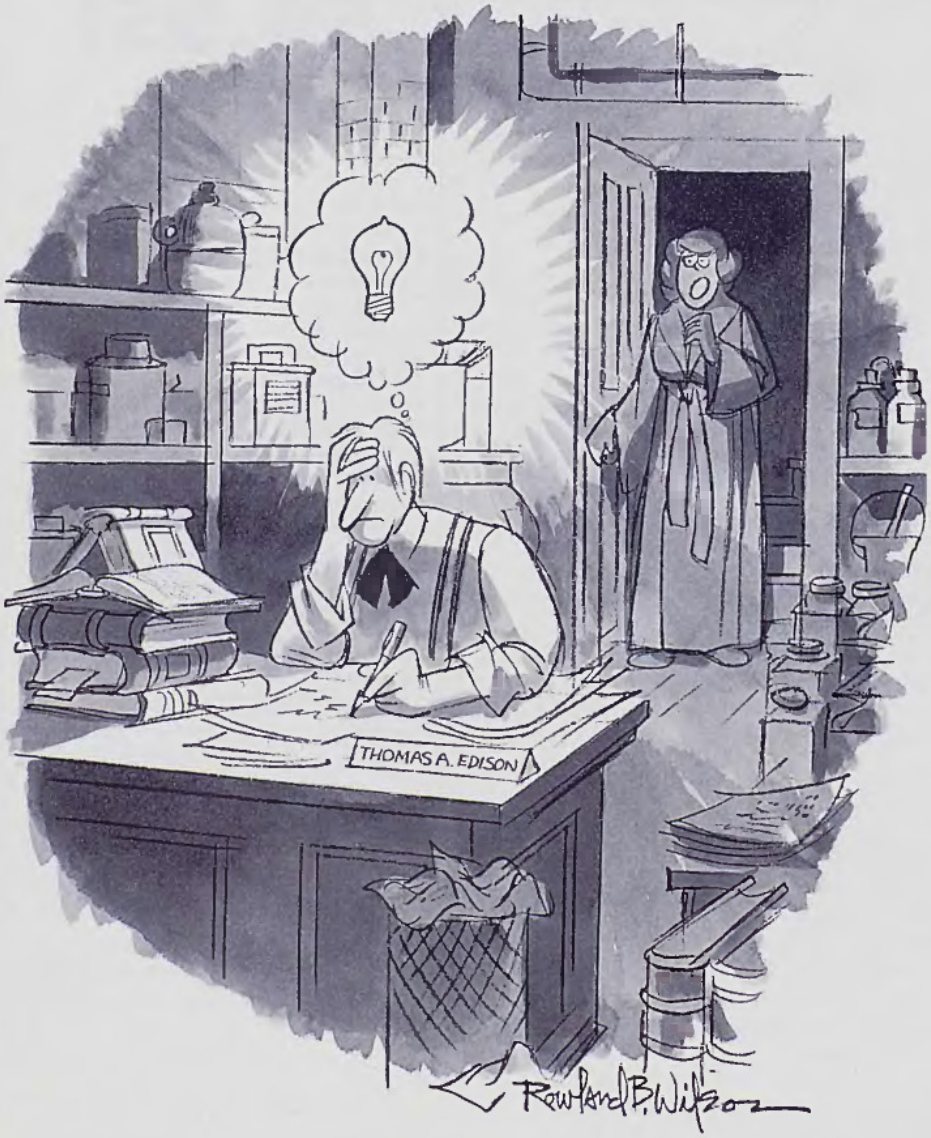
"And if it happened it was meant to."

"Right."

"Karma?"

"Karma."

"Little pink toes," Keller said. "I'm glad you're here."



"Come to bed, Tom, and turn out that damn light!"

GIRL THINGS

Lingerie for Valentine's Day is the gift that keeps on giving. But while you might like to see the receiver wearing next to nothing, it's a good bet she prefers sexy undergarments and loungewear that leave something to the imagination—especially if it's the first time you're giving her such an intimate present. Don't have time to shop the stores? Custom-made fancy corsets with charmeuse trim, such as the one pictured below in the upper left-hand corner, are available from Jolie Belts and Fashions, a company in Los Angeles that creates similar garments as costumes for movie studios. By the way, that black chiffon teddy you've already eyeballed at the bottom of the page is from our own Romantics by Playboy line of sexy lingerie. Our heart goes out to you.

POMPEO POSAR

Left: Custom satin-and-lace corset, $350. Other fabrics are also available, including cotton, about $85, velvet and lace, about $250, and even leather, also about $250. (All corsets come with removable stocking straps.) To order, send the recipient's bust and waist sizes along with the desired length to Jolie Belts and Fashions, 530 East 8th Street, Suite 504, Los Angeles, California 90014.

Above, center and right: Purple cotton-and-polyester bra and pantie set, from Charades in Chicago, about $110. Far left and left: An imported black teddy with silk chiffon body and silk charmeuse trim, from Romantics by Playboy, $39.50. Very sexy!

Where & How to Buy on page 152.

Christina Wins, Hands Up

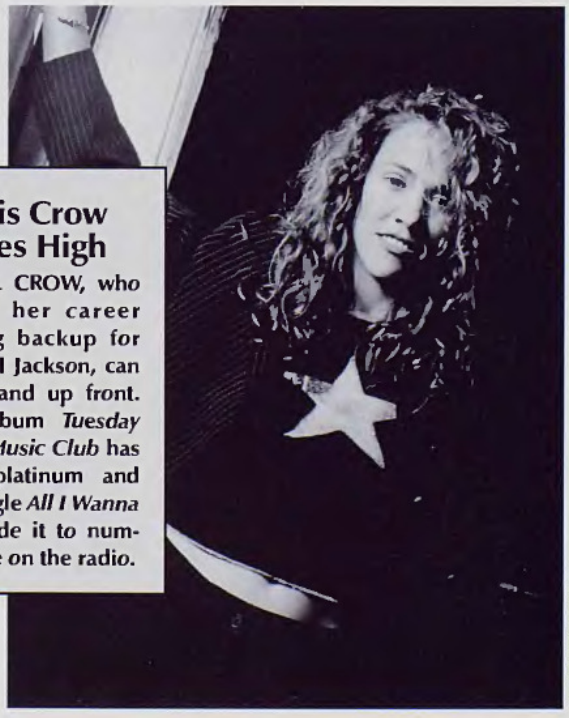
CHRISTINA VOLD was featured in *The Last Boy Scout* and has appeared on TV, most recently in *Baywatch*. She is currently a Los Angeles Raiderette and also has her California real estate license. Now we know what causes condomania.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

It Must Be the Shoes

First, Mr. Funk, GEORGE CLINTON, tore up the Lollapalooza stage this past summer. Now he and comrade Bootsy Collins are singing a duet in Ice Cube's new movie, *Friday*.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

This Crow Flies High

SHERYL CROW, who began her career singing backup for Michael Jackson, can now stand up front. Her album *Tuesday Night Music Club* has gone platinum and the single *All I Wanna Do* made it to number one on the radio.

© KATE GARNER/VISAGES

String Zing

You may have seen MILLA JOVOVICH in *Dazed and Confused*. Now listen to her first album, *The Divine Comedy*. She's working on new songs, setting her poems to music again. For now, we'll make do with the visual poetry.

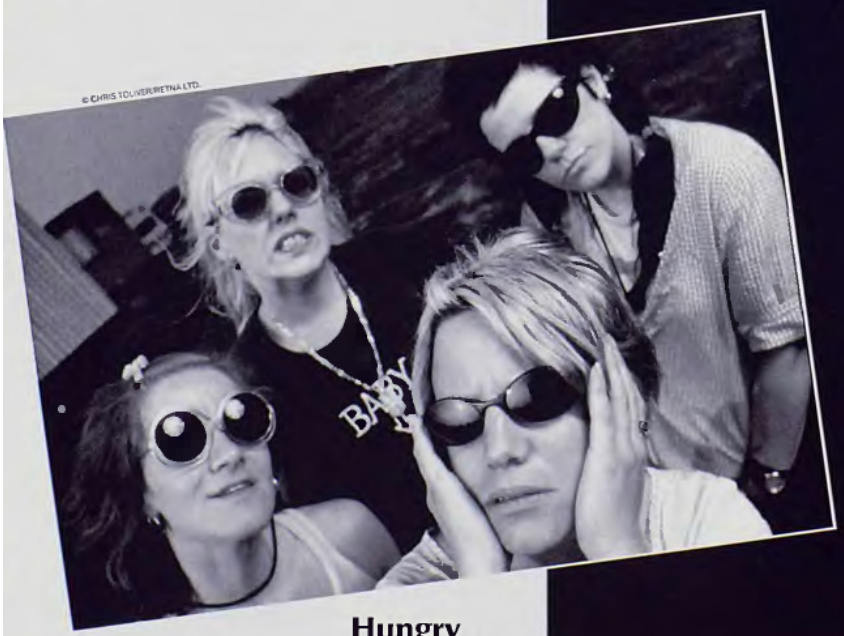
Steven's Even

Aerosmith's STEVEN TYLER has had his ups and downs, and up is better. The band won a slew of awards in 1994: Grammy, MTV and American Music. A 13-disc retrospective and a greatest-hits CD, *Big Ones*, are out, while *Get a Grip* is still going strong. Just like Steven.

© KEN SETTLE

Fishing for Compliments

Can KATHLEEN SCOTT fill a pair of fishnet stockings? For more, see her movie *Revenge of the Calendar Girls* or catch her either on Playboy TV or in Seal's music video *Newborn Friend*.



© CHRIS TOLVER/RETNA LTD.

Hungry for Success

By the time you read this, L7's CD *Hungry for Stink* will have gone gold. If you've missed them live, look for the Elvis tribute concert video and see them in Memphis, all shook up.

JEFF HYMAN

PICTURE PERFECT

As you may have seen on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*, Picture Painters creates portraits from photographs. It works this way: You send a clear, one-subject photo (anything from a wallet-size shot to an 8″ x 10″) to 7924 East Chaparral Road, Suite 104, Scottsdale, Arizona 85250, and in less than two weeks you'll get back an 11″ x 15″ painting on rag paper (with a 2½″ border) that looks like it has been created by a master artist. The price: $149 unframed, $249 framed and matted under glass (add $10 per additional person or pet in the painting). Your photo will be returned in original condition. Call Picture Painters at 602-946-7547 for more details.

COFFEE'S NEW GROUND RULES

A few years ago *Potpourri* featured a club called Beer Across America. Now the same company that sends out monthly bottles of upscale suds is marketing shipments of java for the morning after. Coffee Quest, its new club, offers two one-pound packages of coffee (one flavored and one straight, ground or whole bean, regular or decaf) for $19.90 a month, postpaid, which includes a newsletter. Phone 800-205-JAVA to order.

NECKING WITH THE STONES

Ralph Marlin, the tie company that manufactures licensed neckwear for NFL, NHL, NBA and major league baseball teams, is now playing ball with the Rolling Stones. The band's lips-and-tongue trademark and album-cover reproductions from such classics as *Some Girls* and *Steel Wheels* are printed on silk ties as part of the Stones' new neckwear line. Call 800-922-8437 and tie one on with Mick for $40, postpaid.

CENTRAL AMERICA, TAKE US AWAY

"Wilderness in a class by itself" is how two Americans, John and Karen Lewis, describe Lapa Rios, their 1000-acre private reserve in Costa Rica. Situated at a point where the Golfo Dulce meets the Pacific Ocean, Lapa Rios comprises 14 private bungalows, miles of forest trails, meandering rivers and unspoiled beaches. There's also a swimming pool (pictured here) for romantic late-night swims under a tropical moon, as well as horseback riding, sport fishing, boat excursions and escorted rain forest treks. Daily rates for a double room including three delicious meals range from $112 to $130. For a color brochure, write to Lapa Rios, Box 025216-SJO 706, Miami, Florida 33102.

ROCKY ROAD

Rocky Mountain Motorworks is known to Volkswagen owners as a source for vintage VW parts. But the company also offers inexpensive reproductions of classic European automobile and motorcycle posters. The 16½" x 23½" copy of the Delahaye original pictured here is only $11, postpaid. Larger sizes are $14, and a brochure is $2. Write to Rocky Mountain Motorworks at 1003 Tamarac Parkway, Woodland Park, Colorado 80863. Or call 800-544-1079 for more info.

LIGHT OUR FIRE

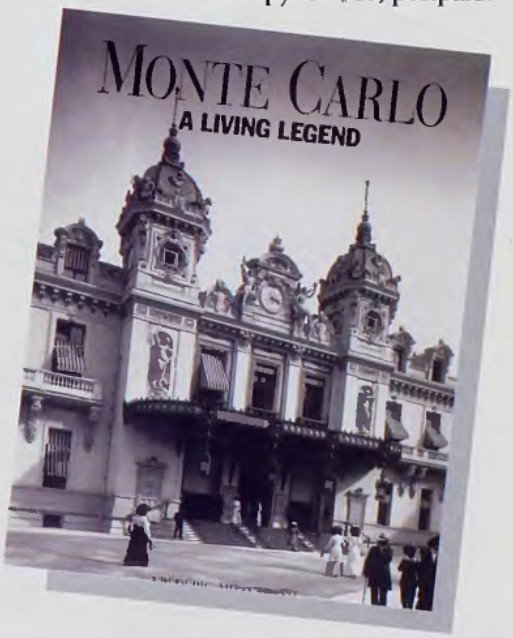
Pictured above are three additions to the Zippo lighter Pinup Collection. The girl in the pink bunny suit was originally drawn in 1939 by George Petty. The brunette at center is the work of Olivia De Berardinis, a contemporary artist whose sexy renderings have appeared in PLAYBOY. And the redhead is by another pinup master, Earl Moran. The lighters are $23.95 each, postpaid. Call 21st Century Archives at 800-503-0014.

A BUBBLY 2000

To ensure that you welcome in the year 2000 with plenty of terrific bubbly, the House of Champagne Louis Roederer is offering 2000 Methuselahs of its vintage Cristal 1990 champagne (a Methuselah is the equivalent of eight 750-ml bottles) for release in 1999. Each numbered Methuselah is packed in a personalized wooden case. Price: $2000, including shipping. Write Christophe Hirondel at Champagne Louis Roederer, 21, Boulevard Lundy, B.P. #66, 51053 Reims, France for details.

FROM JOSEPHINE BAKER TO PRINCESS GRACE

Think New York, London and Paris are where the social elite of the world stay up late? Check out *Monte Carlo: A Living Legend*, a coffee-table book that chronicles in more than 100 duotones (plus text by Frédéric Mitterrand) the history of a city so in love with wealth and worldly pleasures that Queen Victoria refused to visit. Call St. Martin's Press at 800-221-7945 to order a copy for $49, postpaid.



GET INTO THE SWING OF THINGS

If you're looking for a new way to give your sex life a lift, try the Lovers Swing. It's a thick braid of foam-filled, soft-knit material that hangs from the ceiling and enables anyone to experience a wide range of sensual movements and positions during sex. And you thought making it on the monkey bars in the park was cool. The Lovers Swing, including eyehooks, sells for $155, postpaid. Call Body & Soul Productions at 800-867-3664. Hang in there!

NEXT MONTH

AMBER

DREAMS

CULTS

STUNTS

AMBER SMITH—IF YOU LIKED HER IN *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'S SWIMSUIT ISSUE, YOU'LL GO NUTS OVER HER HERE. **BERT STERN** CAPTURES THE MODEL OF THE MOMENT IN A SIZZLING PICTORIAL

VOLLEYBALL GODDESSES—THEY'RE KILLER, SPANDEX-CLAD ATHLETES POUNDING THE HOT SAND. THEIR LITHE BODIES ARE BILLBOARDS FOR LIFE ON THE BEACH. MEET THE WOMEN OF PROFESSIONAL VOLLEYBALL—ARTICLE BY **CRAIG VETTER**

VLADIMIR ZHIRINOVSKY—HE'S BEEN CALLED A RACIST, A BUFFOON AND A WARMONGER, BUT RUSSIA'S POPULIST UPSTART HAS THE CLOUT TO BECOME THE NEXT STALIN. **JENNIFER GOULD** SAILED THE VOLGA WITH VLAD THE MAD AND GOT OUT JUST IN TIME WITH A SHOCKING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

ROBERT WRIGHT—DO WE LEARN TO BE UNFAITHFUL? VIOLENT? COMPETITIVE? IT MAY BE ALL IN OUR GENES. THE AUTHOR OF *THE MORAL ANIMAL* TALKS ABOUT MEN, WOMEN, FIDELITY AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN—BY **DAVID SHEFF**

JEFFREY KATZENBERG—WHEN YOU'RE BUDDIES WITH GUYS NAMED SPIELBERG AND GEFFEN, CREATING A MAJOR FILM STUDIO IS AS EASY AS DOING LUNCH. THE MAN WHO RESCUED DISNEY MAPS OUT AN EMPIRE OF HIS OWN IN A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **BERNARD WEINRAUB**

THE GURU GOES TO COURT—NEW AGE SPIRITUALIST **JOHN-ROGER** USED TO WRITE BEST-SELLING BOOKS WITH HIS ACOLYTE **PETER MC WILLIAMS**. THEN THEY ENGAGED IN A VICIOUS LEGAL BATTLE AND G.O.P. DARLING **MICHAEL HUFFINGTON** GOT CAUGHT IN THE CROSS FIRE—ARTICLE BY **BOB SIPCHEN**

HESTER'S DREAM—SHE WAS A HAPPILY MARRIED LONG ISLAND HOUSEWIFE. HE WAS HER SON'S AGE. HIS BRAZEN PURSUIT MADE HER FRIGHTENED, THEN FASCINATED. A STARTLING TALE OF LUST AND OBSESSION—FICTION BY **IVA HERCIKOVA**

JON STEWART—MTV'S GIFT TO TALK SHOWS HAS TAKEN ON HIS OLDER AND TALLER RIVALS. THE VETERAN OF THE HIPNESS WARS TELLS HOW HE KEEPS HIS FINGER ON THE PULSE OF SLACKERS AND OTHER NOCTURNAL ANIMALS IN AN OFFBEAT 20 QUESTIONS

PLUS: THE BEST VIDEO SPORTS GAMES, LCD CAMCORDERS, MAGICIAN **DAVID COPPERFIELD** IN **VERSACE** AND EIGHT GLORIOUS PAGES OF STUNTWOMEN

Nothing fake on this page, fellas.

(yes, it's real gold.)

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